Vol 75 #1

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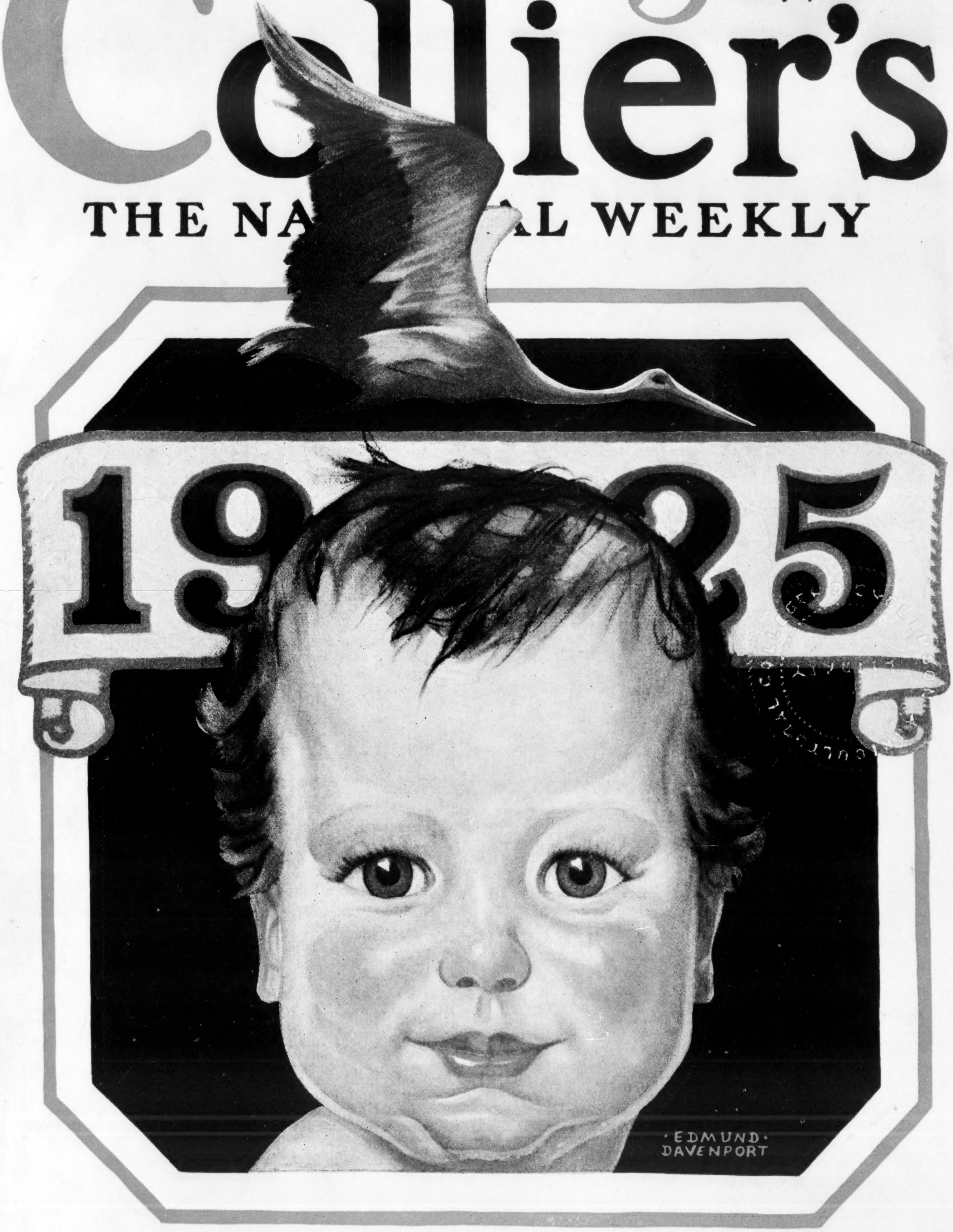
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY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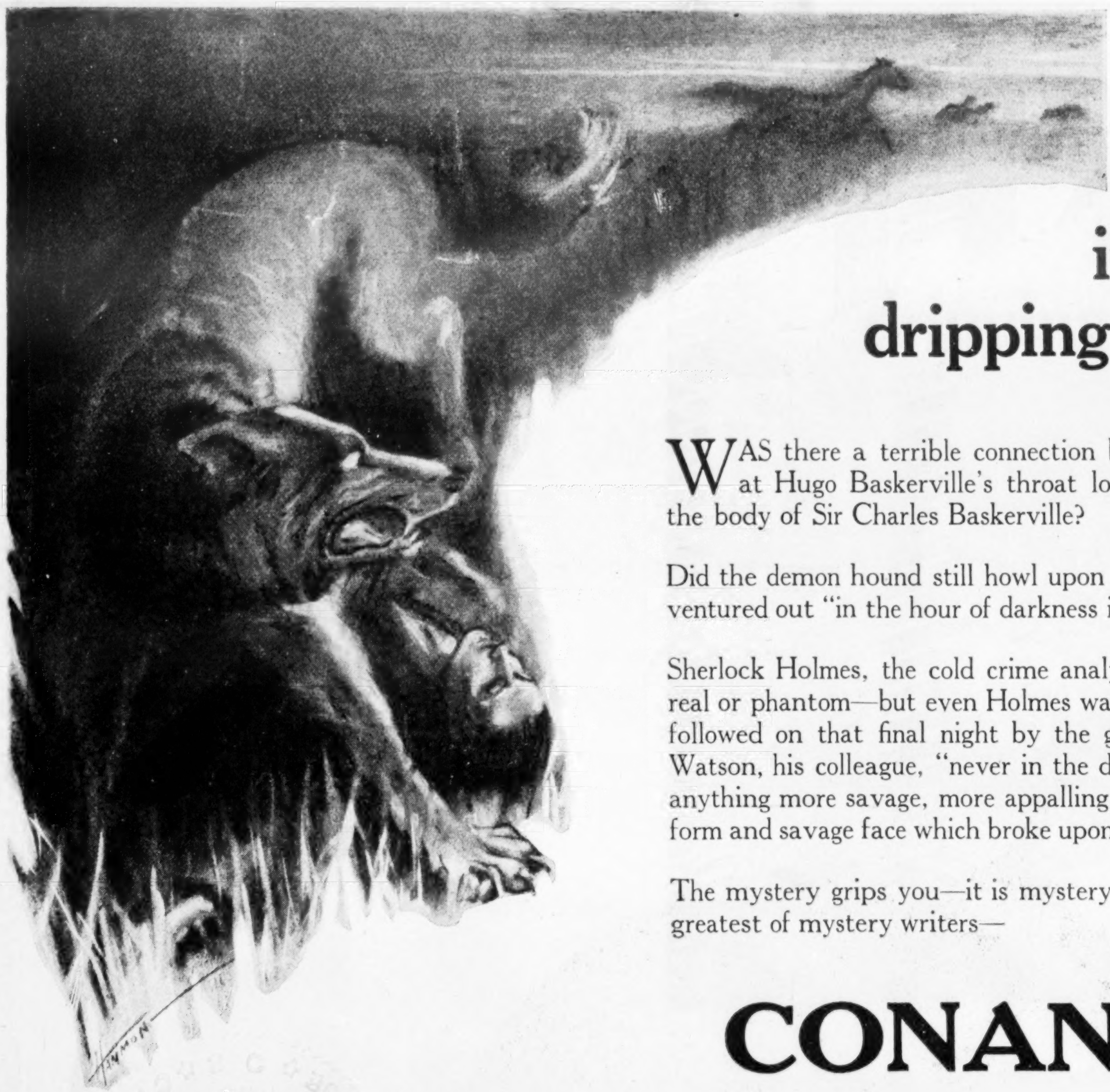

"The thing turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them"—

WAS there a terrible connection between this ghostly beast seen plucking at Hugo Baskerville's throat long ago and the giant footprints around the body of Sir Charles Baskerville?

Did the demon hound still howl upon the moor, still curse the Baskervilles who ventured out "in the hour of darkness in which the power of evil is exalted"?

Sherlock Holmes, the cold crime analyst, pits his keen wits against this thing, real or phantom—but even Holmes was not prepared for the fearful events which followed on that final night by the great Grimpen Mire. "Never," says Dr. Watson, his colleague, "never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling, more hellish be conceived than that dark form and savage face which broke upon us out of the wall of fog."

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E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM TO WIN THE LOVE HE SOUGHT
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM THE NEW TENANT
COLLIER

AS PIONEERS IN THE FIELD OF ORAL HYGIENE, WE BELIEVE THAT THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE ARE LOGICALLY QUALIFIED TO INTRODUCE THIS NEW AND DRASTIC NOTE INTO DENTIFRICE ADVERTISING. AND WE BELIEVE THAT A VERY DEFINITE PUBLIC BENEFIT WILL RESULT FROM THIS ENDEAVOR TO MAKE THE NATION PROPERLY CONSCIOUS OF THE DISEASE DANGERS THAT MAY RESULT FROM TOOTH ABSCESSES.—LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY.

YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO ADD MANY PRECIOUS YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—BETTER SEE HIM!

You wouldn't have believed it of this girl

To all appearances she was the picture of health, yet a dental X-ray revealed hidden tooth abscesses that, neglected, might have cut short her life by many years

DO you, too, perhaps have hidden wells of poison at the base of your teeth, that, unknown to you, may be seeping their deadly bacteria into your system and undermining your health?

Your doctor and dentist will tell you that many dread diseases trace their origin directly to infected teeth. One eminent authority in this field estimates that 78 out of 100 adults today suffer from tooth abscesses.

Diseases so caused

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist and the wonderful modern X-ray can really place you on the safe side.

What dentifrices can do

A good dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Let your dentist add years to your life. He can do it if you'll let him. Do your part, of course, with your tooth brush and with the *right dentifrice*, but don't neglect seeing your dentist.

NOW a really scientific dentifrice

Aware of the important part a dentifrice plays in curbing tooth decay and those more serious and often fatal diseases that follow, the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have created for you a new and really scientific dentifrice.

What Listerine Tooth Paste is?

First of all, Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine so popular both with the profession and the public. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy. They discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth. But remember, only Listerine Tooth Paste contains all of these antiseptic ingredients.

Cleans teeth safely and quickly

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, while ordinary dentifrices require much more effort and even then often leave you in doubt.

This paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is! Once damaged it can never be replaced and then decay sets in with its dreadful after-effects.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains cream of tartar, a wholesome fruit acid which stimulates healthful saliva flow and assists Nature in her own way of keeping the teeth clean.

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste.

But, see your dentist, too

In short, this dentifrice is recommended as one that will do *everything* for you that a dentifrice *can do.*

Yet we repeat this warning—do not neglect those hidden sources of disease—tooth abscesses. Let Listerine Tooth Paste and faithful brushing do their part. But let your dentist and his X-ray add precious years to your life. He can do it if you will consult him. Heed his advice.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

WILL YOU BE ALIVE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW!

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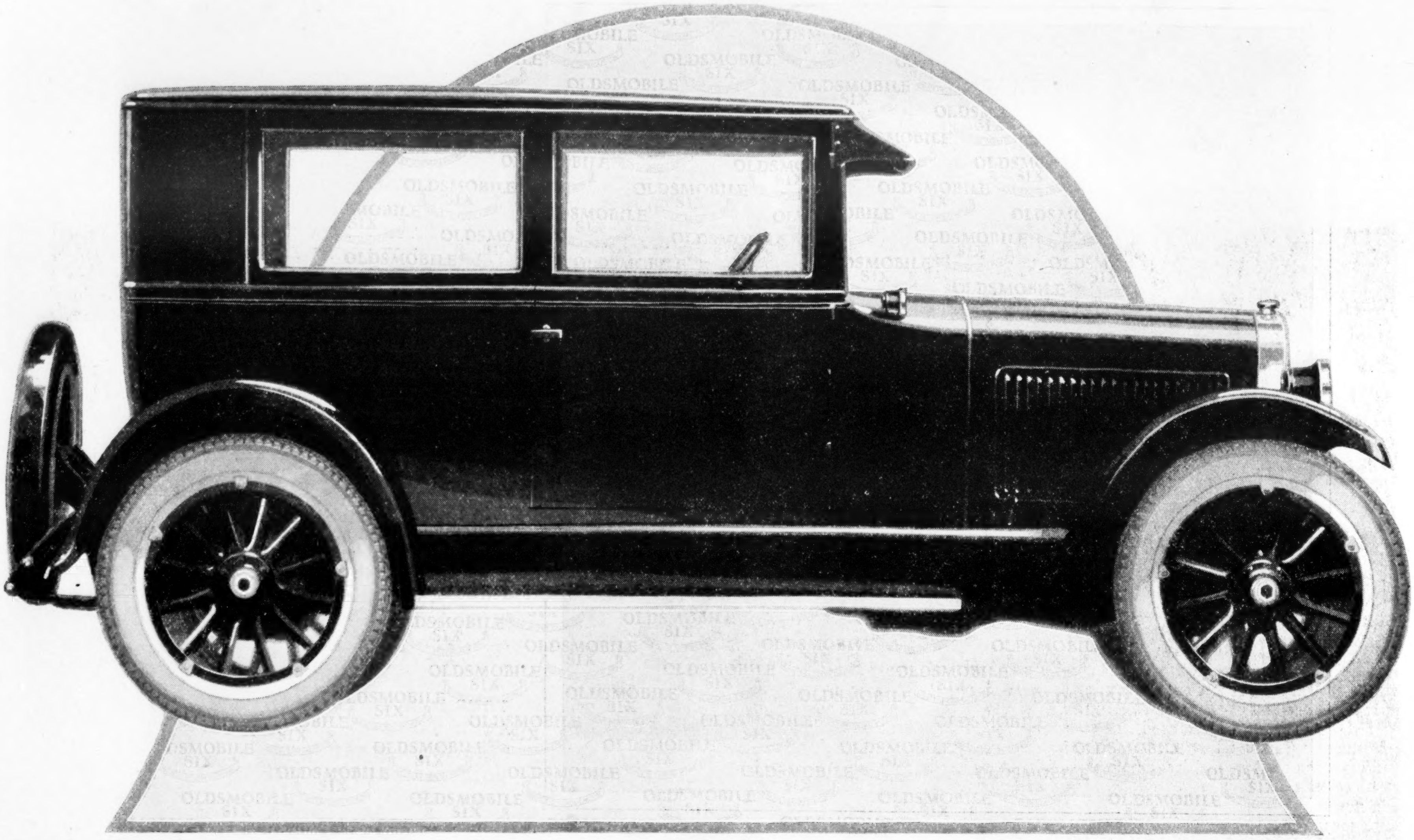

This Coach – BODY by FISHER – only $1065

If you can afford only *one* car—and that means most of us—then the one car for you is this new Oldsmobile Coach. Only a closed car is a real all-season car—and you want your car as comfortable in January as in June. Price, of course, once determined your choice. But now you can buy this wonderful Coach—with a beautiful Fisher body—lustrous and enduring Duco finish—handsome fittings—ventilated by the turn of a handle—for only $1065. Go into any Oldsmobile showroom and see this Coach—examine its workmanship—count its wealth of useful equipment—and then see how much less any other car, closed or open, gives you for $1065!

Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Sport Touring $1015, 2 Passenger Coupe $1045, Coach $1065, Coupe $1175, Sedan $1275, De Luxe Sedan $1375. The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional.

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Rear-View Mirror	1.75
Trunk Rails [set of four]	6.80
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Enameled Steel Trunk	25.00
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Roadster Deck Rails [set of four]	5.75

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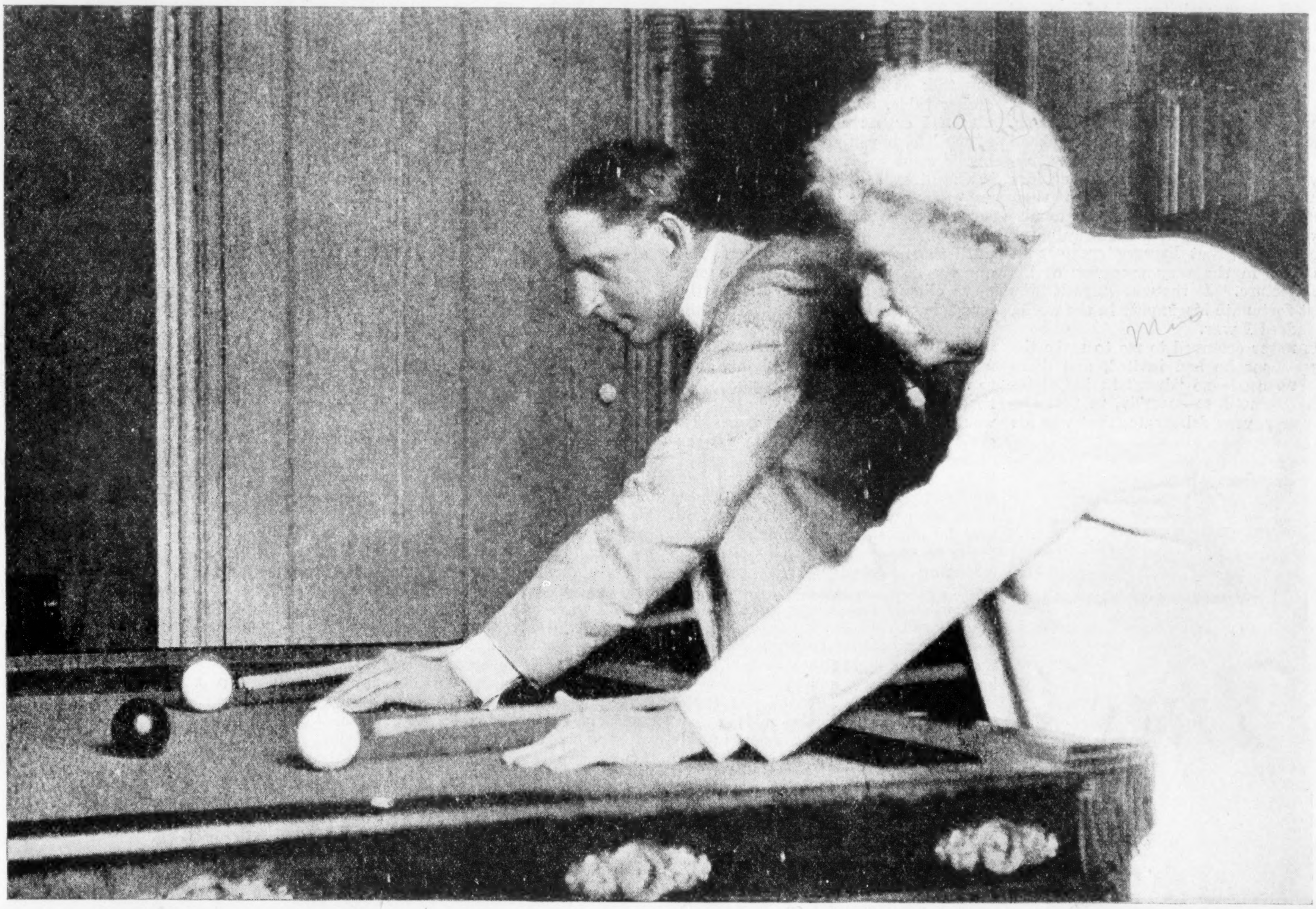


Mark Twain and the author of this article warming up for a game

INNOCENTS at HOME

How Mark Twain dictated his life story between "cowboy" billiard games or lying comfortably in bed, told by his biographer

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

LIKE most boys of my time I was brought up in the company of Mark Twain. At the age of eight or nine I heard Innocents Abroad read aloud around the evening lamp, and resented the fact that my elders laughed over it, when to me it seemed quite serious and beautiful—a sort of dream-tale of travel—an impression I am not entirely rid of to this day. Then, in time, came Roughing It and Tom Sawyer, Colonel Sellers and all the rest. Mark Twain had become a member of our family, as of so many families all over the world, an ever-present genius of good humor and sturdy Americanism—to me, as to so many boys, a hero of almost godlike proportions. That I should ever meet him, or even see him, never occurred to me. I would as soon have expected to meet Hercules.

I was, in fact, well along in the middle years when I first saw him. A good many things had happened in the meantime, so that after all it came about naturally enough, at the Players Club, to which I belonged and where he had been invited to deliver the Founders' Night address. I think I was in nowise disappointed in his appearance, except that he seemed older and more frail than his pictures had led me to expect, a temporary condition, as I learned later, due to a period of worry and ill-health. This was at the end of 1901. Four years later, as the sequel of a sort of fairy tale, which I have told at length in my story of him, I became his biographer, and together we began the record of his amazing life.

During a discussion of the matter he had told me of some autobiographical chapters which he had written, or dictated, from time to time, suggesting that these might be used as material. He had put aside the notion of an autobiography, but when on the morning of January 9, 1906, I arrived with a stenographer at 21 Fifth Avenue, his New York City home, he had been characteristically revising his plans, and proposed to continue dictating reminiscence instead of a sequence of notes, as we had arranged. He could not stick to the consecutive idea, he said; he could talk only of the thing interesting to him at the moment. At his suggestion the stenographer was already setting down his remarks. The dictation which was to continue intermittently through four years, the final years of his life, had begun. "This is no holiday excursion," he said, "it is a journey." And then he added:

"We will try this—see whether it is dull or interesting—whether it will bore us and we will want to commit suicide. I hate to get at it, I hate to begin, but I imagine if you are here to make suggestions from time to time we can make it go along, instead of having it drag."

He dictated that morning some memories of the Big Bonanza mine, of Nevada, an episode of the early seventies, of which he had been a part. Perhaps I should have stated earlier that he was in bed when we arrived, in a handsome dressing-gown, propped against snowy pillows—an antique bed, vast and magnificent, and the dull red walls forming a rich background for his striking figure. He seldom got up before noon, and most of the early dictations were set down at his bedside. He found the easy luxury of it inspiring; that and tobacco, for he smoked pretty continuously, fragrant domestic cigars, which I early learned to shun because of their potency. The glow of a reading lamp on a little table beside him laid a sheen on his snowy hair, and made more vivid his brilliant coloring. As I think of him now that luminous picture is the one that oftenest presents itself.

He was likely to shift his position. Generally he lay at ease against the pillows, but there were moments when he sat erect and tense, folding and refolding one cuff of his dressing gown about his wrist, as an aid to thought. Now and again he would lean over his little table and handle the things on it, his cigars, his pipe, his watch or pencils, even when he had no occasion for them. Then flinging his arm behind his head he would settle against the great pillows, and looking back across the years would formulate the phrases that, whatever their purport, bore his unmistakable imprint. We were watching one of the great literary creators of his time in the very processes of his architecture. I thought myself the most fortunate biographer in the world, as indeed I was.

It never occurred to me to make the suggestions he had invited, and there was no need—no "drag" in his dictation. Sometimes—usually, in fact—he was very, very deliberate; that was his habit. Sometimes he did not speak for a full minute or more; then perhaps the sentences came so fast that the stenographer's pencil must fly to keep up with them. When, on this first day, he turned to me at last and inquired the time we were all amazed that two hours had slipped away.

"And how much I have enjoyed it," he said. "It is the ideal plan for this kind of work. Narrative *writing* is always disappointing. The moment you pick up a pen you begin to lose the spontaneity of the personal relation, which contains the very essence of the interest. With shorthand dictation one can talk as if one were at one's own dinner table, always a most inspiring place. I expect to dictate all the rest of my life, if you good people are willing to come to listen to it."

The dictations thus begun continued from week to week, and with steadily increasing charm. Often he did not know what he was going to talk about until the moment of beginning. Frequently he had a memorandum or a news clipping to serve as a starting point, but as likely as not something else would present itself at the very instant of beginning, and the small reminder once put aside was likely never to be thought of again. If, as sometimes happened, he wanted it, there would be trouble in finding it. The great bed had a large capacity for concealment. Once, after diving about in it for some moments, he invited Miss Hobby, the stenographer, to leave the room for a time, in order, as he said, that he might swear. He got up and began to explore the bed, his eloquence enlarging impressively with each moment.

"One could lose a *dog* in this bed!" he declared.

It occurred to me to suggest that he turn over a clipping that he held in his hand. He did so, and it proved to be the one he wanted. A series of explosions followed. Then he said:

"There ought to be a room in this house to swear in. It's dangerous to have to repress an emotion like that."

But when a moment later Miss Hobby returned he was serene and happy again. He was usually gentle during the dictations, and patient with those about him—remarkably so, I thought.

He Would Improvise Iniquities

BUT there were moments that involved risk. He had requested me to interrupt him at any time that I found him repeating or contradicting himself, or misstating some fact known to me. As first I hesitated to do this, cautiously mentioning the matter when he had finished. Then he was likely to say:

"Why didn't you stop me? Why did you let me go on making a jackass of myself when you could have saved me?"

So then I would take the risk of getting struck by lightning, and make an effort to stop him in time. But if it happened that I upset his thought the thunderbolt was apt to fly. He would say:

"Now you've knocked everything out of my head!"

Then, of course, I was sorry, and would say so, which would remedy matters, though half an hour later it might happen again. I became lightning-proof at last; also I learned better the psychological moment for the interruption. There was always a humorous slant to the dictations, however grave or pathetic the subject. Humor was his natural medium of expression, and was almost never wholly absent. I do not mean by this that he intended to be funny—he rarely meant to be that—but he conveyed his thought in that quaint phrase which was the very breath of his utterance.

I have mentioned his acknowledged tendency to self-contradiction and misstatement. His memory, marvelous in some ways, had been always somewhat capricious as to casual events, dominated by a vigorously exercised imagination. He meant to set down the literal and unvarnished facts—to record, to confess and to condemn without stint or deviation. If you wanted to know the worst about Mark Twain you only had to ask him for it. He would give it to the last syllable. But he would do more: his imagination would magnify it and adorn it with new iniquities, and if he gave it again, or a dozen times, he would improve it each time; and he would do all these things for another person, just as willingly.

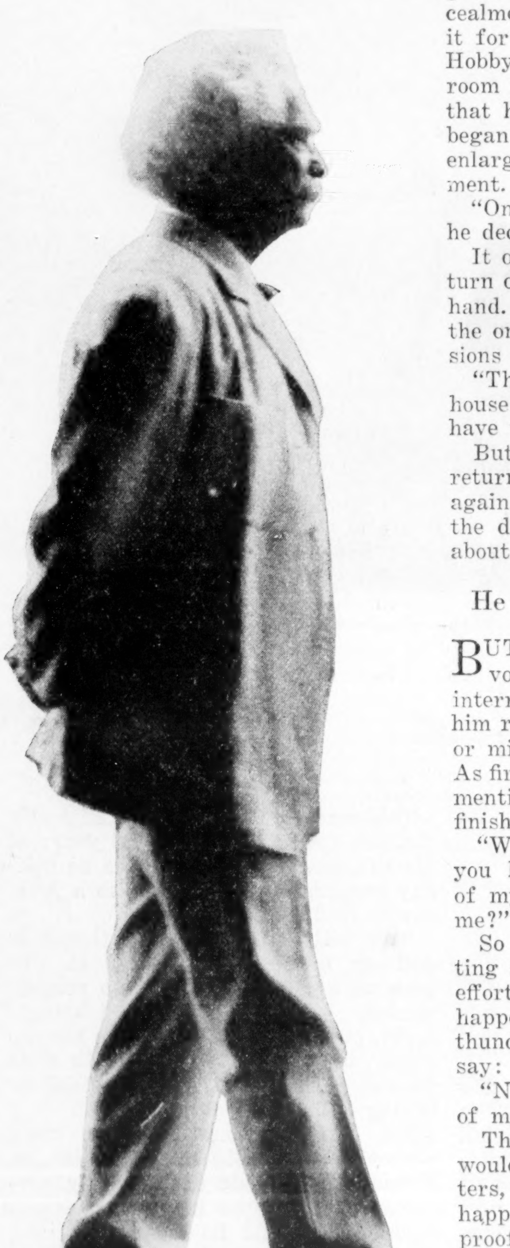
Yet in relating an occurrence, whatever his variation of detail, he reproduced an atmosphere and a coloring as true as life itself, as true as that in the Mississippi book, or in the story of Huck Finn. More than once he said:

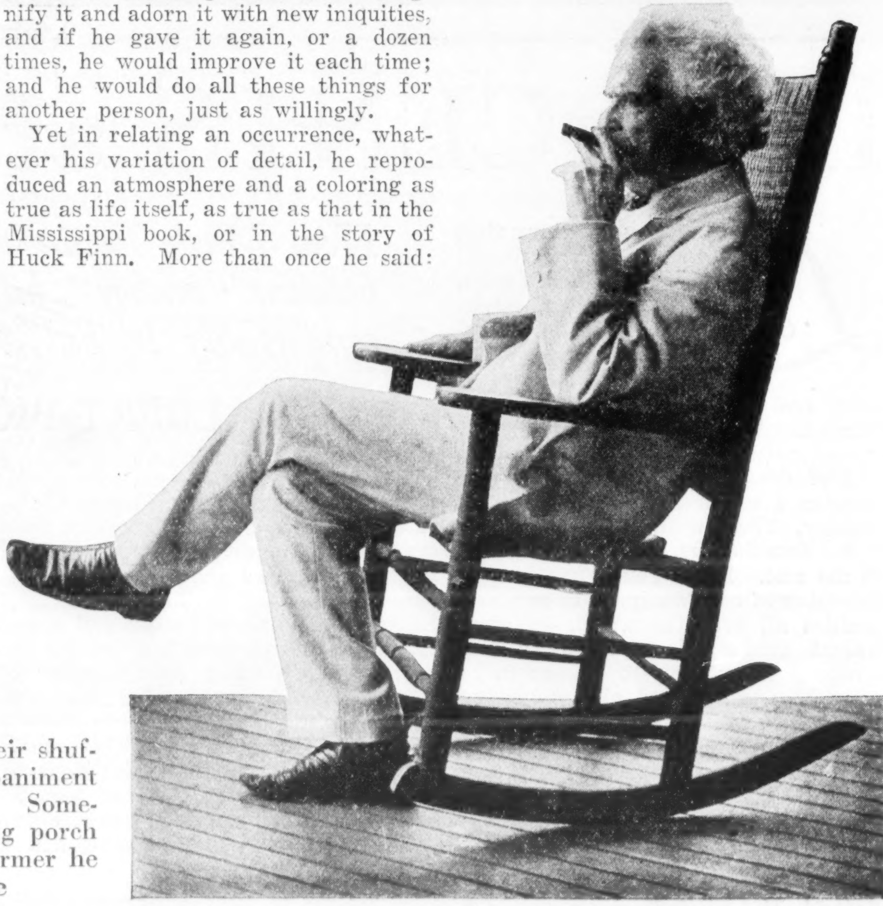
"This autobiography of mine is not a revenge record," and though from time to time he dealt rather severely with those who had crossed his path unrighteously, he usually modified his remarks with some comment on the "cussedness" of human nature in general, some confession of his own shortcomings, or he half humorously relented. Once, when he had been chastising some old offender, he concluded.

"However, he's dead, and I forgive him." Then after a moment's reflection: "No, strike that last sentence out." When we laughed he added: "We can't forgive him—yet."

He became infatuated with his methodless method of autobiography, and assured William Dean Howells, a frequent visitor, that it was the only way in which autobiography should be done, declaring that (*Continued on page 45*)

Mark Twain seldom got up before noon. While dictating in bed he used to fling his arm behind his head—like this



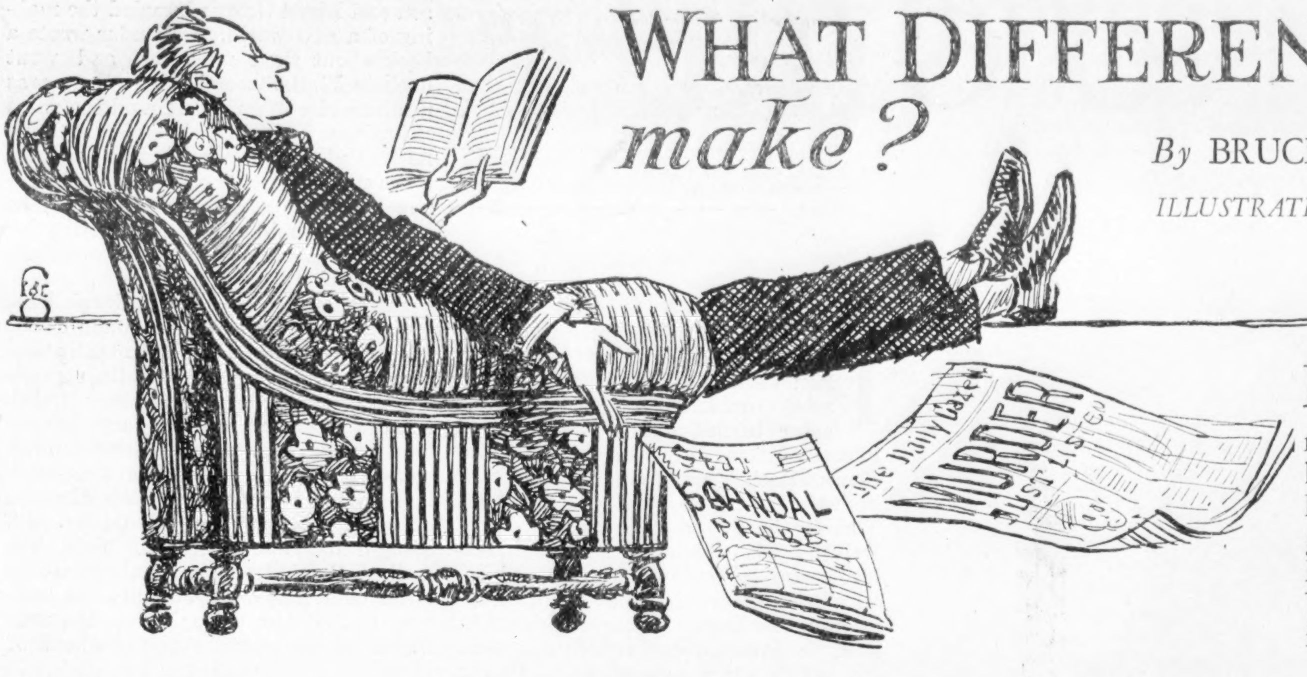


He wore loose slippers, and their shuffling sound made a low accompaniment to his easy, drawling speech. Sometimes he sat in one of the big porch rockers. As the days grew warmer he did this more and more

WHAT DIFFERENCE *does it make?*

By BRUCE BARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER



MR. BARTON had newspaperitis—had to have all the news, murders 'n' everything. Suddenly he cured himself just like that. He is quite happy about it and gives the prescription here. But Herbert Bayard Swope, of the New York "World," thinks Mr. Barton is all wrong, and says so on page 41.

A RECENT discovery has lengthened my life to the extent of about thirty minutes a day. There may be some trick about it, some drawback; possibly I am starving my mind and shall some time regret it. But so far I have managed to get by, and I am rejoicing in this freedom. The discovery is simple. It can be told in a sentence: I have almost quit reading newspapers.

Like most discoveries it is not new. People whose time is worth more than mine can ever be hit on it long ago. Presidents, for example. In the White House the principal papers are read and clipped every day. What is vital in news or editorial comment is pasted on yellow sheets and laid on the President's desk.

Of course if he wants to he can sneak a glance at the sporting page besides.

The late George W. Perkins, a great devourer of newspapers, told me that Roosevelt never read papers. After his term as governor at Albany, Theodore Roosevelt had his secretary clip and paste up the essential things (it may have been he who introduced the custom at the White House). His enemies might denounce him in double-leaded editorials; he was blissfully unconscious. All the pull and tug of the non-essential was removed from his mind; and he found time for a variety of reading and a breadth of human contact that were amazing.

Must We Have All This News?

AS WATCHING the kettle boil gave Watt the idea for his steam-engine, as the man who found gold in California stumbled on it, so my discovery came by chance. Five years ago our suburban cellar flooded, our car froze, measles went through the school, and I was elected chairman of the house committee at the country club. This combination of events was too much. When the robins came back in the spring we sold our home and established ourselves on Manhattan Island, just two miles from the office.

Instead of spending half an hour on the Long Island train at the close of the day I undertook to walk home. The folks who own Fifth Avenue are good citizens. They keep it well swept, full of interesting sights and good-looking girls. I enjoyed my daily walk and so great was the novelty that a week passed before I realized that anything had been lost out of my life. Then one evening my wife asked to see the evening paper.

"Why, I didn't bring one," I answered.

"No evening paper!" she exclaimed. It was as if I had walked in the streets without a necktie, or forgotten to turn on the lights in the car.

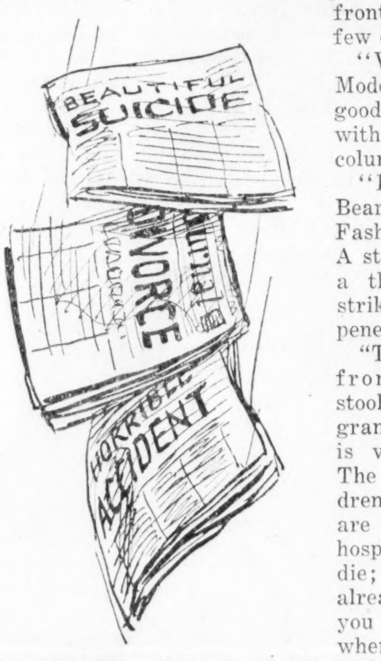
"No evening paper," I echoed. "Come to think of it I haven't bought one since we moved to town. You see, I've been walking home."

For a day or two thereafter I went around in trepidation, expecting that at any moment my ignorance might be discovered. Somebody would bring up something and I would have to confess that I did not know. But a week passed. Two weeks. A month. Apparently all the important news in the evening papers got into the morning papers, either twelve hours earlier or twelve hours later. I began to breathe easy again. I was freed from that nightly bondage forever.

Last summer came the second step in my emancipation. I went off for a month's vacation and determined to read no newspaper until my return. It was a grand month. We let our watches run down; we forgot what day of the week it was; we didn't care a hurrah what the rest of the world was up to. When I got back I found that my office had considerately saved the month's papers, piling them up neatly in the corner. One night I took home the whole bundle to see what I had missed.

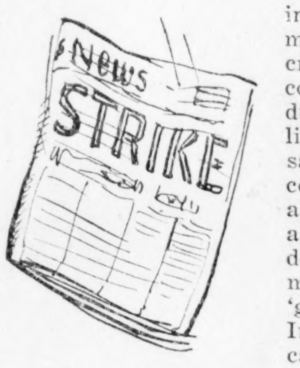
This is it.

About fourteen good murders. One headed "Box Victim" seems to have been about the best. The lady was done to death in a cellar, the diagram of which occupied three columns. There was a great deal about clews and bloodstains and the activities of the police; also a hundred or so love letters, which ran serially for five days. I say that this is the best of the lot, but I am not much of a judge. "Drink-Mad Man Stabs Ten in Café" also looked promising; as did "Thugs Murder Grocer in Error."



A daily divorce story. From this rich variety it is difficult to select. "Becomes Love Cult Bride" is perhaps as good as any. The lady, supposedly an heiress, is a member of a rather romantic family; at least the marriages, social activities, and divorces of her relatives occupy nearly a column in the three-column account.

The Presidential campaign. Column after column of oratory, denunciation, charges and denials, outbursts, distortions, exaggerations, attacks and counter attacks. Our old professor of political economy in college taught us that an election is one of the great advantages of democratic government, that the debates are an important form of public education. I wonder if they are. Now that it is all over, does any reader of this magazine feel himself or herself better and nobler as a result of what he listened to and read? Is there any reader whose vote was changed by it all? I had made up my mind about my vote before I went away—basing my decision on the record of the past and not the promises as to the future. How about you?



These were the principal divisions of the news, but there were other items of sufficient importance to occupy the front page. I list a few of them:

"Woman Held as Modern Bluebeard"—a good start on page 1, with picture and two columns on page 4.

"Long Hair and Beards May Become Fashion in Chicago." A startling story about a threatened barbers' strike which never happened.

"Twelve Poisoned from Eating Toadstools." This sounds grandly horrible but it is very disappointing. The victims are children at a picnic; they are laid up in various hospitals. None will die; indeed five have already gone home, and you have a suspicion, when the column and a half is finished that it might have been green apples instead of toadstools after all.

"English Surgeon Trails Soul Mate." He is an eminent man in his profession, but seemingly a trifle cracked. He followed a young American girl to this country and was detained at Ellis Island. You recall the incident perhaps. What was his name? What was hers?

"Election Bet Loser Must Dine on Skunk." This story hails from Kentucky where they take their politics hard. Some citizen of that commonwealth must catch a skunk with his own hands, after November 2d, skin him, cook him, and eat him. Vox populi, vox Dei.

"Dog's Hair Turns Gray in Auto Crash." Why are motor accidents always crashes? Stephen Leacock, commenting on the differences between English newspapers and ours, says: "If a milk wagon collides in the street with a coal cart, we write that a 'life wagon has struck a death cart.' We call a murderer a 'thug' or a 'gun-man' or a 'yegg-man.' In England they simply call him 'the accused who is a grocer's assistant in Houndsditch.' That designation would knock any decent murder story to pieces."

"Man in Hospital Unable to Tell Who He is." Thank Heaven for that.

"Spinster Sets Five Fires," and so on.

This is not quite a fair picture of course. There was other news. The round-the-world flyers got around; Texas went for Ma Ferguson; the Anglo-French-German agreement was on and off and on and off and on; there was a war in China; a province in Canada voted wet; the seventy-year-old servant of J. P. Morgan died, and some Long Island beauties, watching the Prince of Wales mount his horse, discovered that he wears no garters. These are vital and one must know them if he is properly to discharge his obligations as a citizen. But the pleasing thing to me was this—that, ignorant as I was on all these matters, nobody seemed to notice it. I was not talked about, nor pointed out in restaurants. . . .

On the morning after the San Francisco fire the newspapers of that city joined forces and managed to issue a flimsy bulletin. Carts carrying the copies were sent hurrying through parks where the refugees were camped. The drivers were nearly mobbed. Not even the food wagons were so besieged. People were hungry and cold, but their physical

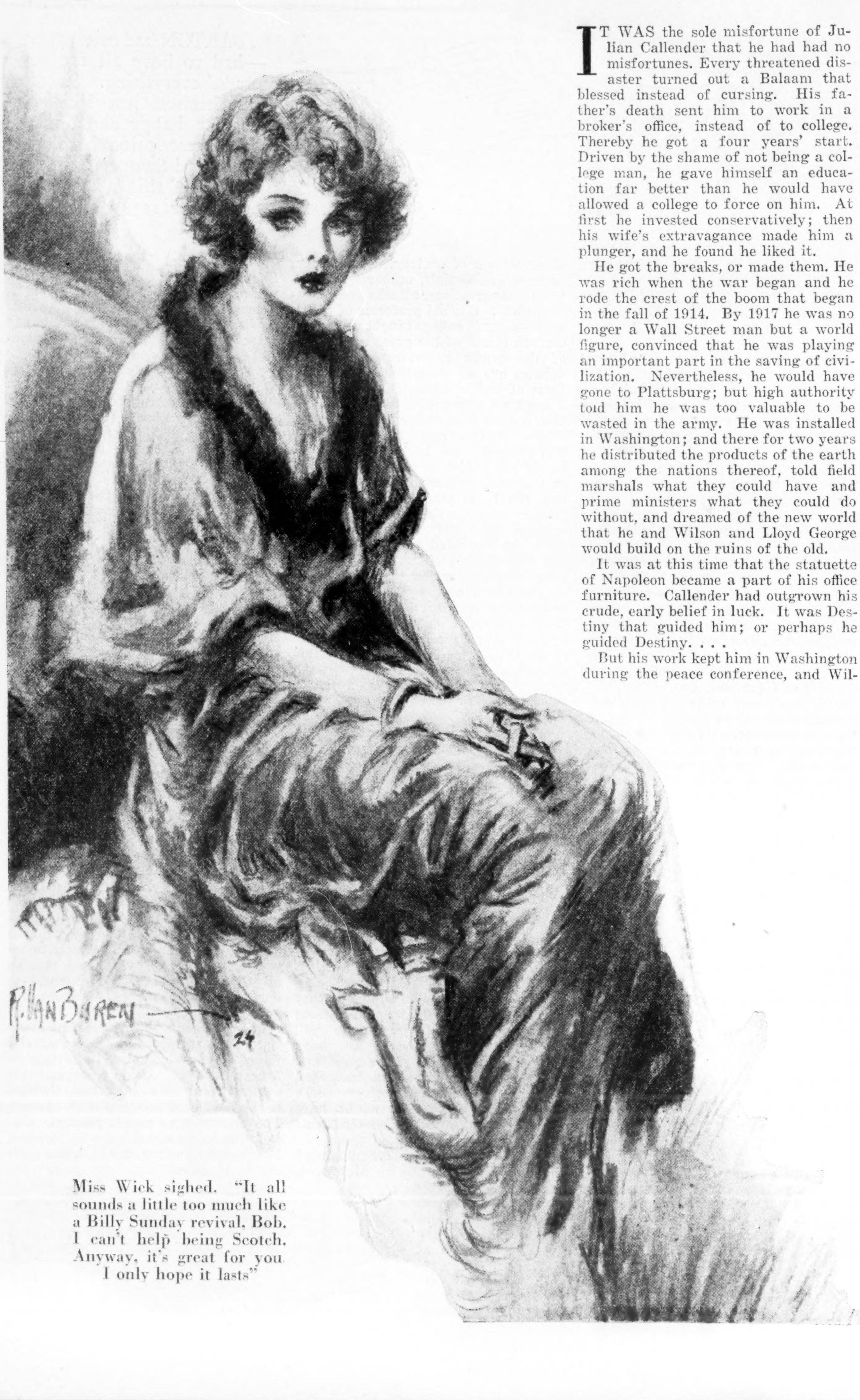
(*Continued on page 41*)

BLAT
FIRE
TO DEATH
POISON
CANDY
The Bluebeard
SHE

The NO GIRL

By ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN



Miss Wick sighed. "It all sounds a little too much like a Billy Sunday revival, Bob. I can't help being Scotch. Anyway, it's great for you. I only hope it lasts"

IT WAS the sole misfortune of Julian Callender that he had had no misfortunes. Every threatened disaster turned out a Balaam that blessed instead of cursing. His father's death sent him to work in a broker's office, instead of to college. Thereby he got a four years' start. Driven by the shame of not being a college man, he gave himself an education far better than he would have allowed a college to force on him. At first he invested conservatively; then his wife's extravagance made him a plunger, and he found he liked it.

He got the breaks, or made them. He was rich when the war began and he rode the crest of the boom that began in the fall of 1914. By 1917 he was no longer a Wall Street man but a world figure, convinced that he was playing an important part in the saving of civilization. Nevertheless, he would have gone to Plattsburg; but high authority told him he was too valuable to be wasted in the army. He was installed in Washington; and there for two years he distributed the products of the earth among the nations thereof, told field marshals what they could have and prime ministers what they could do without, and dreamed of the new world that he and Wilson and Lloyd George would build on the ruins of the old.

It was at this time that the statuette of Napoleon became a part of his office furniture. Callender had outgrown his crude, early belief in luck. It was Destiny that guided him; or perhaps he guided Destiny. . . .

But his work kept him in Washington during the peace conference, and Wilson and Lloyd George bungled the making of a new world. Callender wrote a book about their mistakes, and went back to Wall Street because there was nowhere else to go. He found the game of business insipid after the Great Game he had played in Washington; neither boom nor slump nor recovery could excite him. He was forty years old; he had twenty millions and no desire for more; in his universe there were no more worlds to conquer.

Alexander, in that mood, drank himself to death. Callender found relief in a more subtle form of intoxication. He devoted himself to public service.

Miss Wick threw aside her novel, yawned, ruffled her coppery bobbed hair with well-kept fingers, and jumped clear out of her chair as the doorbell buzzed behind her. Bob Stanley, of course—nobody else would be wild enough to call at this time of night. She pushed the button that unlatched the outer door, and went out into the hallway to find him galloping up the four flights of stairs and shouting ahead of him:

"Janet! Oh, Janet! Thank the Lord, you're still awake."

"Everybody in the house will be awake if you don't keep still," she told him, but though he said no more he pounded upstairs noisily till he could reach up over the railing and clasp her hands.

"Janet, I've got the greatest job in the world." Her face flamed with gladness as he panted his way to the top landing and followed her in. "Yes, I know it's midnight or thereabouts, but I just had to come and tell you right away. Fifteen thousand a year."

The flaming gladness faded out.

"Ten thousand more than you're getting now," said Miss Wick dryly. "There is something wrong with this job."

"Not a bit. That's the best of it. It's just what I've always wanted—executive work—chance for ideas—contact with all sorts of big men—"

JANET wondered if she had underestimated Bob Stanley.

"It's with Julian Callender," he went on rapidly. "I'm to be his executive assistant."

"I thought Julian Callender had retired," said Janet, hating herself for being cautious and practical when she ought to be thrilled.

"He's retired from business, but he's going into public service. He's got a big suite of offices downtown and he's going to put all his brains and money into the business of making the world better. He gives money to colleges and movements, just like the big foundations, but that's only a side line. His main interest is in doing something constructive—help Europe, purify public life here, and so on. Oh, I've just got glimpses of it so far, but it's a big thing. And I'm right on the inside of it all—"

"But, Bob, how did you get it? And how in the world did you ever think of asking him for fifteen thousand a year?"

"Edgar Tremaine tipped me off—Tremaine of the Y. M. C. A. He's gone in with Callender as service director, at twenty-five thousand. He and a fellow named Harris are the big men in the organization, and I come right next to them. Tremaine told me that money was no object, so I'd better ask for twice what I was getting now. It came hard, Janet, but finally I asked Callender for ten thousand, and he said he'd give me fifteen."

"Why, the poor man!" exclaimed Miss Wick.

"There you go, being Scotch again," said Stanley in disgust. "Don't you get the thrill of it—the confidence—the loyalty that sort of thing inspires?"

"Oh, I don't doubt you'll work your head off for him, Bob, but if he does that to everybody he'll buy a lot of gold bricks. And I don't see why he should offer fifteen thousand to a man who asks for ten and has been getting five."

"Because he does big things in a big way. He's hipped on this idea of service and he's sold it to me. He says when he decides he wants a man he always gives him more than he asks for, so as to hold him. He calls his organization a hospital for a sick world. He wants to get first-rate men and tie them all up to him so they won't want to get away. That way, he says, everybody can catch the vision. I wish you could," he added resentfully.

MISS WICK sighed. "It all sounds a little too much like a Billy Sunday revival, Bob. But I can't help being Scotch. Anyway, it's great for you. I only hope it lasts."

"I've got a three-year contract," he told her proudly. "So, Janet, now that I've really got my start—"

"Now, Bob, it's too late at night to resume an old argument."

"But, dearest—"

"The language you do use," said Miss Wick.

"Well, you are, anyway," he protested. "And you've admitted you like me; and now that I wouldn't have to ask you to skimp and save—"

"It wasn't that, Bob. I'm used to skimping and saving."

"Oh, I know. But this would mean real comfort—"

"I live in comfort now."

"One room," he said gloomily, glancing around it and hating it for managing to look comfortable and attractive.

"Better stand for what you're used to than jump into ills you know not of. That isn't just right, but I'm too sleepy to remember quotations. No, Bob, I wouldn't marry even you just for a home. I'm a competent secretary; I get fifty dollars a week, and earn it, and even save a little out of it. And while I do like you better than anybody else —now, now, stay where you are—I think we'd better wait and see."

"See what?" he demanded.

"See if all this lasts. I know you're an idealist and you want to help humanity, but getting fifteen thousand a year for helping humanity seems like too much luck."

"You've got no vision," he declared.

"Somebody has to be Scotch," said Miss Wick.

Three days later he came back, bubbling over with the glories of being an executive assistant.

"You were right about one thing, Janet—everybody is trying to sell Callender gold bricks. We get dozens of ideas offered to us every day. After the worst ones are weeded out I pass on what's left, and give him an opinion, and talk things over with him. Oh, and three or four European governments consult him about their finances, and I get in on some of the detail work on that— It's great!"

"It sounds great," Miss Wicks conceded with reluctance.

"But, Janet, here's the best part of all. Callender's secretary is going to get married, and I told him about you—"

"About me!" Somehow Miss Wick couldn't see herself in the Temple of Idealism. Yet it would be nice to see Bob in the office every day, and perhaps educative for them both. Also Miss Wick's present employer was becoming sentimental, and she detested sentimental employers.

"Harris is trying to put somebody in the job, of course," he went on eagerly, "and so is Tremaine. But I got Callender to promise to see you to-morrow and I've found already that he makes his own decisions. The girl that's leaving is getting seventy-five; so he'll probably pay you a hundred."

"Well," said Miss Wick practically, "when it's being passed around like that it does seem a shame not to get in on it."

Flustered and trembling, he left her next morning in Callender's office—a huge light room, spacious as a basketball court and almost as bare. On the desk, the photograph of a pretty, petulant woman in a gown which Miss Wick recognized as of the style of 1913; the decease of Mrs. Callender, ten years ago, could be inferred. On the walls, the autographed photographs of the members of the Supreme Council. On the mantel above the fireplace a statuette of Napoleon at which a tall, thin man was staring. He turned, when she had waited a moment, and despite his graying temples she was surprised that he looked so young.

"Miss Wick? I've telephoned to your references; they're perfect. College woman, of course? Seven years' experience, I believe? Overseas? Well, we couldn't all go—"

He asked more questions than she had ever dreamed of, blue sparks flashing constantly from his eyes. Then, presently—

"What salary would you want?"

"I'm getting fifty a week," said Miss Wick frankly. "From what I hear of this job I'd be worth seventy-five."

"If I employed you," said Callender bruskly—"understand, I've decided nothing—if I employed you I'd pay you a hundred."

"No, you wouldn't," said Miss Wick. "This is a secretarial job pure and simple, isn't it? As the market goes now, that's worth about sixty. I'm asking seventy-five because I'm that much better than most secretaries. But unless there's something about it that you haven't told me, nobody on earth would be worth a hundred."

Callender's amazed stare broke slowly into an almost boyish grin.

"I thought Stanley told me you were Scotch."

"I am," said Miss Wick. "And we Scotch keep our feet on the ground."

"All right. You're employed—at seventy-five."

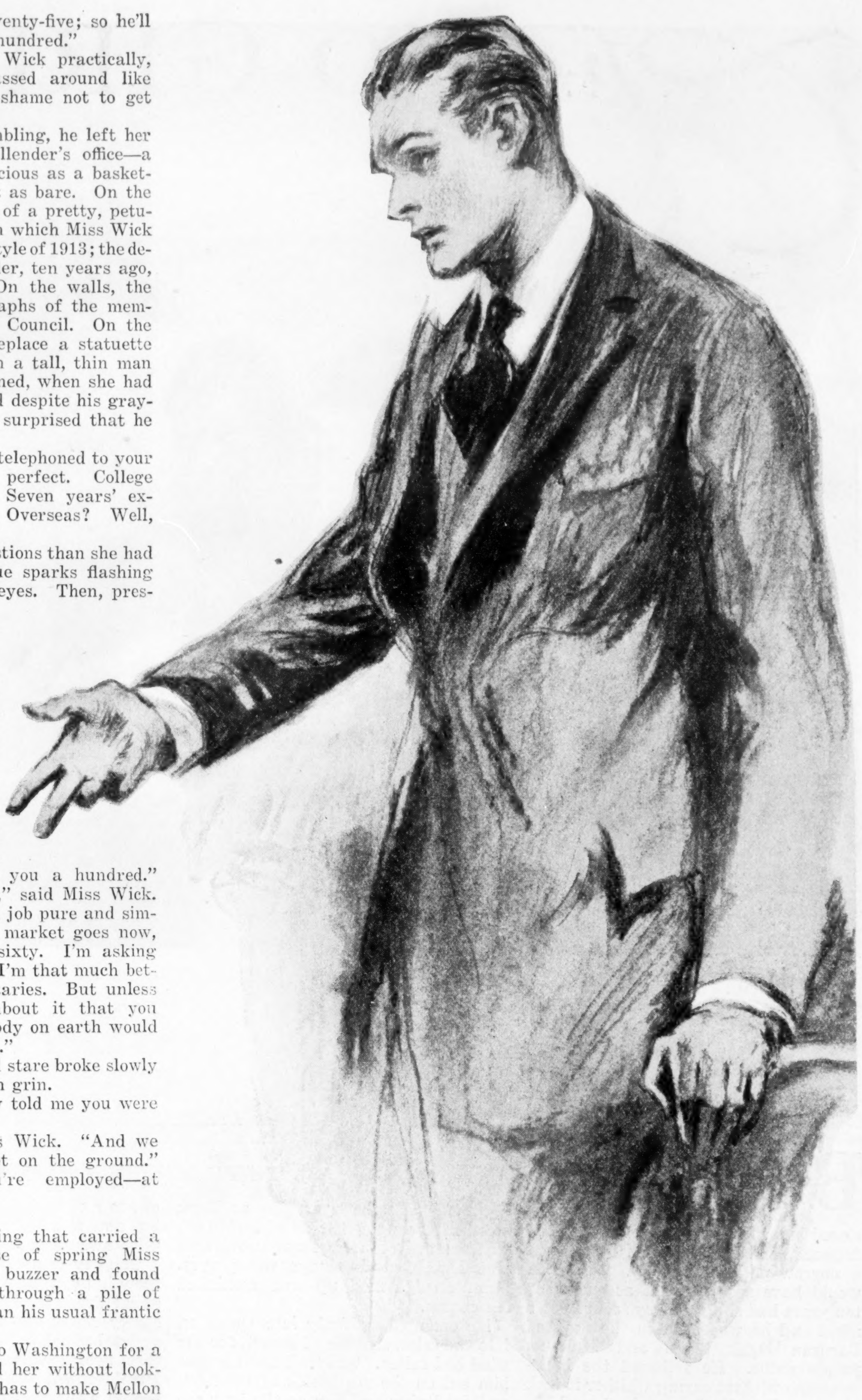
ON a March evening that carried a deceptive promise of spring Miss Wick answered the buzzer and found Callender running through a pile of letters with more than his usual frantic energy.

"I'm going down to Washington for a day or two," he told her without looking up. "Somebody has to make Mellon see where this tax plan of his is all wrong. The longer I live, Miss Wick, the more I become convinced that merely giving money for colleges and good roads and public health gets us nowhere. It has some value, of course, but to get anything done you have to put pressure on governments."

He was buckling up a handful of documents in a brief case; she saw that his fingers trembled.

"Governments have us all at their mercy, Miss Wick. Our happiness is in their hands. When they're right the world's right. When they're wrong— Half our troubles to-day come from the mess Wilson and Lloyd George made at Versailles. They meant well, but— I told Wilson before he left— Well, that's ancient history. Tell the people who have appointments with me tomorrow that they'll have to wait. None of them urgent, are they?"

"Mr. Rollin perhaps."



"I've got a three-year contract," he told her. "So, Janet, now that I've really got my start—"

"Oh, Rollin. Of course. I'll see him at eleven on Thursday. Rollin has his faults, but he's got the sweep—sees things large. That concession of his is a case in point. If it will work, it means the redemption of the whole Near East—because we work on and through the governments. Not sure it will work, but— Well, take care of Rollin and let the others wait. I tell you, Miss Wick, there aren't ten people with real vision and genuine good will for humanity who are big enough to put pressure on governments. If there were twenty of us, we'd— Oh, well! . . . What is it?"

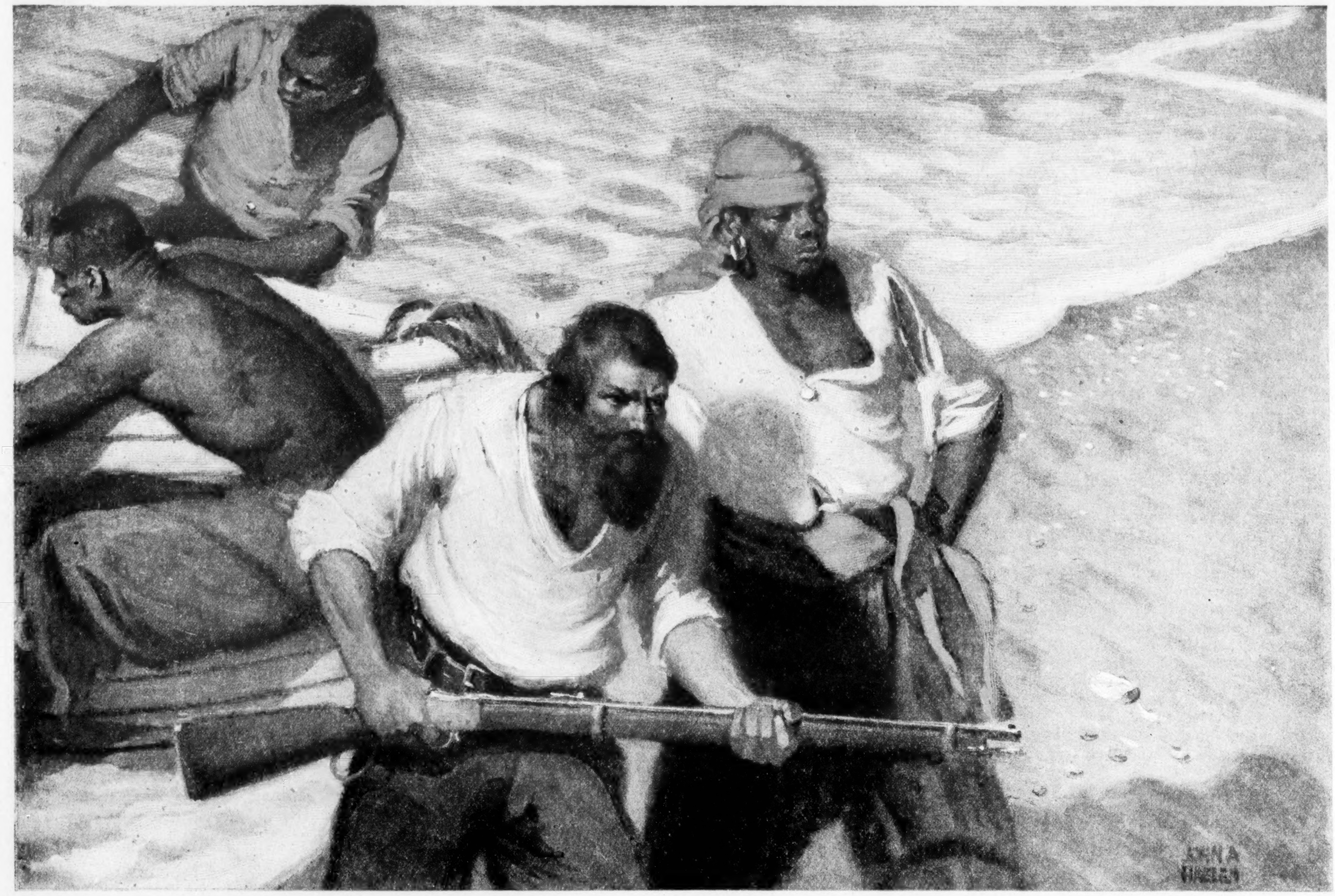
"About the Rollin concession, Mr. Callender. I have the memorandum you dictated about the diplomatic end. Will you want to take it down to the State Department?"

"No use trying the State Department," Callender snapped. "Nothing constructive there. Talk about putting pressure on governments, Miss Wick—our own needs it about as much as any. No, if I decide to back Rollin I'll swing the whole thing myself. Nobody else on earth could do it, except perhaps Zaharoff—and he hasn't got the vision. That's all, I think. Ask Mr. Stanley to step in, will you?"

Mr. Stanley stepped in, and ten minutes later stepped out just as Miss Wick was starting homeward.

"All through?" he asked with the ample, confident ease that had come to him with experience as an executive assistant at fifteen thousand a year. "So am I. Let's go up and dine at the Brevoort. The

(*Continued on page 31*)



Along the shore ran Dubois, rifle in hand. The Sakalava diver stood by the updrawn boat

OLD BLOOD RUNS RED

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. HAELEN

Conclusion

BONN found the brush far worse than it looked, for there was a tremendous tangle of creepers and the high cassava bushes closed him in on all sides. He smashed forward, and after a little came upon a narrow path or runway. Few men would have recognized it as such, but ten years had slipped away from Bonn's mind and he was back in the days of Bornean Dyak trails and Malayan jungle paths. He followed the indistinct line without caring whither it took him, running silent as a ghost, and listening with every sense alert as he ran.

He saw nothing of any man, but twice he heard shouts, and presently he caught a distinct voice on the wind—a brazen, clear-cut voice which was that of Raoul Dubois, lifting in Swahili: "Find him before the sun goes—spread out there to the left!" In answer to this came a distant response of: "Si, Capitano!" That was the half-breed mate, Joao Noronha.

Whom or what was Dubois hunting, here on this desolate island? What meant those shots and calls? What could be more imperative to Dubois than finding the wreck and the supposed treasure in her? There might be treasure enough, under the circumstances, but Bonn's mind was far from it.

Something that glittered among the creepers caught his eye, and he stopped. The object was an empty sardine tin, black with insect life, and obviously it had been here for some little time; not a great while, however, for as Bonn stooped he caught a whiff of rancid oil. Perhaps some laborer from Providence was here, fled to escape the plague. Bonn straightened up and continued his course.

He emerged suddenly into openness, into the calm, still air of sunset, for the wind had fallen. The trail had brought him out on the north side of the islet, and dead ahead of him on the long exposed sand stretch lay the boats of Dubois—two big, queer craft like gigs, with six oars to each. No one was with them. All the shore was empty and desolate. Off to the left, the island ran out in a long sand bank uncovered by the ebb tide, black with some rank sea growth. The sun was at the horizon, and Bonn watched it vanish, saw the last tip of the big red ball suddenly turn white and green, and so go under.

"GOT him, Capitaine!" came from the brush to the left. It was the voice of Noronha again, in mingled French and Swahili. "*Me voici, me voici!* Come and lend a hand, some of you, here by the pond of water!"

Distant shouts, near and far, made answer. Bonn paused in his forward step; his first intention of smashing those boats was dissipated, and he turned, eying the brush. Then came that same birdlike voice which had cried out to a rifle shot, earlier in the chase, but now it lifted shrill English words: "Get away from me, you devil—ai!"

The cry was cut short in a wail, as though by a blow. Bonn jerked the pistol from its holster, threw off the safety catch, and ran along the shore, sweat bedewing his face. Whose was that boyish voice, speaking English? Bewilderment and apprehension gripped him in a tumultuous panic of emotions.

Next moment he discerned another little path striking into the brush, and plunged at it. Noronha's voice swept up from somewhere dead ahead in another shout for assistance, and Bonn ran the faster. Then, without the least warning, he came upon such a scene ten feet ahead of him as brought him to a dead halt.

Noronha was there, his back to Bonn—a thick-set, lumbering man of great bulk. In one hand he was holding the two wrists of a slim brown child, a child almost naked, crowned with sun-bleached hair of fuzzy gold, who fought and twisted against the man's powerful grip. Noronha, with his other hand, was slapping the boy's face and laughing.

Abruptly, as Bonn came in sight of the pair, Noronha uttered a shrill scream of pain and anger—the boy, leaning over, had set teeth into his wrist. In one movement he knocked his prisoner backward head over heels, and his other hand slipped out a big revolver. A snarling oath burst from him as he flung up the weapon.

He did not fire it, however. The pistol crack echoed up sharply and was lost. The half-breed whirled about and stared at Bonn for a brief instant, then collapsed in a heap with scarlet spreading out over his dirty white shirt, and lay quiet. Bonn looked over his limp figure for the boy, but that slim brown shape had vanished utterly.

THE reality of it all flooded over Bonn of a sudden, and he stood there trembling, not able to speak or move. This child—why, this was his own son, no other, English on his lips! There was much to be explained: how the boy had come to be here, how and why Dubois had learned of it and was hunting him down, but Bonn's mind leaped all this to the stupefying fact itself, which he could not doubt. He knew now what had been pulling and tugging at his spirit.

His boy, then—James Fairfax all over again, by the Lord Harry! Fight in the lad, eh? And the name was the same too. The yellow-haired little rascal must have won ashore from the wreck, probably lying half dead for days, and had fought it out alone. And where was he now, then? Gone into the brush like an eel, still fighting the devils who tracked him down. Bonn remembered a smear of red over the boy's side—that must have been where a bullet had hit him, the time that birdlike cry had shrilled up. Thought of that blood smear ran like fire in Bonn's blood.

A shout from somewhere close by wakened him, roused him to the necessity of flight, for Dubois and his men must be closing in. Then came a sudden sound in the brush, and into the pathway broke a stalwart brown man holding a rifle—a Sakalava, Bonn realized, one of the two divers whom Dubois had fetched. Before the man could up with his rifle, Bonn's pistol cracked out and the Sakalava fell backward with his feet protruding into the trail. Bonn leaped the body of Noronha and ran. He must find the boy, get him to the boats—but how? To the harried, wounded lad everyone was an enemy.

The tragedy of it brought a savage oath from Bonn, an oath of desperation that was yet half a prayer. Now, for the first time, his mind cleared away, became alert and decisive and cool once more as of old. He realized the odds against him, for Dubois must have ten men left, perhaps one or two over, none of them antagonists to be despised. On the other hand, Dubois was quite ignorant of any other arrivals on the scene, night was closing down, and with a little luck in finding the boy, all would yet go well. Not even the Hovas could trail him, with darkness at hand.

PRESENTLY the brush thinned out, and Bonn came to a halt. He found himself by a pool of fresh water, near the western extremity of the island; a haze was over the sky, and already the twilight was fast deepening. Around the pool stood a few palms, and one of them bore the frayed signal which Bonn had previously noted. Now he looked at it grimly, knowing it had been placed there by the boy, and beyond it at the long exposed bank of black weed. The lagoon was hidden from him by the brush and trees, and somewhere in that tangle was the lost lad—

A sharp outcry of shouts arose from behind. The bodies had been found. Bonn glanced around swiftly, but could discern no other signs of a path leading from the pool, except the one which had brought him here. He turned and began to fight his way into the tangle, heading for the lagoon; shouts were going up from all directions by this time, and he could not tell whether the Hovas were in front of him or not. Bonn now recognized that for the present he must let the boy take his own course. The imperative thing was to reach the lagoon, signal to Abdullah, and bring over the pack of Arabs to settle things with Dubois—surprise the latter if possible and smash him before he could comprehend whence came the blow.

The torturing uncertainty of just why Dubois was hunting down the lad instead of fishing for the treasure began to work in upon Bonn and worry him. How the devil had Dubois ever discovered the boy?

Abruptly Bonn dropped to a crouch; a grunt, a mutter of oaths, and the figure of a man to one side came on his consciousness all at once. The figure resolved itself into that of the other Sakalava, fighting the creepers savagely, for this native was no mountain-bred Hova, but a man of the sea and islands. Bonn grinned, knowing himself unsuspected and unseen in the gathering gloom; then, with the brown man only a yard distant, he launched himself from gathered muscles.

His fist took the Sakalava behind the ear, knocked him sprawling and inert. Bonn picked up the fallen rifle and laid it to one side, then crouched above the man, ripping up the scanty garments, binding ankles and wrists firmly and bandaging the eyes against their unclosing. Then, with the Sakalava's long knife, he began to prick the palms of his victim. This he continued until a gasp, a shudder, a spasmodic contraction of muscles, told him that the Sakalava was conscious again.

"Allah upon you! Shout and you die," said Bonn in Swahili. "Refuse to answer my questions, and you also die. How did Reis Dubois know there was anyone on the island?"

Another emphatic prick evoked a subdued groan.

"Effendi, we came on the island from the north, and landed. A voice cried at us from the trees in English, which I do not understand. Reis Dubois was very excited, and called back. We saw a naked boy, and Reis Dubois shot at him but missed because there was sand in the rifle and it burst. The boy ran away. Reis Dubois said we must find and kill that boy before we did anything else. That is all I know."

The truth of this final statement was self-evident, for the man was shivering with terror.

BONN reflected briefly. It now became evident that the boy, perceiving the landing boats, had hailed them in frantic haste; he must have called out who he was, as he came running along the path. Then the picture of Dubois, startled by that voice, by the name of James Fairfax—seeing here the owner of that treasure, not drowned but saved ashore—making swift decision to kill the boy out of hand and then lift the treasure at his ease; the gun bursting in his hands, the boy warned by that savage welcome and darting back into the brush—

Bonn ground out an oath as he pictured the whole thing. It occurred to him fleetingly and uneasily that the hand of Providence must have been at work in the bursting of that gun, for nothing else had saved the lad.

"Was Reis Dubois injured when the rifle burst?" he demanded.

"No, Effendi."

Bonn rose and went to the rifle. He returned with it, lifted the heavy butt in air, aiming a blow at the base of the brain. A thought checked him, with such vivid and direct appeal that it was as though some living creature had gripped at his arm; he had come here thinking to find a dead body floating in a cabin under forty feet of water—and, instead, he had found a son, injured and hunted, yet alive! What was that but a clear message from Providence? If he snuffed out this snake, as he should obviously do—

"May Allah be merciful as you are merciful, Effendi," exclaimed the Sakalava, unable to see and yet perhaps sensing the menace above him.

At the words Bonn started.

"May Allah—"

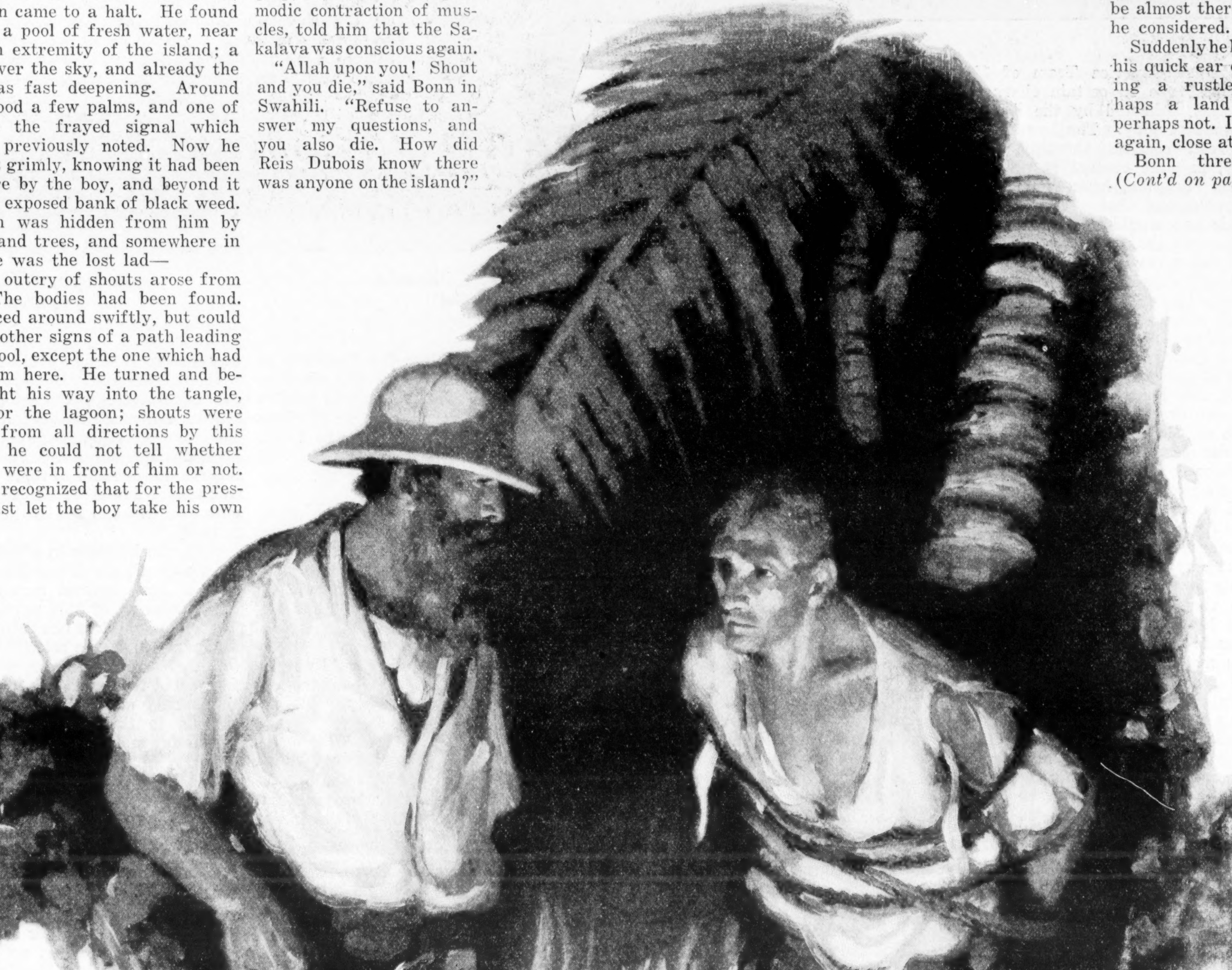
"Be quiet," said Bonn, and wiped sweat from his brow. "Be quiet."

Turning, rifle in hand, Bonn went away with his silent tread.

He struggled on through the brush, certain of his direction by reason of the stars that now blazed dimly overhead, hearing behind him repeated shouts rising from Dubois and the Hovas. By the time the Sakalava dared to answer those shouts, he would be at the lagoon. He must be almost there now, he considered.

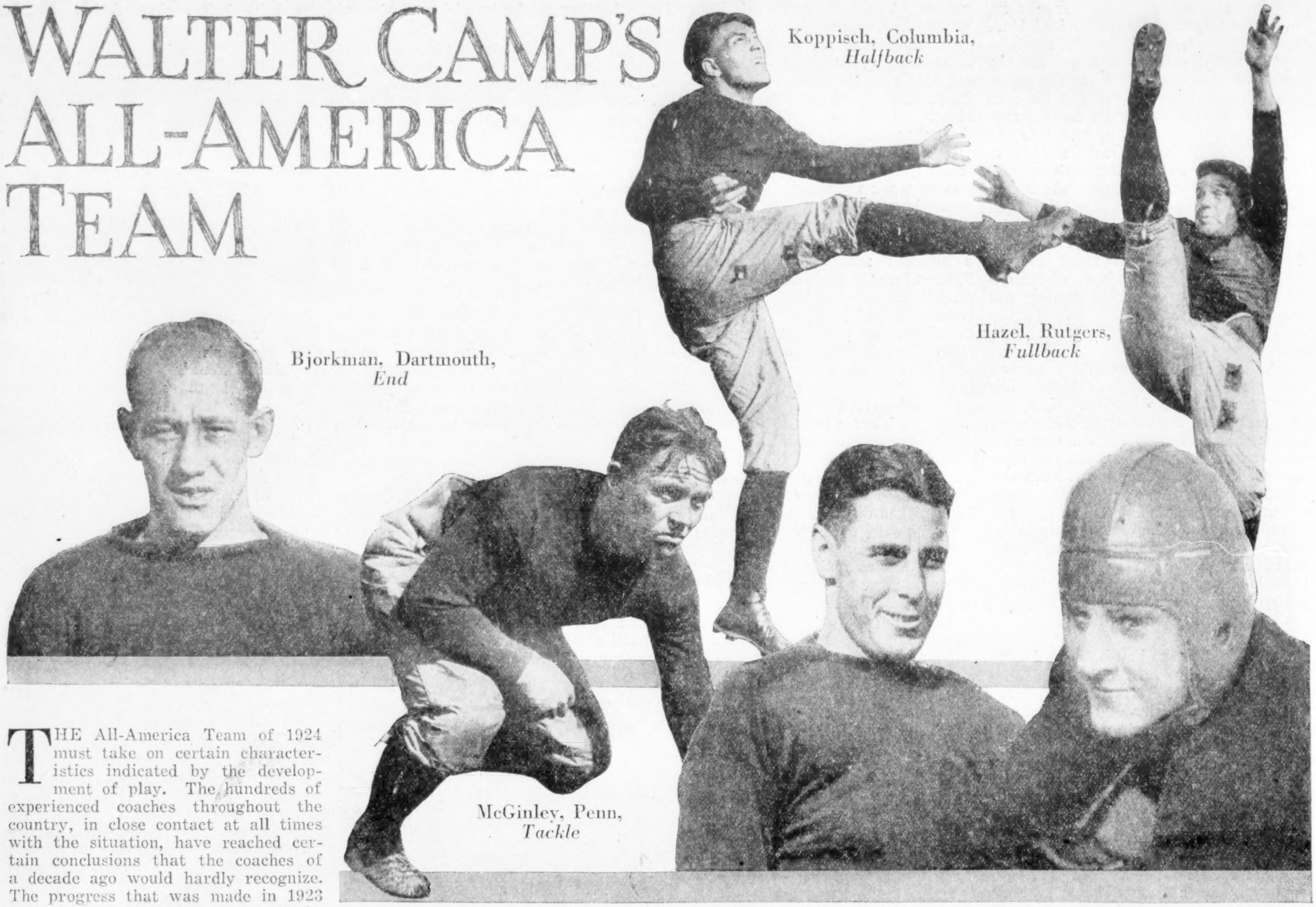
Suddenly he halted, his quick ear detecting a rustle—perhaps a land crab, perhaps not. It came again, close at hand. Bonn threw up

(*Cont'd on page 35*)



"Beg, you dog—beg!" roared Dubois.
"Not for my own life," Bonn answered, "but for the boy. Have mercy, Dubois! I'll pay you"

WALTER CAMP'S ALL-AMERICA TEAM



Koppisch, Columbia, *Halfback*

Hazel, Rutgers, *Fullback*

Bjorkman, Dartmouth, *End*

McGinley, Penn, *Tackle*

Horrell, California, *Guard*

Garbisch, West Point, *Center*

THE All-America Team of 1924 must take on certain characteristics indicated by the development of play. The hundreds of experienced coaches throughout the country, in close contact at all times with the situation, have reached certain conclusions that the coaches of a decade ago would hardly recognize. The progress that was made in 1923 toward conserving the energy of the players and supplementing the powers of a team by the interjection of fresh men at psychological moments, has gone on expanding until now there is hardly a game played without a great number of substitutions. The old days when it was boasted that a team of eleven men or possibly a dozen played through all the big games of a season have quite disappeared. An entire new backfield may be thrown in at any moment. Two or three pairs of ends may be used in a game and any number of substitutions may take place in the line in the course of a single contest. Moreover, the play demands a greater range of ability in all the men.

Take the ends, for instance. The job has become increasingly great in its demands upon speed, endurance, and, what is more important in the selection of men, power. The increasing tendency to make use of the forward pass on a third down means in the case of its failure that an end who may have gone down thirty or forty yards to receive it, must hustle back and also at once be called to go down the field again at the height of his speed under a punt. No wonder we look for exceptional ends under these conditions in all teams, and, of necessity, in the All-America. With Bjorkman and Berry we answer this requirement.

The tackle's job has also magnified its demands upon physique. The guards too must be active as well as powerful. They can no longer merely hold their place. Weight, when combined with exceptional activity, is an advantage, but no man can hold the place to-day who has not great mobility. The same is equally true of the center, who must be able to hold his place in the line or to play a roving center, as the occasion demands. Our line has been carefully selected with these points in view.

The "huddle system" of giving signals has minimized perhaps the job of the quarterback, for under the "huddle system" any man may give the signals. This is a change in the general method of play, although it will be remembered that some years ago West Virginia, when Rogers was captain and playing fullback, depended upon him for the signals instead of the quarterback, and there was one advantage to this, just as there is in the "huddle system," that it was easier for the players to hear him and get the signals right, and in addition to this he had a better opportunity of observing the position assumed by the secondary defense of his opponents. The quarterback under this method can become a fourth backfield man, and if an end or line man gives the signals it does relieve the quarterback of considerable responsibility. But the "huddle system" is not used by all teams and there are several very prominent examples of the value of a really great general in the quarterback position. Hence our selection has been made to give us the greatest value of generalship but also with a view to the winning possibilities of our quarter.

Turning now to the second and third elevens, we have followed the modern trend of football and have a dozen men, instead of four, to throw into the game at the psychological moment when any one, two or three of the first string are tired or slowed up at all by the strenuous play. Any one of the dozen is a star and can be relied upon to liven things up at any time in the line or in the backfield.

In the middle of the line our men are so good that it has been very difficult to make a choice. We have a string of ends who can replace the first men at the first indication of slowing down or in case of an injury. And in tackles we have a half dozen, any one of whom could probably last through the game, but playing at the modern pace and speed we should very likely use more than a single pair.

There are many teams in the country that stand up in a high class so long as their first-string men only are called upon. But when it comes to substitutions they may have a fair amount of good material in the backfield, but the lines in many cases are weakened as soon as fresh players come in.

In the All-America we should not be troubled in that way.

Strong in Kickers

NOW turning to the defensive ability of this team: Swinging interference or shifts will find in the wings of this line men who can not only check up interference but smash it back and break through it to the discomfiture of the runner. The tackles are both hard chargers but with that quality which is essential against modern deceptive play of not being drawn or blinded. The center trio is a rocky unit against which plays would splash off and be nipped by the tackles or which would give the secondary defense time to get up. Behind the line all four men are adept in diagnosing plays, hard, sure tacklers and keen and active in knocking or intercepting forward passes.

It is a very mobile group for the amount of power represented.

We do not seem to have developed any men in 1924 who could outpunt the heroes of the past. But probably there are more average kickers because, no matter how much the forward pass and the running game have developed, a good kicker is an essential both as a defensive weapon and to force the attack. Our team this year is therefore equipped with men who can be called upon in this respect.

With the increase in effective use of the forward pass it has become necessary to have several men capable of good execution of this particular part of the play, and this has been taken into consideration in the selection.

With Hazel of Rutgers, who is probably one of the longest and most powerful kickers of the day, and who in addition to this can hurl a forward pass as far and as accurately as any man on the gridiron this year, we are well fortified in this respect. We have star receivers of these passes in our ends.

Then in "Red" Grange of Illinois, an All-America man of last year, we have a man who has added to his marvelous running ability the quality of accurate forward passing.

In Stuhldreher at our quarterback position, we have another excellent deceptive forward passer, so that with the two we have an ideally rounded-out passing game.

I know of no greater general than Stuhldreher, nor any man who can make more of the assets of his team than this Notre Dame quarter. And in addition he is a fine runner himself as well as deliverer and receiver of forward passes.

The attack of the All-America Team

All-America Football Squad of 1924

	First Eleven	*Second Eleven*	*Third Eleven*
End	BJORKMAN, Dartmouth	WAKEFIELD, Vanderbilt	MAHANEY, Holy Cross
Tackle	MCGINLEY, Pennsylvania	BEATTIE, Princeton	WISSINGER, Pittsburgh
Guard	SLAUGHTER, Michigan	ABRAMSON, Minnesota	FLECKENSTEIN, Iowa
Center	GARBISCH, West Point	LOVEJOY, Yale	WALSH, Notre Dame
Guard	HORRELL, California	PONDELIK, Chicago	MAHAN, West Virginia
Tackle	WEIR, Nebraska	WALDORF, Syracuse	GOWDY, Chicago
End	BERRY, Lafayette	LAWSON, Stanford	FRAZER, West Point
Quarterback	STUHLDREHER, Notre Dame	SLAGLE, Princeton	STIVERS, Idaho
Halfback	GRANGE, Illinois	POND, Yale	IMLAY, California
Halfback	KOPPISCH, Columbia	WILSON, Univ. of Wash.	KEEFER, Brown
Fullback	HAZEL, Rutgers	CROWLEY, Notre Dame	STRADER, St. Mary's

Grange, Illinois, *Halfback*

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Stuhldreher, Notre Dame, *Quarterback*

Berry, Lafayette, *End*

Weir, Nebraska, *Tackle*

Slaughter, Michigan, *Guard*

of 1924 would show: First: A great general in Stuhldreher. Second: The marvel of the season in the running game, Harold Grange of Illinois; and one of the most powerful line plungers, as well as interferer, that the game has ever known, in Hazel of Rutgers; and in Koppisch a rugged runner on and off tackle to Grange.

In the middle of the line we have in Garbisch the pick of a field of great centers, which in number and quality have not been matched in any season heretofore.

We have on the ends a pair powerful enough to get down the field under a forward pass, and great men to get that pass on the run and take advantage of a momentary lapse on the part of the defensive back and turn it into a touchdown.

Our tackles, while weighted up to the modern demands, are of the flashing, fiery type so needed to-day. Both are stars in opening holes in the opposing ranks, accomplishing this not by mere strength but by power plus strategy.

Our two guards and star center can split openings in the middle to perfection.

Bjorkman of Dartmouth is the most dependable end of this year. He has the brains necessary for the job and the physique to make those brains effective. No opponent ever knew, when playing against Dartmouth, whether it would be Oberlander on a slant or Hall on a crisscross with whom he must cope, and Bjorkman usually had him at the psychological moment in a position where he could not tackle. That is real art. Of the work of his position the Dartmouth captain was a past master whether in interfering, getting down the field, tackling or receiving a forward pass.

Berry of Lafayette gets in on the end position on account of his remarkable ability to work his way through interference, his uncanny ability to sense the play and his speed down the field. Beside this he seems to grow stronger as his play goes on and to lose nothing in his speed and quick starting.

Pure, Unadulterated Brains

McGINLEY of Pennsylvania is an ideal tackle for our team, possessed as he is of the necessary weight and power to fulfill the requirements of both modern attack and defense. He has that greatest of assets, consistency. He has played no poor games. Many another star this year has shone brightly upon occasion only to become mediocre in another game. This tendency of the season, both in line and backfield play, has been the despair of the coaches and has caused many a supposed fixture to be displaced, temporarily at least, by another in the hope of bettering matters. But McGinley has gone serenely on doing his job in a workmanlike manner, always ready, never failing and often doing even more than his own part in emergencies.

Weir of Nebraska is a fitting mate for McGinley. It was largely his work that brought Nebraska to her heights in the last two years. He has been the keystone in the arch to bolster Nebraska's running attack and their bulwark of defense. Active and powerful, he has real football intuition and diagnoses the point of attack cleverly. He is invaluable in opening holes for line drives as well as having great pace down field.

Slaughter of Michigan is a veteran guard who has always towered up in any line of forwards. A big man, but extremely active, and with an experience invaluable in this position, he provides the pivotal spot upon which a line-plunging attack may rest and he carries his charge through so that he is never shoved back upon his runner. Moreover, on defense he is never guilty of "knifing through"—a tendency which seems to make many another otherwise star guard a risky bulwark. Slaughter has unlimited endurance.

Horrell of California I place as guard because his line work is of such high character that, outside of Slaughter of Michigan, there is no man who could make such a good job of the position. He is of the active type, about 185 to 190 pounds, full of football instinct and untiring as well as unbreakable. I believe had he been switched to guard in the Stanford game California might have won by releasing a man to secondary defense on Horrell's side of the line for deeper work in protecting against the forward pass. Whether this be true or not, with Garbisch passing the ball we could utilize to the full Horrell's marvelous strength and activity both on defense and on opening holes for our backs.

Garbisch of West Point is our center. He is an accurate passer, a sterling defense man and one of the greatest drop kickers under pressure we have ever had. This year was the second in which he practically won his important contest by his phenomenal kicking ability.

For pure, unadulterated brains there is no quarterback who can come near Stuhldreher: compact energy in body, clear head, an uncanny ability to size up and make the utmost of the weaknesses of his opponents. He was an invaluable member of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," as someone has called Rockne's backfield. In two years no one has been able definitely to say flatly which was the best of Rockne's backs, Miller, Crowley, or Layden (I pick Crowley), so well does Stuhldreher use them all and so cleverly does he manipulate them to insure steady progress down the field. That is real art in a quarter, because it prevents the defense from concentrating upon any one man. He is a great man at handling the ball, a quick-starting, elusive runner, slippery as an eel and knows when to take chances.

Harold Grange is the marvel of this year's backfield. His work in the Michigan game was a revelation, but his performance in the Chicago game went even farther when by his play—running and forward passing—he accounted for some 450 yards of territory. He is elusive, has a baffling change of pace, a good straight-arm cut and finally seems in some way to get a map of the field at starting and then threads his way through his opponents.

Hazel of Rutgers can outpass and outkick any of our other stars and in addition is a human catapult of over two hundred pounds, multiplied by a momentum of high speed with which to bother an opposing line. Last year he was used a good deal as an end, and dropped back for kicking and passing as well as running. This year he has confined his activities more largely to the exclusive backfield work and he has wrecked opposing lines, as several first-rate teams can testify.

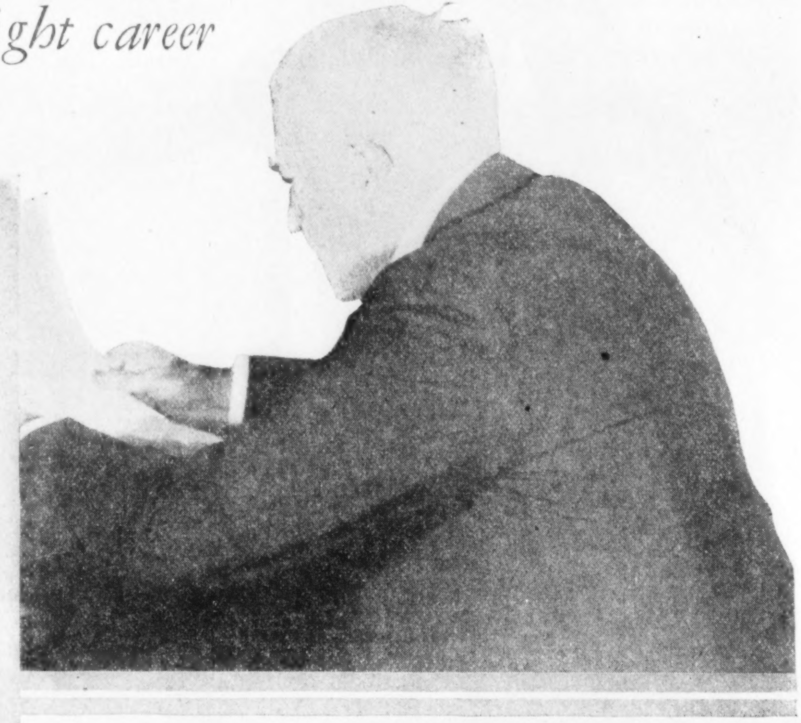
Koppisch of Columbia has for years fought his way upward. Even this year he lacked some of the star support afforded the runners on leading teams, but he has shown an ability to carry the ball and to interfere which was equal to that of any of the backs who, on account of having greater mates, were spared a lot of punishment. With Grange, Hazel, and Stuhldreher, Koppisch would come into his own.

Suppose we (*Continued on page 42*)

THOMAS·A·EDISON *goes to School*

He finds that the movies could help our children to think straight, be honest and choose the right career

An interview by HUGH WEIR



A LEAD pencil in the seventy-seven-year-old fingers of Thomas A. Edison is more powerful than a dynamo.

Those fingers were taught to hold a pencil by Edison's mother. "He received some instruction from his mother; newsboy at twelve on the Grand Trunk Railway," Edison says of himself in "Who's Who."

Edison scribbled recently for a Collier's contributor:

"We are making no serious effort to start our boys and girls straight morally."

You'll find the statement buried in this article.

All America has been saying the same thing to Collier's while we have been trying to gather a code of morals for school children. The code will appear soon in Collier's.

THE first purpose of our schools (said Mr. Edison) should be a preparation for life—the business of life. And that is what most of them are farthest away from.

We are finding that a lot of things we were satisfied with twenty or thirty years ago don't do at all to-day. And among these things are not only our ways of acquiring and imparting knowledge—but the kinds of knowledge we are trying to acquire and impart.

Our educational system is not delivering enough—either in its methods of teaching or in *what it is teaching.*

I am not blaming our teachers or our schools. I think for the most part they are honestly trying to do their best under the system that we have forced upon them. The fault too isn't only with our habits of teaching—it is with our habits of learning. It isn't only that we are not giving thorough and practical enough knowledge. The people who need that knowledge are not learning how to assimilate and apply it—how to use what they get, and they are not getting what they can best use.

All of the textbooks that can be written and printed and memorized won't do it. The average author writes them by standardized methods—the average instructor teaches them by standardized methods—and the average student is expected to learn them by standardized methods—or not at all.

The world is finding that it needs a kind of education that it can't get in wholesale quantities at so much per gross from books—and can't apply by set rules from books. This doesn't mean that the mission of the printing press is done. But it needs supplementing—a lot of it.

I should say that on an average our textbooks are only about two per cent efficient. Even if they covered their subjects adequately we have the fact that the only way in which the student may follow them is by a series of mental images or pictures which he must create for himself. In the first place, many students can't do this. In the second place, it is inconceivable that anything but a small proportion of such pictures should be accurate. And knowledge, to be of any value, must above all else be accurate.

In short, our system of education is leaving a good deal of its work to an untrained imagination, and we are expecting our students to apply the results of this untrained imagination to the practical problems of life.

Develop the imagination by all means—but develop it from actualities. If we are going to teach our boys and girls how to think straight and accurately—and that must be the prime purpose of any genuine education—we must substitute for mental pictures of how the world might look and act physical pictures of how it really does look and act.

And so we get back to the big hope I had in the beginning for the motion picture camera.

The viewpoint of our educational system, I think, is now changing. Prejudice and precedent are giving way before the increasing need for more adequately trained men and women to do the world's work. We used to get along with the stage coach and the pony express rider, with kerosene lamps, and hand-written letters. Many of our educational methods belong to that era.

The red tape of our educational system—and there is no more red tape anywhere in the country unless it is in the other departments of our government—is being swept away by the demand for something that will bring our schools more into touch with the vital, intimate needs of life.

Misfits Are Unnecessary

OF LATE we have heard a good deal as to the need of vocational training. It is a splendid idea—but we haven't brought it down to earth. We have day-dreamed too much about it.

We may teach stenography and bookkeeping, and call that a "commercial course." We may teach sewing and cooking, and call that a "domestic course." But the fact is that our boys and girls are being graduated with about as much practical knowledge of the world's work, and of their own fitness for any part of it, as they have of the customs of the Fiji Islands.

One of the great tragedies of business life is the number of misfit men and women who are chafing in jobs for which they have no aptitude, and in which they can deliver no constructive results—to the jobs or to themselves.

It is not only a crime against good sense and even good morals, but it is an unnecessary crime.

It is possible to add to every school in this country a comprehensive life-preparatory course, under the personal direction of the most successful men and women in our business and professional fields. It is possible to establish a National University of Experience—I should not call it for vocational training but rather for vocational direction—with extensions broad enough to reach even to the little schoolhouse of the country crossroads.

It is one thing for a famous man to write his advice to ambitious youth. But it would have another meaning altogether if he could meet, say, five hundred young men, and guide them on a personally conducted tour through the various departments of his business, explaining by visual illustrations as he went along the meaning of the objects that they saw, just why certain things were done, and how other things were done to produce given results—in short, revealing to his young guests the actual workings of his business and the practical training and qualities necessary to succeed in it so that each might visualize for himself just what it might or might not have to offer in his individual case.

Of course, this might be difficult, even impossible, to arrange, and its benefit would reach only the boys who happened to be present—but it would *not* be difficult to accomplish the same results by a motion picture film, whose benefit could reach one million boys. Here is a suggestion that should be entirely feasible: why not a series of occupational films for our schools, supervised by eminent authorities—that would show the student how the business of life is actually conducted—that would initiate him into the intimate requirements of the world's work—not from the standpoint of theory but of reality?

For example, we might show a motion picture of the electric lighting industry based on questions like the following:

What has it to offer to the wide-awake boy and girl? It might be of interest to note that more than 12,000 women are employed in the various lamp factories of the country, some of them in a highly technical work.

What preparatory school training would be of direct, practical benefit?

What type of mind and character would be most likely to achieve success?

Just what kind of apprenticeship, and how long, would the beginner have to serve?

What ought honest work and application bring him in five years? In ten years?

How do the opportunities compare in the large cities and the smaller towns?

Is a college education an asset; and, if so, what kind of a college education?

What ultimate goals are offered?

What types of specialists has the industry developed in recent years? How would it be necessary to qualify for these various branches?

What has the industry to offer for the future in the way of logical expansion?

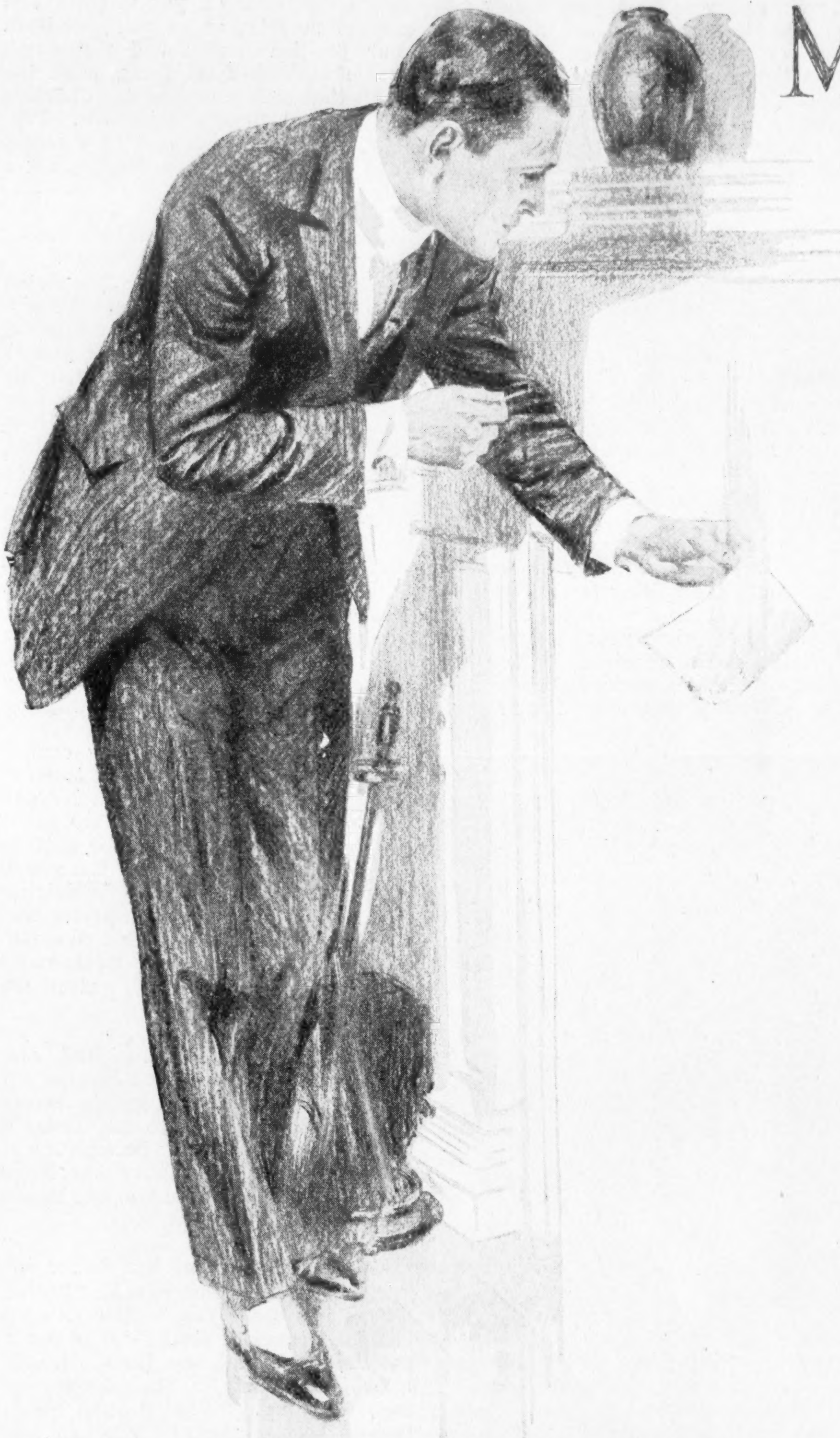
Such films might be extended to include our great banks and stores, our telegraph and telephone systems, our railroads, our steamship lines—the practical requirements and opportunities of each.

We could show how the wheels go round in our brokerage and real estate and insurance offices. We could carry the student from the intricacies of Wall Street to the ramifications of the steel and copper and coal and lumber and cotton industries. We could acquaint him (*Continued on page 40*)

MINUS ROMANCE

By GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



Having built a neat pile of sticks and put coal on top, Charlie attempted to light the fire

THE boy and the girl drew slowly apart and looked at each other steadily, searchingly, devouringly, with wide, tender, half-incredulous eyes.

He said huskily, "To think that you really love me! In about two minutes I'm going to wake up and find myself home in bed, with the alarm going off."

She said: "You're never going to wake up, Charlie. You know I love you. I've loved you—why, you big goose, I've been in love with you since the first minute I ever laid eyes on you."

He grinned. "Well, you had me fooled, all right. Yes, you little fraud, you had me fooled to a standstill. I never knew I had a chance—not till just now. Honest, I didn't."

The girl smiled softly. "Maybe that was because I cared so much," she told him simply.

The seat of Priscilla's roadster again suddenly became too wide as the boy drew her toward him and kissed her reverently. They had parked under the big elm at the top of Red-Coat Hill—the very same elm that had stood guard over the making and the baking of the choicest mud pies of Priscilla's babyhood, the very elm—so legend had it—under which the Hessians had made their last stand, or at least one of their celebrated last stands, against Washington's theoretically undisciplined Colonials. Of course it couldn't have been the same tree, for even elms are mortal, but still it looked as if it might have been.

The elm was a thing of towering, living green beauty, worthy of any amount of rapture. Charlie Hale and Priscilla Chalders, however, were not thinking about it. They were thinking strictly about Charlie Hale and Priscilla Chalders. The business of rapture was, for the moment, an entirely personal affair.

After a little time he sighed. "Oh, gosh," he whispered mournfully, "if we could only get married right away! Wouldn't it be perfectly wonderful, Prilla? Would you really be game to try it—on sixty a week?"

"Game!" she scoffed. "You know I'm game, Charlie."

He shook his head dubiously.

"I wonder what your father will say. I know he likes me, all right enough, but gee, Prilla—three thousand a year after everything you've been accustomed to—! That's had me figuring, forward and backward and upside down, for the last three months."

Said the girl: "Lots of people get married on sixty a week, don't they? And lots of people get married on less. If they can, I know darned well we can. I can learn to cook, Charlie." She giggled suddenly at the thought. "Probably I'll be terrible at first, but everybody has to learn some time—and, anyway, I've cooked some in camp. Simple things, you know, like eggs and potatoes and steak."

"Gosh, you're a good sport," he marveled with boylike candor.

"No, I'm not," she retorted. "I'm only—I'm just happy, Charlie, that's all. It's the kind of thing I've always dreamed of doing, way back in the dark of my heart—falling in love with a man who wanted to cut his own way in the world, and who cared enough about me to carry me with him as his partner. Being rich, dear, isn't all the fun people think it is. You miss so much that's real."

"Neither is being poor," he said and smiled.

She smiled in return and said: "Being poor with you, Charlie, comes pretty close to my idea of heaven."

They stared at each other again, the big fair-haired boy and the tiny slip of a girl sitting beside him; she as dark as he was light; her brown eyes and his gray ones glowing with the light of that ineffable moment of discovery which comes only once in the life of any two. The boy laughed happily.

"Let's go," he said. "Do you think your father's home?"

PRISCILLA'S father was home. They found him, after due inquiry of Harrison, the butler, in his vaulted attic study, that lofty chamber of oak rafters and gaunt perspectives which the millionaire master of the Chalders acres had designed for himself as a sanctuary from the insistence of the many, male and female, whom he had christened wanters. Silas Chalders was rich enough to wear a beard—albeit a neatly trimmed, businesslike beard—without being laughed at behind his back; and that, in these days, is being rich indeed. He was also rich enough to know that he preferred his own company to that of most other persons; to own, outright, some two thousand acres of land in a community where acreage generally was sold in fifty-foot lots; to possess some wisely assorted thousands of stocks and bonds, which he had earned and paid for out of his earnings as a chemical engineer; and, lastly, he was wealthy enough to have reared a daughter like Priscilla.

From his great leather chair beneath the north window he looked up at his daughter as she opened the door and walked into the room with Charlie Hale behind her. The boy smiled ingratiatingly, for after the manner of manfolk he was a trifle embarrassed at asking one of his tribe to relinquish all claim in a newcomer's favor, in the most desirable creature on earth. Charlie Hale would have approached the matter diplomatically; men are accustomed to arrive in this manner at a discussion of weighty affairs. But Priscilla was not a man.

She said: "Hello, Dad. Don't tell us you're busy, because I know you're not." She fluttered down upon the arm of his chair. "Dad, Charlie and I are going to be married. How do you like the idea?"

Her father smiled. When a man can smile through a grizzled beard his smile means something.

"You scarcely astonish me," he said. "I—if I may say so—I've been expecting an outburst of this sort for some months past. Charlie hasn't been exactly secretive in his attentions toward you, I should say. What's the idea, Prilla—did you expect to surprise me? Do you want me to stand up and strike an attitude and shout, 'What?' Because I shan't."

The tall boy gulped.

"Then—then you approve, sir?" he managed to say.

"I didn't say that," the elder observed.

"I asked you how you liked the idea," Priscilla reminded him.

SILAS CHALDERS slowly closed the book he had been reading. One could see that he was still smiling, but in his eyes there flickered an elusive light, half dreamy, half something else. For a moment he sat silent, looking first at his daughter and then at the boy who stood uncertainly before him.

"I love you, Priscilla," he said shortly, "and, Charlie, I like you. I think you're a good boy. I think you're sincere and in most ways pretty decent. But as for the idea of your and Prilla's getting married—h'm!" He shook his head, as if in perplexity. Presently he looked up. "I'm darned if I know," he stated. "That's my answer."

"But we know," said Priscilla. "Don't we, Charlie?"

"You bet," the boy avowed.

The older man smiled anew.

"One of the most precious things in the world," he replied, "is the confidence of youth. It is a priceless thing. But as experience grows greater with the passing years, confidence automatically seems to grow less. That is why we older people are more cautious, I suppose. H'm!" He seemed now to be talking to himself. "I wonder," he added vaguely.

Suddenly he sat upright.

"Charlie," he said, "how much money do you make?"

"Sixty dollars a week, sir. I ought to be raised to seventy-five by the end of the year."

"And you expect my daughter to live on that?"

"Yes, sir. She wants to, I think."

"She may want to, Charlie—it may appeal to her as a romantic and novel idea—but do you honestly think she can? I'm assuming for the moment that you don't expect me to help you out—or do you?"

The boy flushed. "You know I don't, Mr. Chalders."

"I didn't think you did, Charlie—which is why I'm willing to."

"I don't want it, sir. We—we'd rather play the game on our own."

The elder nodded.

"A most estimable intention, I'm sure. The only thing is—well, let's get back to my original question. What on earth makes you think that Priscilla, who in the last year, on her own clothes and amusements and things like that, has spent—how much is it, Prilla, that you ran over your allowance, anyway?"

She winked. "Only about a thousand, Dad."

"Well, including your car and its upkeep—and not including board and lodging—that brings your year's cost up to about five thousand, with this house and all its advantages thrown in. What makes you think, Prilla, that you can possibly keep house for any man on about half that sum—including his clothes as well as yours, and food and rent for both of you? And what would lead you to that conclusion, Charlie?"

"I've two hands, haven't I?" demanded the girl quickly. "And I've a brain, haven't I?" she added.

Her father smiled. "And what's your answer, my boy?"

Charlie Hale was taken aback. "Why—why, I don't know, sir," he stammered. "Priscilla seems like that kind of a girl, that's all. She's real, Mr. Chalders."

"Yes, but she's spoiled too, Charlie. I've spoiled her; so it's my fault, not hers. And since it is my fault, I feel rather extraordinarily responsible for Priscilla's future. I want her to be happy. I intend her to be happy. If she marries you I want her to be happy with you, just as I should want you to be happy with her. I wonder if either of you has any well-founded idea of how much misery can come about through the restrictions and hardships imposed upon a married couple by poverty."

"I think I have," the boy said quietly. "Not about being married, I don't mean, but about having too little money. My father was an inventor, Mr. Chalders."

"And haven't I got eyes, Dad?" put in Priscilla. "Just because I live in a big house, don't you think I have friends who don't?"

HER father said: "That's just the point. You see people who live moderately, but you have never had to be such a person. I want to talk this out in front of Charlie, Prilla, so we'll all understand one another. You, my daughter, have never really been denied anything—certainly not since your mother's death. You have your car. Come to think of it, you have two cars. Do you think you'll be able to keep a car, dear, on sixty dollars a week?"

"I—I suppose not," she answered.

"Do you think you'll be able to stay in the country club, Prilla, on sixty a week? Do you think you'll be able to keep up your golf and your riding and all those things that are actually a part of your life—do you think you'll be able to manage them on sixty dollars a week? Let me give you your answer right now. You won't. Why, my dear little girl, you won't even be able to go to the theatre except once in a while. You won't be able to go to dances. You won't be able to do anything except—well, to speak bluntly—except housework."

"I think she understands that, sir," said the boy, who had been searching out Priscilla's eyes with his. "We've talked it all over, Mr. Chalders."

"I know what I'll be giving up," she corroborated evenly. "But it'll be for only a little while, Dad. Charlie's going to make a whole lot of money before you know it."

Her father laughed softly.

"A whole lot of money, Prilla, is not so easy to make. I know, because I've made it. And the first years of it—they come like pulling teeth. So don't count on making a whole lot of money before you've given yourself ample opportunity to live on mighty little money. That's all that's worrying me, dear—the possibility that after the first romance has worn off you might revolt against poverty, as so many girls in your position have found themselves unable to keep from doing, with the result that both your life and Charlie's will become utterly miserable. Perhaps, my dear, I shouldn't have inoculated you with expensive tastes, but I did, and that's that."

"But, Dad," she pleaded, "it won't be poverty. Three thousand dollars a year isn't poverty."

"It will be poverty for you," he stated succinctly. "And don't forget it for a minute. I'm not saying that this experience wouldn't be good for you—I consider it a wholesome experience for anyone—but I am saying that it may make both of you very miserable. Have you ever washed a panful of dishes, daughter—ever in your life?"

"Of course, Dad." She sniffed scornfully. "I've been to camp. What do you think I am? I've cooked too, and made beds."

"For a few days," he amended, "and when it was supposed to be fun. But let's stick to washing dishes. Did you enjoy it? Be honest, now."

She smiled. "Naturally I didn't enjoy it. Who on earth could enjoy washing dishes?"

"I shouldn't think anybody could," he said, "although I managed to do it for a whole winter once in a Nevada mining camp. But you get my point, don't you, dear? You prefer golf to dishwashing. You prefer horseback riding to cooking. You prefer driving a car to making beds. You prefer tennis to scrubbing floors. What on earth, then, makes you suddenly think you'll prefer dishwashing to golf, and all the rest?"

She lifted her dark head.

"Because I love Charlie, Dad, and because he loves me. And because I'll be doing those things in his house, which will be my house too, and I'll be doing them for us, and because it will be part of the making of our lives. That's why." She faced him, her brown eyes glowing with light.

FOR a long moment her father sat silent. Then at last he said: "I think I have an idea. Yes, I think it's an idea." He chuckled softly. "How would you like to give a house party, Prilla?"

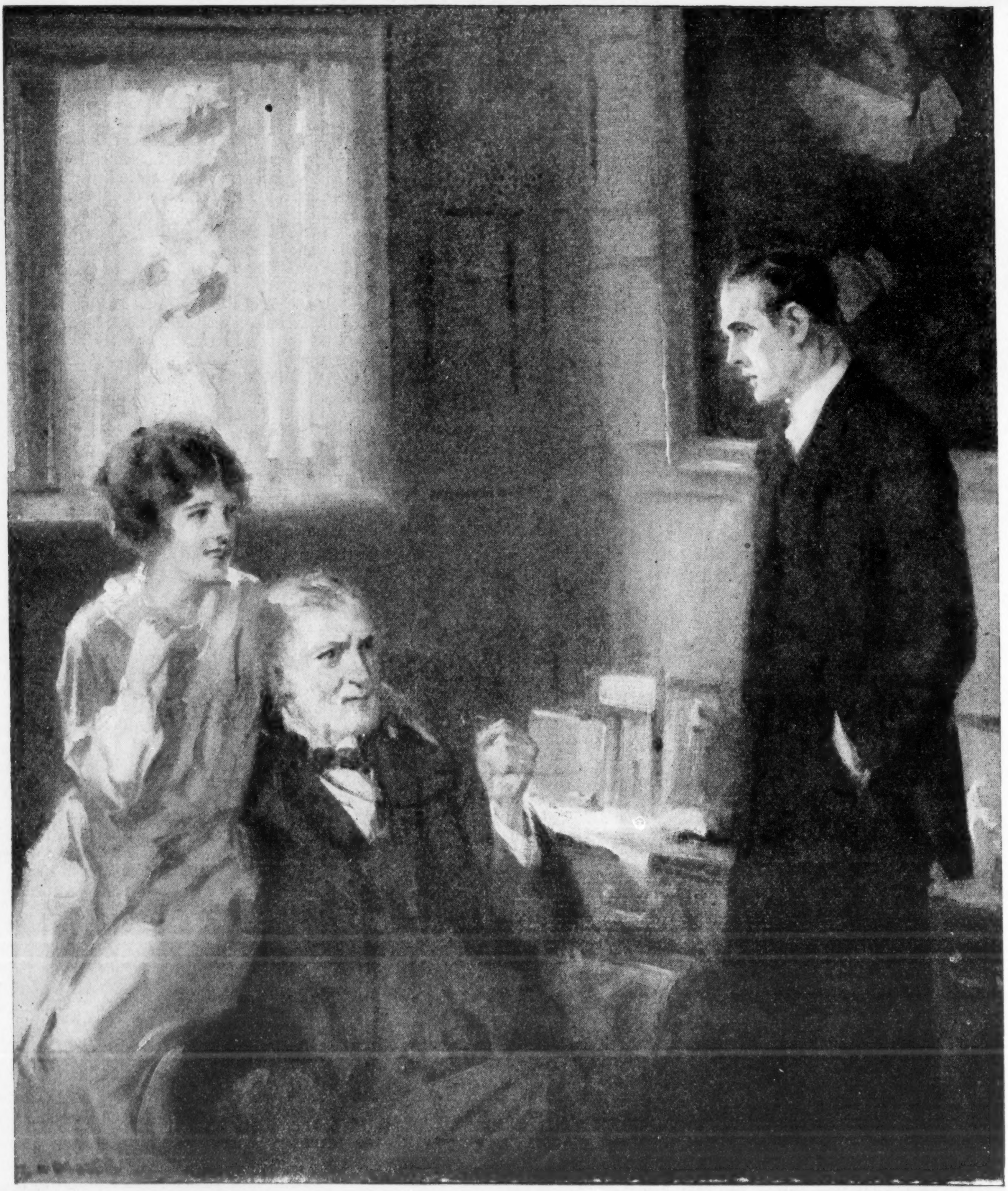
"A house party?" She rose to her feet, frowning. "What do you mean, Dad—a house party? Why in the world—and for whom?"

"For Charlie Hale," said her father. "For Charlie Hale, with me for chaperon. Would you be willing to try it out for one month, Priscilla, my dear—one month of living exactly as you would have to live if you were married and limited to sixty dollars a week?"

The girl's lips opened. She leaned forward.

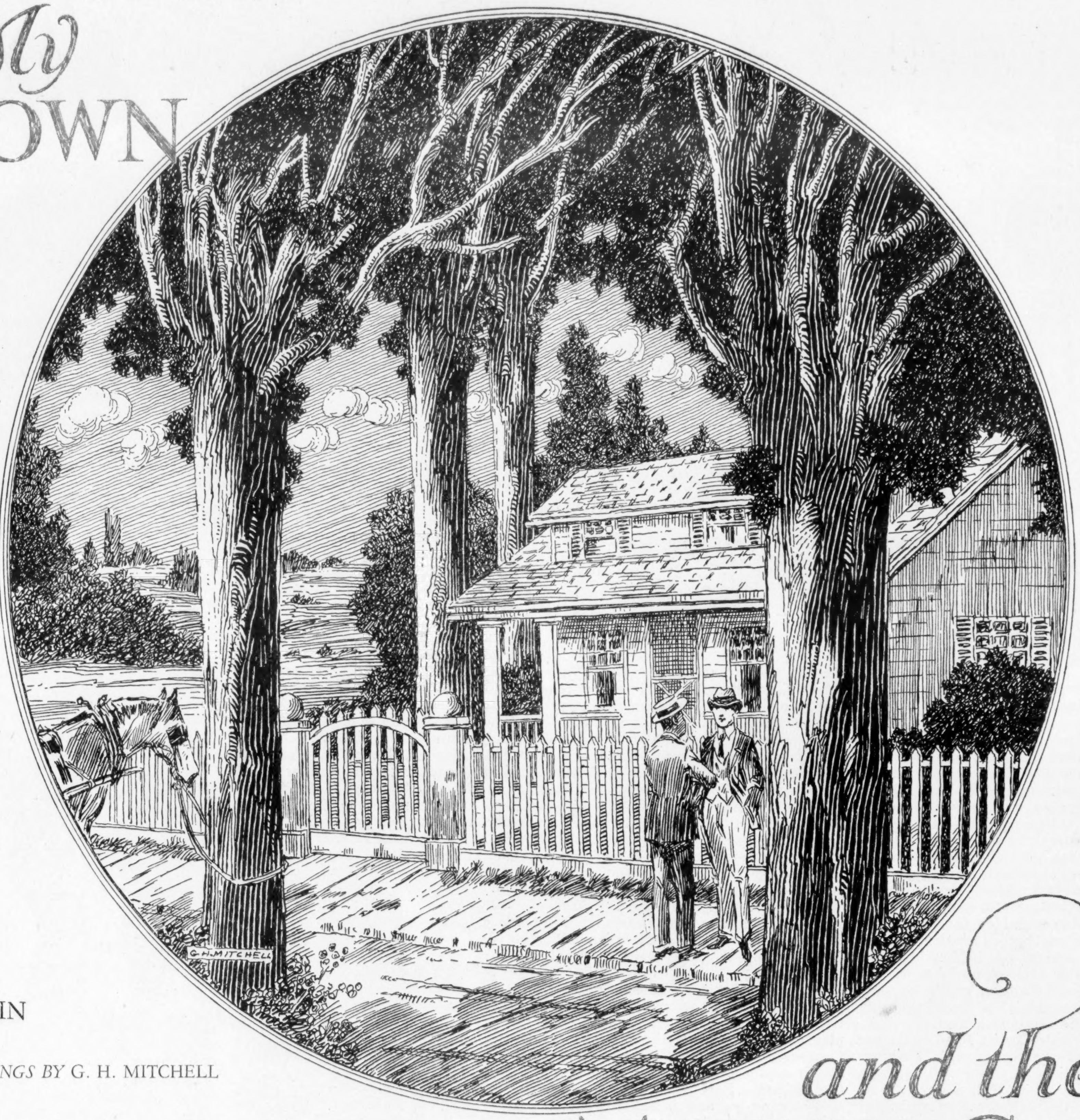
"Do you mean—really?" she demanded. "Actually, really, truly, with a budget and everything? Is that what you mean, Dad?"

"More real even than that," said her father soberly. "My plan, as it occurs to me, is for you to find the sort of house you could afford to live in on sixty dollars a week, and then go and live in it—us three, but with you and Charlie doing all the work." He smiled. "I've thought for years that I was beyond the pale of new sensations, but this will be one. Of course I'll have to go to my office, just as Charlie will have to go to his. It will give you a taste of staying home alone all day—with your dishes. And after a month, if you still like it—" (*Continued on page 28*)



"It may make you only too willing never to lay eyes on each other again," Priscilla's father told them

My TOWN and the MOTOR CAR



By
EARL
CHAPIN
MAY

DRAWINGS BY G. H. MITCHELL

AFTER wandering along twenty thousand miles of foreign strands I am back in my old home town and I can't seem to get my bearings. There's a lot missing besides the folks I used to know.

The town is still named Rochelle. Not that French Rochelle of which the poet sang: "*And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters!*" This, my town, is just plain Rochelle, Ill., population 3,310, seventy-five miles west of Chicago on the C. & N. W. and the C. B. & Q. railways—and the Lincoln Highway.

It has required days of stumbling around once familiar streets cluttered up with motor cars to discover that the Lincoln Highway, offspring of the automobile, has transformed my town. And as one of an army of old-timers who have returned this year to some one of ten thousand similarly transformed Rochelles I marvel at the march of progress.

Like my fellow old-timers I gaze fondly at photographs of the town that was, hop into a handy motor that whizzes me over regions once remote—then return to gaze again at pictures of the family phaeton and the local express. My old Rochelle was a corking town! Now it is hopelessly motorized. There are motors, motors everywhere and hardly a horse to drink at the once popular public fountain!

In the sparkling days of its youth Rochelle was a busy mart for horse fanciers. There were four bustling sales barns—Henry Earl's, Henry Carpenter's, George McMann's, and Jimmy Boyle's. There were artfully appointed livery stables, too, where traveling men or local swells hired favorite sorrels or steady-stepping roans and jogged the country roads for profit or pleasure. Those stables are motorized now.

Cherry Street, then as now lined with stores, was the scene of daily equine display. With Scar Thompson, Bunk Beebee, Loppy Boynton or Stub Crandall at the halter straps, heavily fetlocked Clydesdales, dapple-gray Normans, broad-backed Belgians or trim-built Morgans scampered up and down between rows of box wagons, top buggies, canopy tops and hayracks. Abe Klee, with his heavy cane, and other professional buyers from New York or Chicago selected or rejected the horses displayed while Doc Dodge, Henry Hodge and others of our horsemen lined up along the street and cracked a lusty whip. Rochelle sold its eight thousand horses a year then. It sells less than a hundred a year now. And it's a bigger town now too.

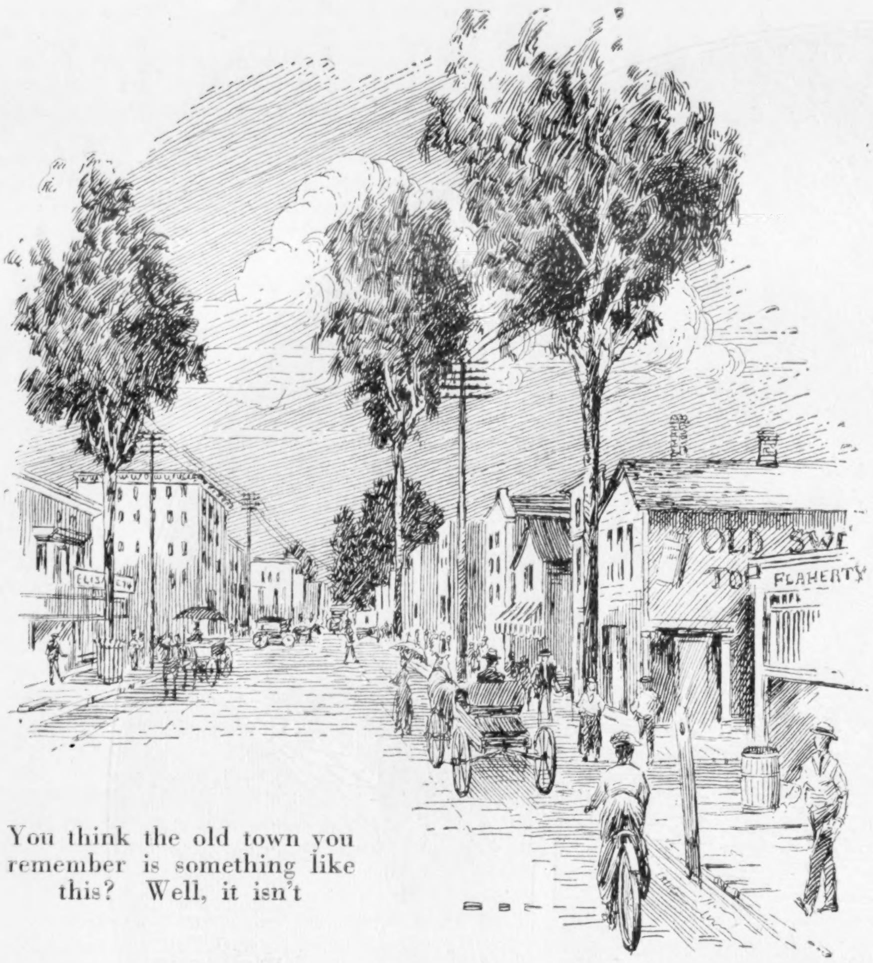
The Rochelle Agricultural Fair, most marvelous institution of my youth, functioned each fall on eight acres of prairie and woods over on the South Side.

I can find just one sign of it now. It is a bit of the old dirt track near our new knitting mills.

During the spring storms of ante-motor days the farmers' box wagons would tie up at the posts near Ringle's elevator, wheels solid with mud and snow.

The mud's all gone from my home-town thoroughfares. And gone are the fifty loads of manure garnered from four hundred feet of our best business street—the one between Bain's Opera House and Johnny Flynn's cigar store—during Mayor Wilbur McHenry's spring house cleaning of 1902. We shall never see their like again, not on the motor-mad streets of Rochelle.

Gone, also, are the sales barns that handled eight thousand horses a year. Where Boyle's barn once stood is a $50,000 motor agency. The concrete home of the Hi Way Tire Shop occupies the site of Henry Earl's Horse Emporium. Johnson's famous brick business block opposite the post office is the local home of touring cars. Tilton's Feed Barn where farmers found shelter at ten cents per team per day—Will Taylor, son of our meat-market man,



You think the old town you remember is something like this? Well, it isn't

wrote a fine poem about that building when it was dedicated—is crowded with cars and garish with signs such as "Good Gasoline" and "Reliable Service." Bird's Blacksmith Shop has given way to Curt Lazier's motor mart. Manning's Garage is run by a relative of Pat Manning, one time village blacksmith. The livery stables have become oil warehouses.

Where the millinery shop stood at the corner of Washington and Holland streets is a vast and ornate oil station. Two blocks south, where the "Register" used to come from the press every Friday, is another oil station, equally vast and ornate. A half mile north, where I used to hunt birds' nests, are two more oil stations, gaudy by day, glaring by night. The town is reeking with oil and shiny with steel.

The Rochelle Cornet Band no longer gives its summer concerts at Washington Street, head of Cherry. It has been relegated to Town Hall Square a half block from the main-traveled roads. But even there on Wednesday nights the motor cars are massed so closely you can hardly squirm through. The city fathers have to take the new fire truck out of the town hall and leave it on a side street so the boys can make a run if the fire whistle blows. Our old hand-drawn hose cart has been sold for junk.

During one of these concerts I asked Ross Harter, in his twenty-fifth year as Rochelle's Official Announcer, about these and other matters. Ross had just informed our assembled thousands that "on next Wednesday night the band will play at the dedication of Memorial Park."

He chewed the quid on my questions, leaned against Police Chief Hodge's new sedan, and explained:

"The Lincoln Highway Commission won't let us block traffic at Washington and Cherry streets any more. There are too many tourists going east and west on the Lincoln Highway—which is cement from Chicago to the Mississippi, you know. It's nothing for the fellows sitting in front of Flynn's cigar store to count five thousand cars turning this corner on Lincoln Highway. They counted 13,907 in thirty-six hours once this summer. Rochelle is on the north and south Meridian Highway through Illinois too.

"There's six hundred cars owned in Rochelle. But you could count eight hundred parked in and around this concert now. There's more than that here for the Saturday-night shopping. Herb Bain actually tagged seven hundred and fifty-one Saturday night. And say, you mustn't call it 'Washington Street' any more. It's Lincoln Highway, the Great Motor Route!"

That change in the name and character of my native street hurts. Even in my boyhood the story-and-a-half frame house—the "old home" where I was born—was well "uptown" on Washington Street. Farmers hitched their rigs to four magnificent maples that shaded our house. Rigs and maples are missing now, but the house is there—flanked by oil stores, fruit stands, and peanut roasters. It shelters the Rochelle Real Estate Exchange, a doctor or so, and a bulletin board bearing the legend: "Bargain Car for Sale."

In the days of the dominant horse our village senate met on the curb outside the People's Loan and Trust Company and decided the local elections and the fate of the nation. Now what's left of the senate convenes on the porch of my "old home"—driven there by the motor cars.

Our "new house" was built away out—at the corner of Washington and Chapin streets, on the site of the old baseball grounds, two blocks upstreet from our "old home." It is at 604 Lincoln Highway now. Farmers' cars surround it on shopping nights. A hundred automobiles pass it now where a dozen rigs rattled by in the dirt-road days. It's a noisy place. And it used to be so restful.

The tile factory, our first infant industry, has disappeared, but the big new Whitcomb Works turns out gas engines for the world. The commercial club is selling stock for a new accessories factory. After driving the town dray twenty-two years, Johnny Unger has retired in favor of a younger man and a motor truck.

The Morgan & Heintz Building, from whose upper window "the man was hanged when Rochelle was Hickory Grove and the railroad had just come through," has been replaced by a modern bank building. It is the first business block erected in Rochelle in ten years for other than garage or motor sales purposes. The bank handles the motor-car contract business.

My old swimming hole in Kyte Creek below the slaughter house has been ruined by the drainage commissioners. But just a block away Braiden's Quarry, once our source of limestone and ice, has become Lake Clara, with swarms of summer motorists buzzing around its community bathing beach. Folks motor for miles to take a plunge. Hundreds from the near-by free tourists' camp, where the city dump heap used to be, bathe in Lake Clara each mellow day. The water's fine. I've tried it.

Our folks no longer march in slow processions across the C. & I. tracks to Decoration Day exercises or appear as "prominent citizens in carriages." All our citizens, prominent and otherwise, ride in motor cars now. Our laundress tells me she couldn't get along without her car.

Sunday was the Sabbath in the horse-drawn days, with a simple, quiet program. Church in the morning, big Sunday dinner, nap or a jog of six miles to Steward and back in the afternoon, cold supper, church in the evening, a bit of reading and bed.

Now we're off in someone's car by Sunday sun-up, doing a double century to Lake Geneva, Janesville, Freeport, Clinton, or other distant dinner place and getting home long after dark—with a date to motor to Sterling for dinner the next night or to Beloit the night after that, and later in the week to Belvidere or Elgin. There's no rest for the pious or wicked. The folks are riding, riding, riding.

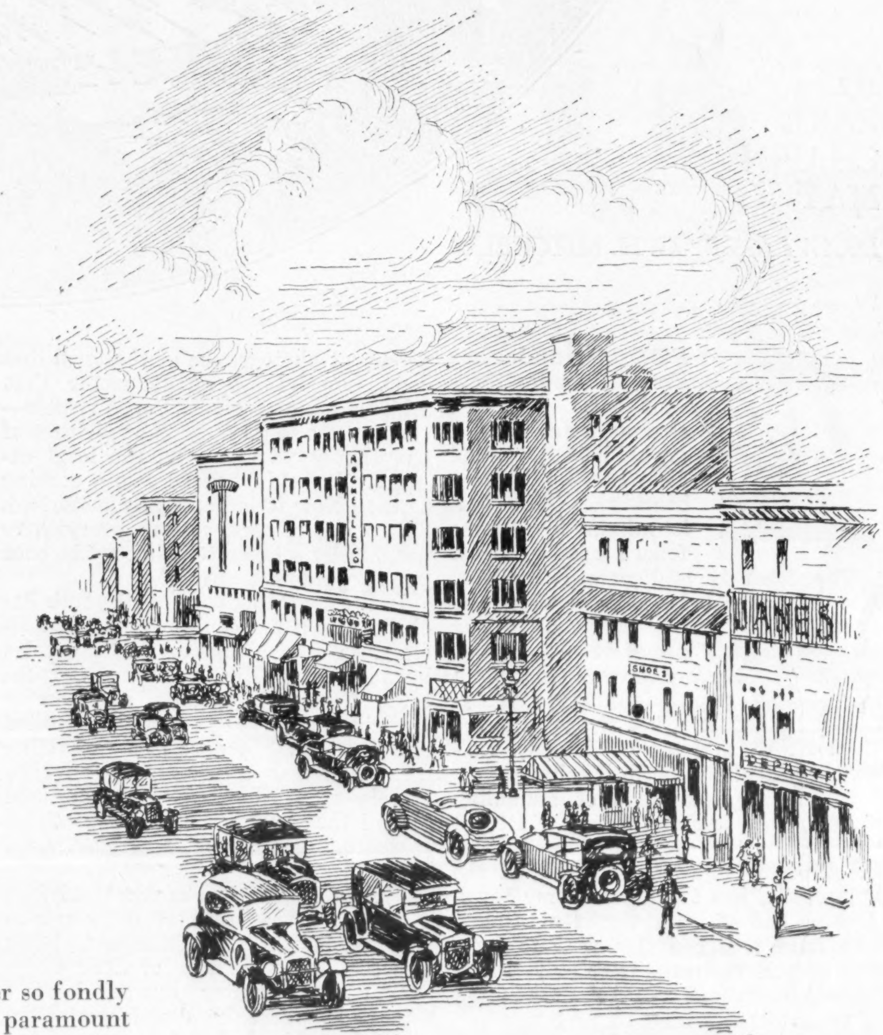
I come home to rest. But I barely alight for a needed rest before I find myself seated in a motor car for another dash across country. We motor thirty miles to the Dixon movies. The Dixon folks motor thirty miles to ours. Noblesse oblige. I'm lame from much motoring. My allotted reading lies fallow. I did ten pages in a lovely book one time. Then my neighbor Smith wished his car on me. Said he wasn't using it except for week ends. So wife and I motored into Chicago—and I hadn't driven in seven years! That evening we stalled, in dinner dress, on the street-car tracks at Broadway and Sheridan road. It was exactly six-thirty P. M.

Can This Be Chicago?

LET me sing a song of praise for the courteous Chicago folks and the Chesterfieldian Chicago cop. Not a motorist honked. The crossing cop did not curse. After two thousand cars had patiently waited two minutes for me he came over to the scene of my distress and politely asked: "Can't you do something to move that car?" I did something—I don't know what—and the car moved. I've been driving with freedom and abandon ever since. There is an exhilaration about motoring, now that we have good roads. I must have my own car next summer, especially in Rochelle.

For always there are cars, cars, cars. Now and then I hear the distant clack-ety-clack of hoofs on well-bricked streets. That, I know, is "Andrew Binz, with his horse and buggy." The ancient Andrew, alone, imposing, reminiscent, is true to his traditions.

Yesterday I saw a solitary surrey moving slowly down Lincoln Highway. I shall not see Andrew's horse and buggy or that surrey if I come back again. The town is moving too fast, keeping pace with a motorized world.



That quiet old town you remember so fondly is more like this, now that pep is paramount

The GREATEST RUNNER of them All

How Paavo Nurmi—"the amazing Finn" who is now competing in this country—beat the world's best on the cinder path; and why he was able to do it

By
GRANTLAND RICE

He can step along like this for one mile or thirty; it's all the same to him

YOUR first impression of Paavo Nurmi, Finland's brilliant middle-distance and long-distance runner, may be a trifle disappointing if you have the good fortune to see him in action over here.

You will, if you are lucky, see a sandy-haired young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven with blue eyes and a normal athletic build; a young man around five feet ten inches in height with just average legs and average arms, well built but not strikingly so.

While walking or warming up, Nurmi's movements are smooth; there is not much bounding elasticity visible. There is nothing of the nervous energy in any movement to give a hint of great driving power along the road or track.

It is not until he begins to run, until he is seen in action, that you are suddenly struck with the complete ease and freedom of a running motion in which there is no show of effort. You suddenly discover there is no waste motion whatsoever, no arm pumping or body effort which so many runners use. And then you begin to wonder whether you are looking at a blue-eyed, sandy-haired ghost blown in from the spirit world.

Our most striking impression of Nurmi, once a Helsingfors paperhanger, came upon a July afternoon in Paris when he was to run the 1,500-meter and the 5,000-meter tests in the last Olympic games. In the first test he was to face such great milers as Stallard and Lowe, the two British stars, who had both run near record time. And just forty minutes later he was to face the speed and stamina of Willie Ritola, one of a number of good men in a big field.

He Ran Stallard Off His Feet

IT WAS a prodigious undertaking and yet there was absolutely no doubt as to what would happen. The Finn was to meet the greatest competitors in the world, the pick from forty-five nations, in two entirely different types of distance runs, forty-five minutes apart. Yet no one questioned the certainty of a double victory.

For many who were at Colombes there are still two vivid pictures of that miraculous performance. The first shows Nurmi taking the lead in the 1,500-meter race as Stallard, the great British miler, attempts to hang on. Yard by yard the ghost-like Nurmi draws away. There is agony in Stallard's face as he is calling upon every muscle in his body. There is upon Nurmi's face not the slightest sign of strain or weariness or extra effort. Nurmi begins to open the gap as the faltering Stallard drops back. Nurmi crosses the line a full sixty yards in front, slows down to a trot, runs over for his sweater and then jogs off the field in the direction of his dug-out—still running as he disappears. And a few seconds later Stallard crosses the line and crashes to earth, completely out as three or four physicians work over him for twenty minutes before he regains consciousness.

Nurmi had beaten a great miler—an athlete who was running his heart out—by sixty yards, without the slightest show of exertion; and he had finished as fresh and unwearied as if he had only walked across the street.

Forty minutes later there was another never-to-be-forgotten picture. It was just before the start of the 5,000-meter race against the pick of the world. Nurmi again appears upon the field. But in place of resting he begins to warm up with short jogs back and forth—to warm up for a 5,000-meter run after just winning another race! In place of using a rubber he was merely working out any muscle kinks that might have developed from the first affair.

In that second test Nurmi, after trailing for a short distance, swung out into the lead. From that point he set his own pace, a carefully studied pace which was the limit of his power for the 5,000-meter span. There was no question of jogging along and then saving something for the last lap or two. It was merely a matter of running 5,000 meters as swiftly as it could be run from start to finish. If anyone could run in faster time he was entitled to the verdict. If not he had to break and fall long before the race was over.

It was for this reason that Nurmi timed each 500-meter lap with a watch held in his right hand. He wanted to be certain that he was running each lap in the time planned in advance.

There were some who attempted to keep pace with Nurmi. Of these all except Willie Ritola, another great runner, were soon broken and exhausted by the killing sweep.

Ritola alone hung on, but his last desperate strides were not sufficient to bring him up with Nurmi, who was still running without the slightest show of effort, without attempting any extra sprint through the last fifty yards.

Nurmi finished this race as he had finished the other, fresh, unwearied and still able to leave the field on the run.

Why is Nurmi the greatest of all long-distance or middle-distance runners? What are the things that could develop such smoothness and such unbelievable stamina?

The answer is fairly old—correct training and the hardest sort of work spread back—not over weeks and months—but over *many years*. The amazing Finn runs with a natural method, flat-footed after the manner of the American Indian. He doesn't throw his weight on his toes, but it seems to be equally placed upon the ball of his foot and the heel, which serves to give better weight distribution. But it was Nurmi's willingness to follow trainer Mikkola's advice, to eat correct foods and to run and walk astonishing distances that developed the greatest athlete of all time.

There were many days when Nurmi would go out for a combination jog and walk that lasted for fifty miles! He has always been a great believer in long-distance walking to develop wind, stamina, muscle and general physical condition. Like other Finns he began these long-distance jaunts as a boy. From youth the Finns build up leg strength beyond any other nation.

Nurmi was good in the 1920 Olympics when Kohlemainen, another Finn, reached his height. But Nurmi was not *great* until time had seasoned his fiber. If you follow statistics you will notice that most of the long-distance stars are from twenty-eight to forty years old.

One of the main secrets of Nurmi's success is that by long, hard training he worked himself into shape that could carry him far beyond the allotted route. He ran nothing beyond 10,000 meters at Paris. Yet he could more than likely have won the Marathon since he had run that distance and more quite often.

A good mile runner might train over the mile route, to get fit for the selected distance. If Nurmi was only a mile runner his main idea would be to run two miles at top speed. If one can run two miles at a certain clip there is little doubt about lasting out half that distance.

Nurmi ran the 10,000-meter cross-country under a blazing sun with the thermometer above 100, finishing fresh and full of speed 500 meters in front of Ritola, who was second. This performance seemed miraculous until one remembered that Nurmi had often run from 20 to 30 miles, where six miles was, comparatively, only a short dash.

Who Serves the World Better?

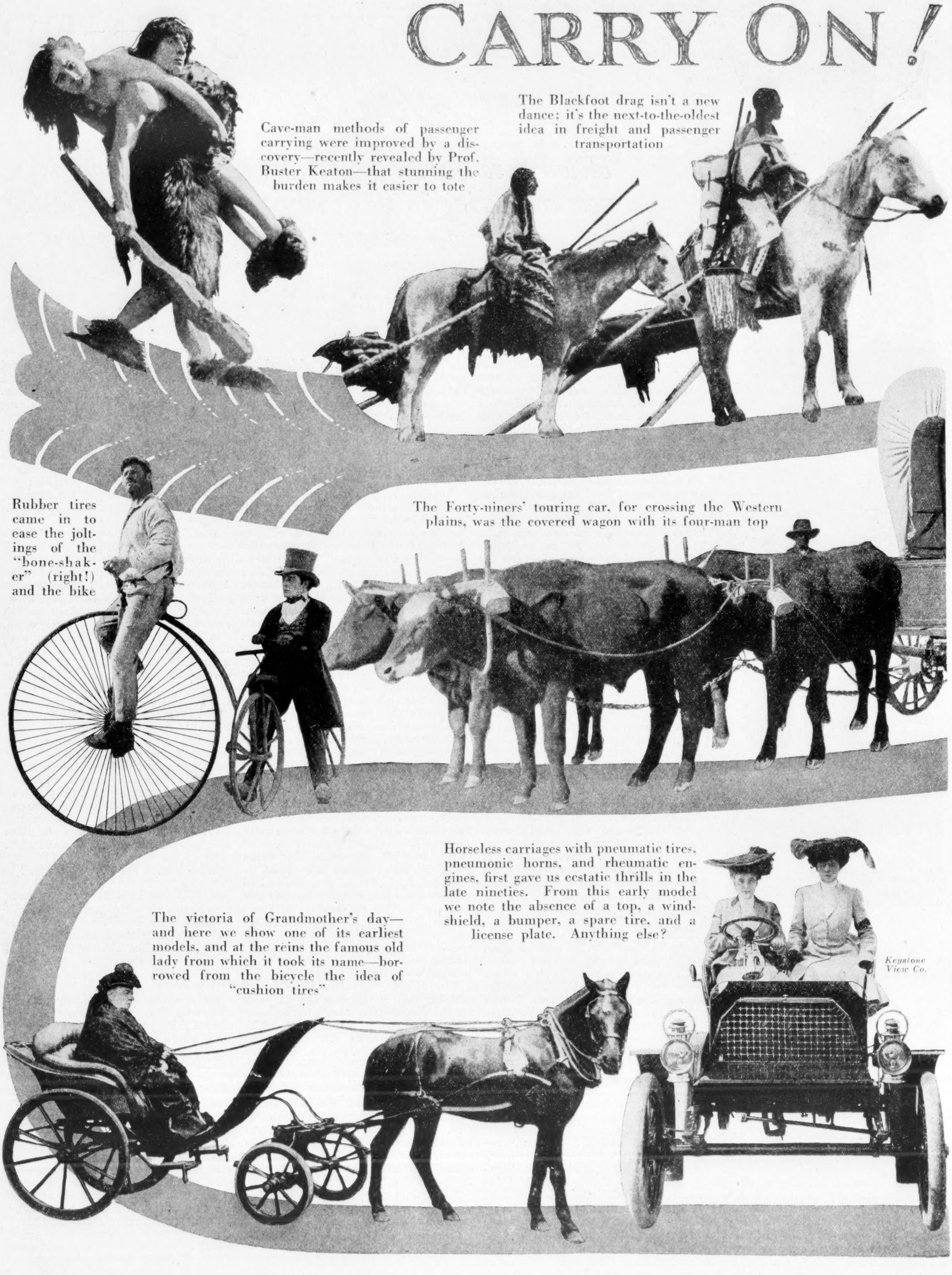
NURMI has built up this enormous stamina through long, long years of training. He doesn't train for some event and afterward break training. He has laid aside nicotine and alcohol and has lived upon the simplest foods—chicken, fish, milk, vegetables, fruit and whole-wheat bread.

He acquired the right way of running, the simplest and most natural method calling for little effort, and then gave most of his spare time towards developing unmatchable endurance. He has run the mile in practice under 4.10. He has broken every record between one and six miles and he has doubled up in events against the pick of the world.

But is all this hard work and long training worth while? asks the bystander.

It all depends. Nurmi became the great national hero of Finland. He gave full proof of what clean living and correct training might do, and through it all he has had his fun. How many statesmen, writers or artists are there who have done anything more worth while?

CARRY ON!



Cave-man methods of passenger carrying were improved by a discovery—recently revealed by Prof. Buster Keaton—that stunning the burden makes it easier to tote

The Blackfoot drag isn't a new dance; it's the next-to-the-oldest idea in freight and passenger transportation

Rubber tires came in to ease the joltings of the "bone-shaker" (right!) and the bike

The Forty-niners' touring car, for crossing the Western plains, was the covered wagon with its four-man top

The victoria of Grandmother's day—and here we show one of its earliest models, and at the reins the famous old lady from which it took its name—borrowed from the bicycle the idea of "cushion tires"

Horseless carriages with pneumatic tires, pneumonic horns, and rheumatic engines, first gave us ecstatic thrills in the late nineties. From this early model we note the absence of a top, a windshield, a bumper, a spare tire, and a license plate. Anything else?

Keystone View Co.

An ancestor of the truck, and not yet extinct in North America, is the *carreton,* a crudely built, ox-drawn freight cart

Elmendorf photo
© Ewing Galloway

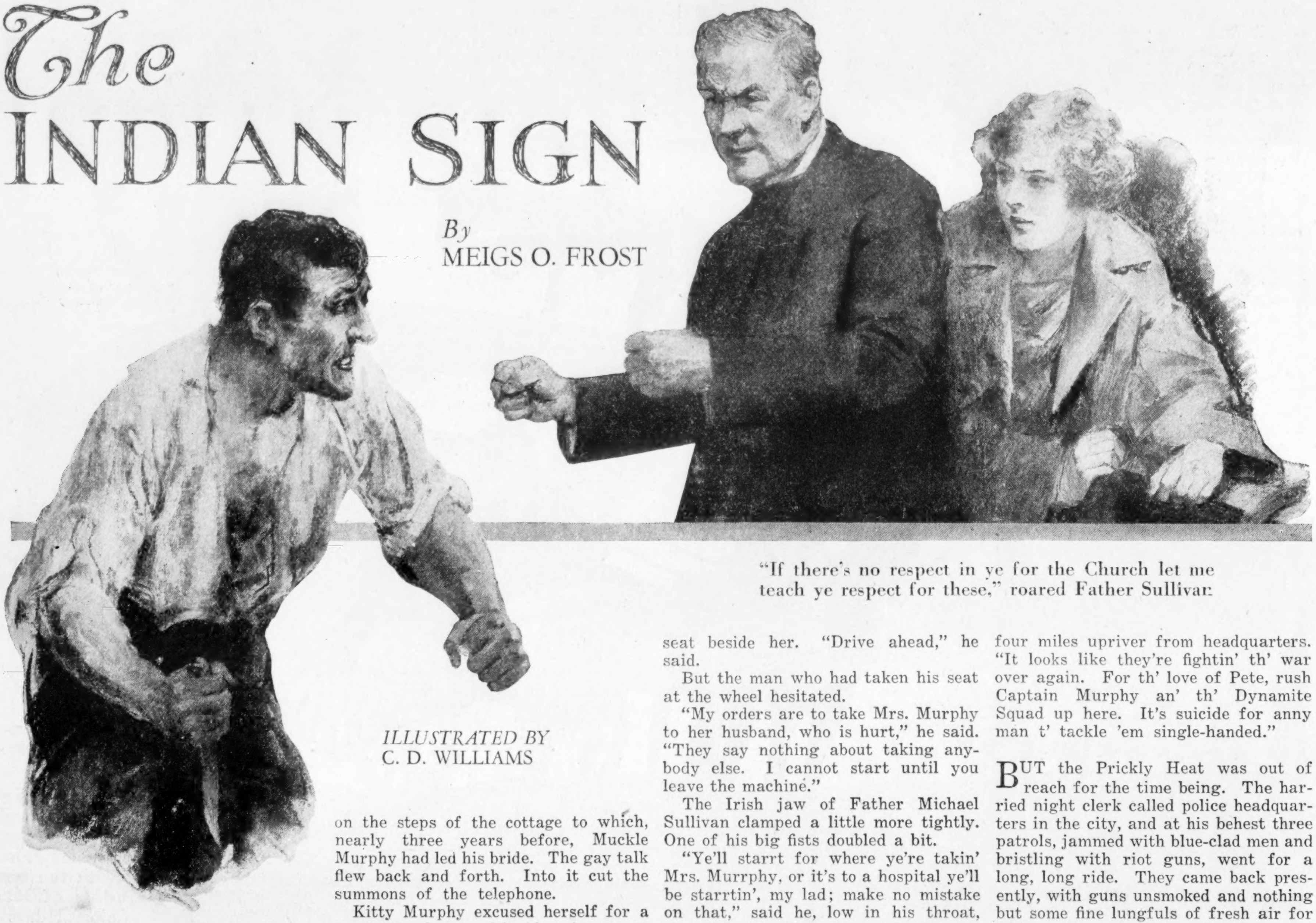
Coach bodies handsome enough for the modern limousine came in with the new models of late Colonial days

We marvel today at the endless streams of cars in this motor age. Yet the saturation point is remote—an open question

© Ewing Galloway

The INDIAN SIGN

By
MEIGS O. FROST



"If there's no respect in ye for the Church let me teach ye respect for these," roared Father Sullivan

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. WILLIAMS

Conclusion

IT HAD been a light evening at the settlement house. A few lads occasionally sparred in the gymnasium, while others sat about reading, writing, playing checkers or dominoes. Just one of those evenings when there was nothing special stirring, observed Father Michael Sullivan. So, as he had put in rather a stifling day in the parish prison, at the cells of some of "the boys" who had found themselves in trouble and earnestly desired to find themselves somewhere else, the Padre of the Pugs voted for a little fresh air for himself.

"I'm leavin' ye in charrge, O'Rourke," he smiled affably at one of his husky lieutenants. "Ye might give a little attention to that lightweight boy Matticich over yonder. He has a left jab that looks worth developing."

And the padre strolled forth.

Here and there he stopped, chatting to little groups that sat on the white-scoured front steps of the little shotgun cottages. Some of it was good-humored badinage. Some of it was more serious stuff, as attested the notes the padre took on much-scribbled white cuffs that were the despair of his laundress. They bore the memoranda of his next day's more important activities. The only time the padre was off duty, really, was when he was asleep in the little plaster-walled cubicle that held his narrow white barracks bed, and even then there was a telephone by his bedside. A rough parish, the padre's, and unconventional its hours for love and battle.

Presently he found himself standing, feet planted wide apart, arms folded on his chest, gossiping with a little group of old friends who had clustered on the steps of the cottage to which, nearly three years before, Muckle Murphy had led his bride. The gay talk flew back and forth. Into it cut the summons of the telephone.

Kitty Murphy excused herself for a moment and stepped inside. A moment later she stood before them, white of face but steady of eye as ever.

"Will you be coming inside a moment, Father?" she asked.

They stepped into the little front parlor.

"They've got him at last, th' wharf rats, Father," she said quietly. "Will ye come with me? I'm thinking he'll be needing you too. They're sending for me."

"Got Muckle?" Father Sullivan's bushy eyebrows rose. "How? Where?"

"All I know is that he phoned me a while back and said he wouldn't be home to supper, for he was goin' out on a big job with that Dynamite Squad of his, Father. And some man just telephoned that he's been shot and they're sending a car for me. He's so badly hurt they're not moving him till the doctor sees him, Father. And he's"—her voice quivered for the first time, slipping from its splendid control—"he's calling for me, Father. Will you go with me?"

"Ask no more stupid questions, my daughter," growled Father Sullivan huskily. "Of course I'll go."

"Shall we tell my friends out there?" she asked.

"I'd not do it," said the priest. "They'll learn quickly enough. Just say it's a call for me and you're coming along."

HARDLY had the white lie been told, when a big seven-passenger car rolled up the street. Out of it stepped a slim, dark driver.

"I am sent for Mrs. Murphy," he said.

"Here she is," said Father Sullivan. He stepped forward, assisted the young wife into the car, stepped in after her, banged the door shut, and took his seat beside her. "Drive ahead," he said.

But the man who had taken his seat at the wheel hesitated.

"My orders are to take Mrs. Murphy to her husband, who is hurt," he said. "They say nothing about taking anybody else. I cannot start until you leave the machine."

The Irish jaw of Father Michael Sullivan clamped a little more tightly. One of his big fists doubled a bit.

"Ye'll starrt for where ye're takin' Mrs. Murrphy, or it's to a hospital ye'll be starrtin', my lad; make no mistake on that," said he, low in his throat, the old brogue thickening on his tongue. "I'm a man of God, but I'll not hesitate t' use th' fists God gave me if it's necessary."

"But—" the driver started to hedge.

"But nothin'," growled Father Sullivan. "Muckle Murphy is one of me own. If anny one of me boys is that near dyin' he wants his wife, he wants me too. I'll be there. Do ye drive us there or do I choke th' address outa ye and drive her there meself?"

The driver shrugged. After all, fighting some two hundred pounds of muscular Irish priest was not in his contract. The others could handle that when they got there.

"I'll take you," he said. With a clash of engaging gears the big car rolled away. . . .

In the headquarters of the Dock Board Patrol on the river front a harried night clerk called upon divers divinities to witness that when a guy was out of luck he was out of luck.

BOBBED HAIR

A lively novel of social adventure by twenty eminent authors begins in next week's issue

Hardly had the Dynamite Squad, with Muckle Murphy in command, barged off into the night on the Prickly Heat, when the telephone had buzzed in the ear of that clerk with a tale of what seemed to be the Battle of the Somme bursting forth on a wharf far uptown.

"I dunno how many shots they've fired," howled the lone patrolman of that particular wharf section, nearly four miles upriver from headquarters. "It looks like they're fightin' th' war over again. For th' love of Pete, rush Captain Murphy an' th' Dynamite Squad up here. It's suicide for anny man t' tackle 'em single-handed."

BUT the Prickly Heat was out of reach for the time being. The harried night clerk called police headquarters in the city, and at his behest three patrols, jammed with blue-clad men and bristling with riot guns, went for a long, long ride. They came back presently, with guns unsmoked and nothing but some fine lungfuls of fresh air for their pains. And then a harried night clerk of the Dock Board Patrol had to listen to a city police captain inquiring pointedly if the little children of that arm of the service would stop telling such wild bedtime stories before they dozed off for their nightly naps. Did the clerk understand that gasoline cost the city money? That real policemen had jobs elsewhere?

The city police captain grew profanely eloquent, gathering headway as he talked. It was a splendid oration he made over the telephone. He was proud of it.

"Outa luck, that's all," mourned the Dock Board night clerk as he hung up when all was said.

And then, as he lit a cigarette of consolation: "Jeez, if Muckle had been here he'd been bookin' that gang o' ghost shooters this holy minute. An' he out on th' river just chasin' a hot tip, that's all. It's Muckle's night t' be outa luck too."

The night clerk had forgotten, if he ever understood, that luck is largely relative.

Out in the darkness of midriver, far from the scene, far beyond the echo even of that uptown wharf's mysterious fusillade, the launch Prickly Heat circled, safe beyond the outermost range of the wharf lights where lay moored the river packet Filabrou, where lay the motor schooner Hidalgo just alongside.

Night loading was rare, but not impossible, for the craft that plied the river and the network of bayous and bays of the Lower Coast. But this was strange night loading. For though case after case, barrel after barrel, of that grocery shipment came aboard the Filabrou, few of them stayed. Over the thwarts of the Hidalgo they were snaked, swiftly, silently, by the crew that was taking them from the point on the Filabrou's deck where the Negro loading gang dumped them, forward, and that was running them aft and across, and lowering them into the schooner's hold.

Through his night glasses Captain Muckle Murphy was watching the Dynamite Squad crouched behind him as the big launch slipped almost silently through the current upstream and then turned and slid downstream in utter silence, repeating her course in the dark with never a light showing.

At last the activity on the broad and slanting ramp of the small-craft wharf thinned—ended. A few figures moved from the little river packet over the rail to the schooner's deck.

"They'll be about ready to cast off now," muttered Muckle to his lieutenant over his shoulder.

But they didn't cast off. There seemed some inexplicable delay. Tensely Muckle peered through his night glasses. Then he saw, coming down the ramp hurriedly, clear in the light of the wharf incandescents, three figures. It was too far for him to distinguish faces.

"If I hadn't done a 20-20 on th' official eye test last week, I'd swear I was seein' things," he muttered again to the man who stood beside him. "That looked to me like a woman and a man with a priest's collar comin' down there, two of those three."

But there was no time for speculation now. Up by the bow of the Hidalgo he saw two tiny figures working on a mooring hawser. Aft by the schooner's wheel he saw two more. The boat was about to cast off.

"All right, boys," said Muckle softly to the Dynamite Squad. "You've got your orders. Head in for 'em. Let's go."

The launch's wheel spun. Like an arrow sent high for a long and lobbing shot, the swift craft shot toward the wharfs in a great arc, curving up past the schooner whose auxiliary motor was thudding now. The Prickly Heat laid alongside.

They were experts in swift boarding, were the men of the Dynamite Squad. Just as they were experts in underwharf fighting, where your foothold is a green-slimed creosoted plank and your target the lancing orange flame of a wharf pirate's pistol stabbing through the dark.

FORE and aft from the launch shot out the steel-hooked poles whose slim oaken shafts were gripped by sinewy fingers almost as steely as the hooks themselves that gripped and sank and held in the schooner's low thwarts. Over the rail to the littered deck leaped a squad of vaulting men, with Muckle Murphy in the lead.

His ears must have gone as crazy as his eyes, he was telling himself as he leaped. For he thought there came to him, in the vaulting instant before he reached the deck, the startled scream of a woman's voice he could have sworn was that of his wife, the booming bass he would have taken oath he could have recognized anywhere as Father Michael Sullivan's deep tones, and the familiar thud of fists on flesh.

Then, as his keen and circling look took in the panorama on the Hidalgo's deck, he knew that, impossible as it might seem, he had been right.

His back to the rail nearest the wharf stood the Padre of the Pugs. On the deck in front of him three limp forms were stretched. And between him and that rail, sheltered behind his stocky body, stood Kitty Murphy.

"Come on, ye yellow scuts," roared the organ-deep tones of Father Michael Sullivan. "If there's no respect in ye for th' Church let me teach ye respect for these."

His huge hard fists, tight-clenched, were held before him in the easy, swinging readiness for attack or defense that he had taught many a youth in that settlement-house gymnasium.

Barefooted, a hulking figure drove at him knife in hand. There was a swift side-step, a smashing blow flush on the jaw, and the hulking figure sprawled limply beside the other three.

But other knives were out now—and from right and left and front other barefooted men were advancing upon him. Behind them, near the mainmast, stood a figure from which came barked and snarled commands in gutter-Spanish.

Swiftly it had happened as the Dynamite Squad leaped over the rail. Even more swiftly it ended.

Not a command sounded among those who had boarded the Hidalgo. Silently, with the speed of fighting dogs unleashed, they went to their tasks. Heavy stock of riot gun, barrel of the heavy automatic's machine blue steel, thudded home blow after blow.

It was a swirling, vicious, snarling chaos for a moment on that littered deck. Then, like many a mêlée, it ended with the same miraculous abruptness with which it had started. When the Dynamite Squad tore loose unchecked to do its stuff, things were likely to end that way.

There, by the starboard rail, clear in the light of the electric torches, the prisoners of the Dock Board Patrol stood, hands in air before the menace of the riot-gun muzzles. Limp forms, sprawled on the deck, were dragged to that same open space. The squad was doing its own mopping-up job.

MUCKLE MURPHY, his eyes alight, his breath whistling from the exertions of those whirlwind seconds, stood before the Padre of the Pugs. "F'r th' love of Heaven, Father," he gasped, "will ye be tellin' me what you and Kitty are doin' on this devil's ship?"

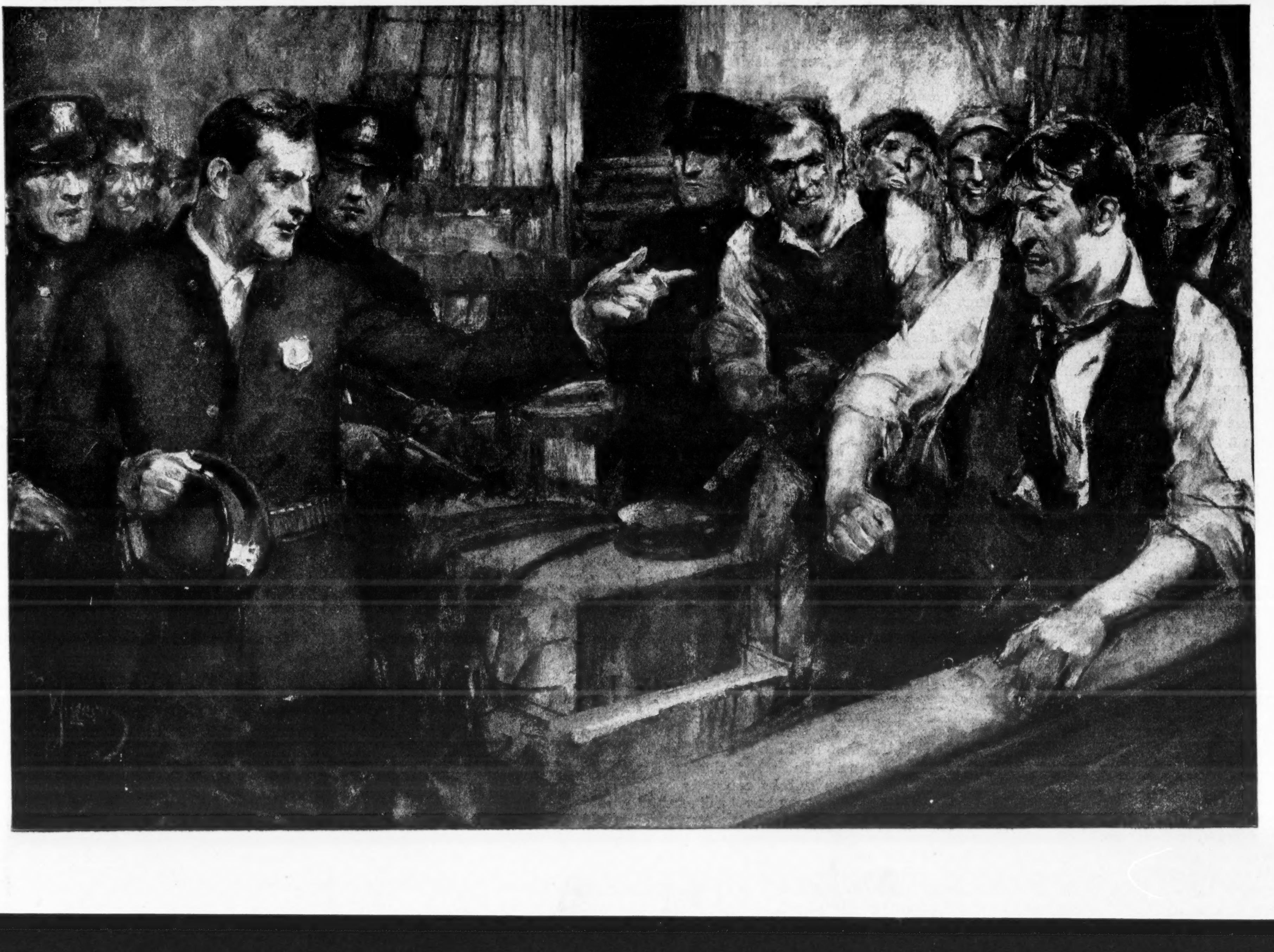
Brief was the space in which he learned.

"But why?" he asked the universe at large, knuckling a puzzled head with a skinned and bleeding hand. "Why? How do anny of these beach scourin's know of Kitty?"

His answer came in a thumping thud near the mainmast, where just before the whirlwind started a figure had stood barking commands in gutter-Spanish—a thud that was followed by the thrashing, writhing struggle of two prone men who choked and gouged and tore at each other, one—the heavier of the two—seeking desperately to regain his feet.

Instantly the light of the big-lensed torches converged on the pair. Instantly lithe forms hurled themselves into the haze of boot and fist and whirling arms and legs, and pried the two apart. (*Continued on page 34*)

"It's resignin' I am," said Muckle Murphy, "an' will th' squad stand by and let me at that dirty dog?"

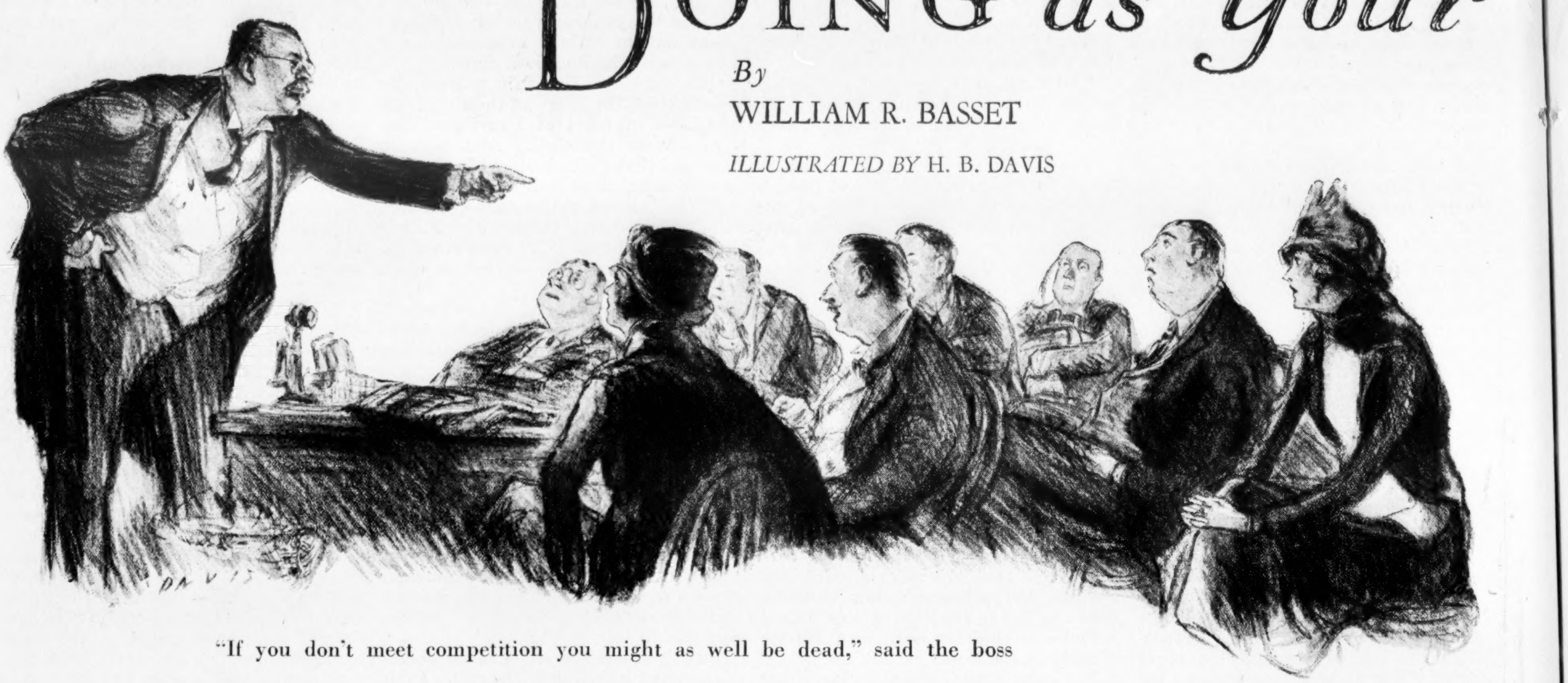


DOING as Your

By

WILLIAM R. BASSET

ILLUSTRATED BY H. B. DAVIS



"If you don't meet competition you might as well be dead," said the boss

Mr. Basset, noted industrial engineer, says fashion's servile slaves are not women but business men

"There was a little frog
Whose home was in a bog,
And he worried 'cause he wasn't big enough.
He sees an ox and cries:
'That's just about my size,
If I stretch myself. Say, Sister, see me puff!'"

W. T. LARNED AFTER LA FONTAINE.

"YOU got to meet competition. That's all there is to it. If you don't meet competition you might as well be dead, for you're dead anyway, except you don't know it."

He thumped his desk lustily as he made the pronouncement. I do not know why people thump desks—perhaps this man was trying to add a new emphasis to a speech which in this broad land must be made at least a million times a day. Or perhaps he was showing some he-man stuff—all *cap-a-pie* and ready to fight. Or again, he may have thumped just because someone told him that great, vigorous men always hammer the mahogany. Anyhow he wound up in a smashing crescendo challenging his audience to deny. The audience was nine salesmen—ranging from svelte featherweights through budding welters to one well-rounded heavy. Each of them was trying to look peppy to show the boss that he was not the only he-man in the room. It is part of a salesman's job to ginger up to a ginger talk. It is a trade custom, like laughing at the boss' jokes.

This boss—the manufacturer of a household article sold by hardware stores—had just discovered that while his crew had been plodding about the country asking storekeepers, "Do you want anything to-day?" a live wire competitor had sent out salesmen offering hardware dealers a free house-to-house service by which customers would be personally conducted to the village merchants and made to buy. This competitor was cutting into the business, and the boss was angry and wanted to tell the world—and his salesmen.

What were the facts? The manufacturer saw a competitor getting some of his business; it never occurred to him to question at what cost this competitor was getting the business; it never occurred to him to question whether the business was worth getting. He only saw the competitor making sales where he had formerly made them. That was all he wanted to see. He would have fired as unprogressive any one of those salesmen who might have answered back:

"Yes, but that fellow isn't making any money on what he sells."

Yet the salesman would have been right. I happen to know something of the affairs of that competitor. I was called in to discover why, with a big sales volume, he did not make any money, and I found that he spent the entirety of what might have been profit in what was known as high pressure salesmanship. The boss addressing his salesmen was preparing to turn his profitable business into an unprofitable one—just because a competitor was doing so. He thought he had to meet competition.

That one must meet competition or go out of business is axiomatic. The thing is so self-evident that hardly anyone stops to think what "competition" is or what "meeting it" is. Is it just playing follow the leader? Is it keeping up with the Joneses? Is it blindly doing all the fool things the other fellow does? Are we just sheep—woolly sheep, bleating along after the bellwether? How much of business proceeds on brains and how much just pegs along after the other fellow? The best sales argument on earth has nothing whatsoever to do with the facts. I can demonstrate something that I want to sell until I am blue in the face; I can tell what the thing is, and what it does, and what it will do for the prospective buyer. I can do all this without getting a peep out of my prospect, but every salesman knows that a sale is nine-tenths made if, instead of opening with a demonstration, he can open:

"Mr. Smith's store down the street bought two gross of these last week, and when I stopped in there this morning, he gave me an order for four gross more. He says it is one of the best sellers he ever had in his place."

Blind Imitation is Bad Business

IT MAY well be that the prospect's affairs are so like Smith's that whatever Smith can sell he can sell; but, again, their cases may be very different. It does not follow because the very successful "A" corporation moves into great, expensive offices, that the not so successful "B" corporation ought immediately to make a splurge. The success of the "A" corporation is probably not due to its offices but to what it does in its offices. Because one successful company takes a certain amount of advertising space in a certain number of newspapers and periodicals is no reason of itself why another company selling a similar article should take the same amount of space in the same range of periodicals. It would be more reasonable to suppose that it would be better tactics to go after the business which the other man has not, rather than after the business which he has. Yet every day throughout this fair land millions and millions of dollars are wasted by men who pride themselves on being wide-awake and hard-headed in trying to get old business away from someone instead of trying to get new business for themselves. Men laugh at women following the fashions—at the short-skirt-Steinway effect—but if you want to find a really servile slave to fashion, do not search among the women. Go among the business men. You will find that at least ninety per cent of all business policies and practices are put on for absolutely no reason other than that someone else is being seen in them. Blind imitation is one of the causes of the great wastes which go toward making distribution so expensive.

Take a typical case: A paper manufacturer whose affairs I looked into maintained an elaborate sales and advertising staff to dispose of a complete line of papers. The executives agreed as a matter of policy that it was absolutely necessary to offer a wide selection to buyers because other competitive companies offered wide selections. I analyzed their sales and their expenses. They had one large contract with a publishing house, on which they supposed they had a very narrow margin of profit. Actually it developed that on this one contract, which had been renewed annually for many years and which carried practically no sales expense, the company made all its profit. On another size of paper it broke even. On all the other sizes it lost.

The contract with the publisher was for fifty-four-inch paper, which was the exact size for the company's paper machines. This was the reason why the contract was profitable. On the sizes which divided evenly into fifty-four inches, the company could have made money, but through wrong pricing it did not. On all the sizes where there was waste in cutting the company had to lose money. The whole company was riding on one contract.

About half a dozen large companies do the bulk of the business in an industry which, until within the last ten or fifteen years, was supposed to sell merely a commodity. I do not want to particularize because I do not want the industry to be identified. We shall say that it has something to do with the drug trade. In the old days the industry sold in bulk to the jobbers, and the jobbers sold to the drug stores.

Then one company got out a trade-marked packing, began to advertise and to sell directly to the retailer. It quickly grew large and prosperous and the other companies, as usual, adopted its methods. All of them created trade-marked packings and took on big sales organizations. In a few years, a product which had been just a commodity became a trade-marked specialty. The commodity remained about as it always had been—if you had transferred one manufacturer's trade-marked goods into the packing and marking of another manufacturer, no one, including the manufacturers, would have known the difference. I sent out men to inquire of consumers whether they bought this stuff by brand names, and I found that out of some five hundred consum-

Competitors DO

His competitor was selling where he had formerly sold

ers only three ever bought by other than the commodity name. The others just took what the retailer put on the counter. The company whose affairs I examined did a large business; but it did not make much money. The sales manager—an enthusiast—explained to me:

"We have got it all over the X company in our sales methods. We teach our dealers how to sell. We teach them how to give the customer what he ought to have. We give exclusive agencies, and the advertising "helps" we send out cost just twice as much as those of any company in the business."

The sales methods were undoubtedly well developed. One of their salesmen went through a standard demonstration for me which took three hours and covered every phase of the subject; indeed, I did not know there was so much to say on any subject.

Then we went into the company's books to see what was going on. The regular demonstration, such as I had endured, was so extensive that a salesman, unless working in a large city, could not make more than one a day; in a city, with luck, he could make only two. We found that forty per cent of the company's customers bought a gross of about five hundred dollars a year. The selling expense on each of these small accounts averaged around three hundred dollars a year. We further found that the really large accounts of the country were fairly well apportioned among the six large manufacurers and that these accounts seldom shifted—so seldom that the companies did not think it worth while to go after them. The big selling effort was on the little accounts which frequently shifted. I showed the results of the investigation to the sales manager.

"Why do you bother so much with these little accounts?" I asked him. "Why do you spend so much money on them?"

"Why do we go after them?" came the astonished reply. "Why, we *have* to go after them. Do you suppose we could sit down and let the X Company take all that business? We have just got to beat them to it."

And so accustomed had he become to thinking of his competitors, that he could not understand the plain common sense of letting a competitor take all the business which does not pay.

The Good Guessers Get There

THE women's clothing trade is dominated entirely by competition. The industry is made up of a few moderately large concerns and a great number of small ones. The making of women's clothing is much like playing a wheel; if a manufacturer hits upon a good model or two at the beginning of a season, he makes money hand over fist and his wife blazes out in diamonds. If his stuff does not go, then the season is almost a dead loss.

With everything depending on the initial reception of the models, the manufacturers have developed an elaborate system of espionage. Each manufacturer is always trying to find out, not only what every other manufacturer is doing, but also what the designers are doing in the higher class places which make to order. There is no originality whatsoever among American cloak and suit manufacturers; the designs originate in Paris—the more exclusive couturiers do some original work, but that is all. The manufacturers just copy; they never know what to copy—what to put the bank roll on. They hunt for tips; they want to know in advance what every other manufacturer is going to offer and at what price, and then have the same models or numbers ready at a lower price. You may have noticed that when a certain style of dress catches on, in a few weeks it is being offered in cheap materials everywhere. When a manufacturer with a reputation for guessing right happens to guess wrong, a hundred or two other manufacturers who have stolen his ideas go down with him. The garment makers—that is, the ordinary run—do not think for themselves or consider the public. Instead they are engaged in worrying about their competitors.

The exclusive dressmakers never put their best designs in the show windows. If they did, some clothing manufacturer would be turning them out by the thousands in cheaper materials. A woman whose identity is not well established will, in the best shops, have great difficulty in being shown other than commonplace models—she is suspected of being a style thief.

It is not too much to say that thirty per cent of the energy of proprietors in the women's clothing industry is given over to finding out what competitors are doing. What is the consequence? A few men—a very few men—come out of the game, for it is a game, with a little money. A man who retires with a million is looked upon as an enormous success. This is a tidy sum, but not much when you consider that the women's garment business in New York City alone probably runs well over a billion dollars a year. What is more, I doubt if on the whole the industry makes any real money—the losers will offset the winners. There you have the ultimate in doing what your competitor does.

Take another angle: Ten or fifteen years ago even the best candy manufacturers did not go in for elaborate packings. The boxes they used were neat and held the candy perfectly well—they were designed to hold candy and for no other purpose. If you wanted a more elaborate box the store could sell you the box and repack the candy. You could pay ten times as much for the box as you did for the candy—if you were intent on buying something supremely useless just to show your best girl that you did not care how you spent your money. Then one candy manufacturer saw that by making his regular packing more attractive than the other trade packings, he could draw attention to his candy on drug store counters and thus make more sales He made more sales and soon his competitors had changed their packings. Now the packings of all the first-class candy makers are really beautiful, but they are all so good that one does not stand out from the other and, as far as sales values are concerned, they might as well all be back in the plain boxes again.

Take shoes, more particularly women's shoes. Once upon a time a shoe store was just a room lined with shoe boxes and with a couple of benches stretching back to back down the center—the one side for women and the other for men. Such shoe stores still exist, but well-to-do people seldom buy their shoes in them. The ultra-modern shoe store tries its best to look like a jewelry shop, and all because one retailer, not so many years ago, made extra sales by trimming his window in an out-of-the-ordinary fashion.

Everywhere throughout the country, the most expensive selling is becoming standard—competition is everywhere forcing up the cost of selling goods. On Fifth Avenue, from 34th Street to 59th Street, not only are the costliest and the most elaborate retail stores in the world, but there are more of them than in all the rest of the world put together. Every city in the country is trying for a Fifth Avenue, and every town, no matter how small, is trying to make its Main Street a Fifth Avenue.

Gordon Selfridge, who built and managed the Marshall Field store in Chicago, is probably responsible for the new idea in stores. When the Marshall Field store was built, it became the ambition of every American merchant some day to have a Marshall Field store, if only in miniature. Bricks and mortar did not make Marshall Field's. They just gave the setting to the picture; but the setting was the only part that thousands of merchants could comprehend. And thus every section of the country entered for the fine store competition. And so it goes—but note this: The most elaborate stores are by no means always the most successful.

The buying power of the country is like a pyramid. The apex is the highest price and its area is tiny—but as you step down to lower prices the area steadily broadens. If you must increase your prices because of selling cost, then you must decrease the area—volume—of your business.

There is no rule but common sense. It is never common sense to do what the other man is doing—just because he is doing it.

The women's garment business in New York probably runs over a billion a year

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DON'T ROCK THE BOAT

THERE is not the slightest reason why this year should not be an extremely prosperous one for every man and woman in this country who is willing to do a day's work and use a moderate amount of common sense.

The tremendous trading in the stock market which began a month or more ago was only slightly the reflection of a change in basic values. Mostly it was an indication of how many people are eager to kid themselves into believing that the day of all play and no work is here again. They may be the lame ducks of to-morrow.

Now, what is prosperity? It is a time of rising prices, of course—all the market tipsters and some of the economists will say that. But who ever saw the housewives swing into a snake dance of joy because the price of bread had gone up? Who feels a warm glow of satisfaction when asked to pay more for a suit of clothes?

Prosperity is more than rising prices. Prosperity is a time when men with goods or services to sell may find a market for them at a fair price and after a fair amount of effort. And they may do this only when people have confidence in the future. We live, to a surprising degree, by taking in each other's washing.

Just now people have confidence in the future. In part it is based upon President Coolidge, and to that extent it is solidly based. It seems odd that in a government by representation men should be afraid that their representatives will cut up. Nevertheless, it is true that we are always afraid of Congress cavorting.

In part, confidence is due to the rising prices in the grain market and the bettering of the condition of some of the farmers. Some of the farmers who cried most loudly for help were not farmers at all. They were just land speculators and they have long since gone to wherever it is that bankrupts go. The farm situation is better than it was. The rise in wheat prices is due largely to the failure of the Canadian crop—which is a calamity and not a cause for congratulation. Canada, producing less, will buy less from us. And, anyway, no one will say that having foodstuffs dear helps the nation. It is merely that farm prices have been below the general price level.

But we have confidence in the future. A half year ago many foolish men did not have it—and they complained of business. Change that confidence into overconfidence and we shall find men using our tremendous fund of credit to bid up the prices of goods already made instead of making new goods for sale at fair prices. Then we shall have a smash.

Good times are here now. Prosperity will linger if we don't substitute speculation for work. Buy, but buy in moderation. Save, but save sanely. The ship of industry has a fair course now. Let's not rock the boat.

A Message From T. R.

THERE'S a grave in Oyster Bay that's often visited. Every day sees someone climb the hill to the spot where Theodore Roosevelt is buried. They come singly and in groups—princes and Boy Scouts, statesmen and soldiers and plain citizens.

On the anniversary of Roosevelt's death next Tuesday a band of his friends will make their annual pilgrimage to his grave. The men who will stand there will carry, in common with millions of their countrymen, a full burden of love and respect for one who was more than a President to his people.

He was Teddy, famous for the breadth of his smile and the heartiness of his laugh. He was a hunter, daring in his sportsmanship; for him it was always the chase rather than the quarry. As a statesman he sought for his country the same things he asked for himself—happiness rather than riches, a warm democracy rather than an aloof aristocracy.

There is no better expression of Roosevelt's ideals than is found in a letter he wrote, back in the days of his Presidency, to a friend in France. He had been speaking of poetry, and of the part that the things of the spirit play in the life of a nation.

"Factories and railways are good up to a certain point," he said, "but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweetheart, love of beauty in man's work and in nature, love and emulation of daring and of lofty endeavor, the homely workaday virtues and the heroic virtues, these are better still, and if they are lacking no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity shall avail either the individual or the nation.

"I do not undervalue these things of a nation's body; I only desire that they shall not make us forget that beside the nation's body there is also the nation's soul."

The Next War Will Kill Women and Children First

GRANTED that it is the duty of professional soldiers and sailors to remind forgetful folk of the need for preparedness, it is likewise the plain duty of all who have touch with public opinion to keep harping on the horrors of war. Collier's intends to do so. The sharpest words we have seen lately come from a chemist. And chemists know better than soldiers or arms manufacturers what the worst weapons of the next war will be. Dr. Leo H. Baekeland, president of the American Chemical Society and a member of the Naval Consulting Board, said in a recent address at Cornell:

> The largest and best protected cities, irrespective of their size or distance, will be continuously exposed to destruction and mutilation. Death and torture of the inhabitants will occur whether they are slumbering in their beds at night or whether they are reading their newspapers in their comfortable clubs or saying their prayers in church. There will be no way of safeguarding women or children, the old or the infirm.

As the remedy for war, Dr. Baekeland prescribes:

> More of a plain generous week-day religion of deeds, rather than a Sunday religion of words; less hypocrisy, haughtiness, lying, and suspicion, and more decency and good will among peoples, in place of smug, pedantic theology.

All that, yes. And, besides, deliberate organization of the nations to remove the excuses for war. For our country, the first, the immediate step is to join the World Court.

Sounds Reasonable, Anyhow!

DEAN ROSCOE POUND of the Harvard Law School thinks that some of the legal brethren are needlessly stirred up about the popular criticism of the Constitution and various other institutions. He says that the "whole fabric of American law has changed in form and content more than once in the century and a half that has elapsed since the Revolution," and he isn't at all scared by the prospect of further alterations.

The dean's idea seems to be that justice—which is merely another name for fair play and good sportsmanship—is the important thing, and that stage-coach justice won't necessarily make an automobile run. He goes so far as to oppose "repression of speech and opinion" and appears to have a certain amount of confidence in the intelligence and good intentions of the people of the United States.

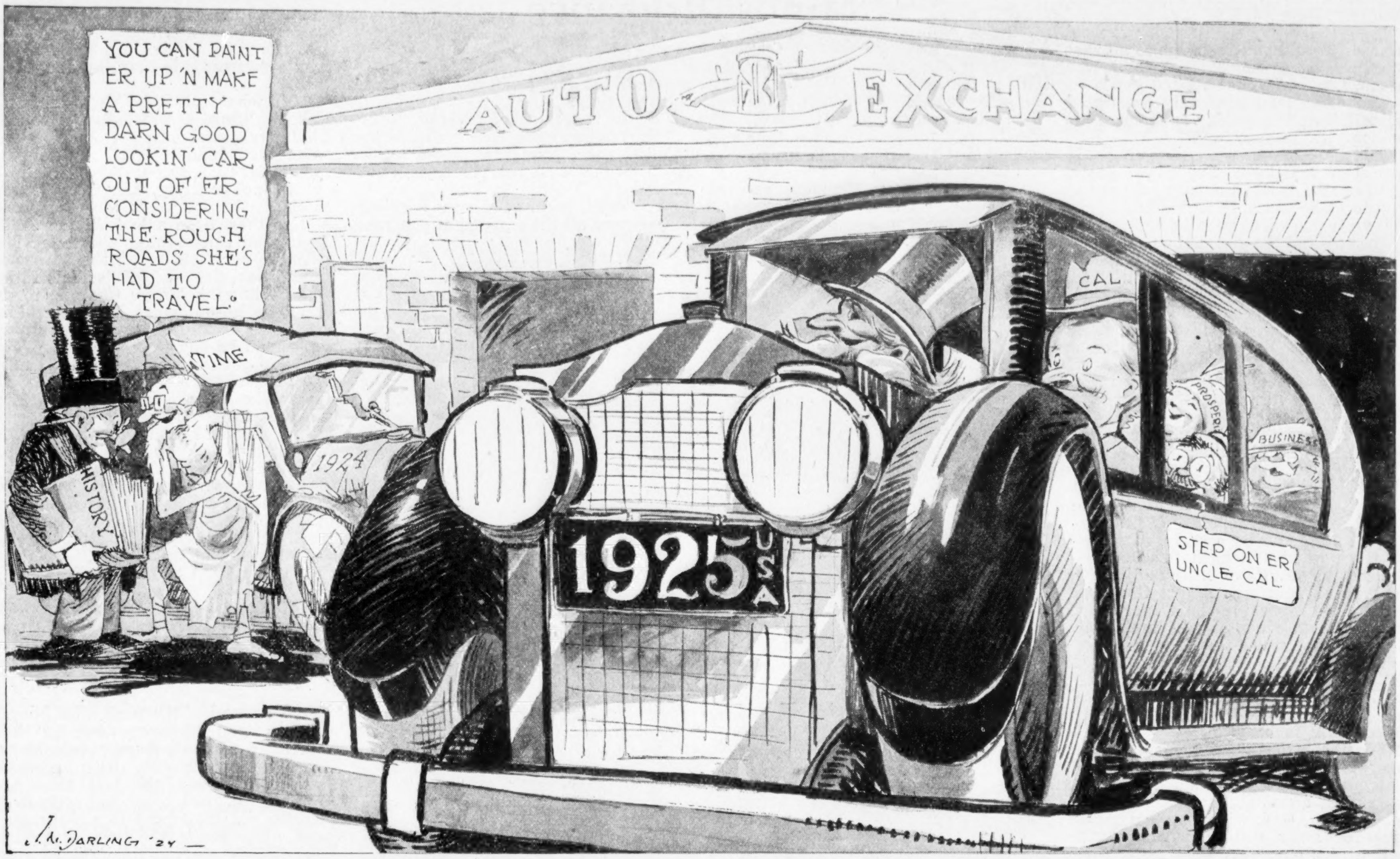
All of which, to the man in the street, sounds suspiciously like common sense.

Who Are the Capitalists?

SOCIETY was formerly divided into two classes: Men of Millions—the Capitalists; and Millions of Men—the public; but there is not the sharp distinction now between them that formerly existed.

Millions of Men are being graduated rapidly into the ranks of Men of Millions. Witness the many labor banks throughout the country doing business entirely with capital derived from Millions of Men. Examine the lists of stockholders of the big corporations. Millions of Men now own big business—not so much the Men of Millions as in the old days.

The public is no longer the "maundering, mumbling old woman" that Carlyle once said it was.


YOU CAN PAINT ER UP 'N MAKE A PRETTY DARN GOOD LOOKIN' CAR OUT OF 'ER CONSIDERING THE ROUGH ROADS SHE'S HAD TO TRAVEL.
AUTO EXCHANGE
TIME
HISTORY
1924
1925 USA
CAL
PROSPERITY
BUSINESS
STEP ON ER UNCLE CAL
J. N. DARLING '24

Starting out the new year with a new model

What the Voters Wanted

A DEMOCRATIC governor, if you want to call him that, and a Republican legislature, if you want to call it that, went into office in New York on New Year's Day.

People couldn't be taught how to split a ticket on election day, huh?

Well, it didn't go that way in New York. Coolidge carried the state by almost 850,000. "Al" Smith, Democrat, was elected governor by over 100,000. Hundreds of thousands of people split the ticket. Apparently one million people in New York State were able to go into an election booth with a lead pencil and carefully make little X's opposite the names of men in different party lists. New York sent a Democrat into the governorship, but it elected a Republican state legislature.

New York literally edited the ballot. Ohio folks did the same, with a Democratic governor and a Republican legislature.

Now what will happen in Albany? Or Columbus? Here are a lot of Republican legislators put into office partly with the aid of citizens who voted for Democratic governors. You can't get around it: Democratic voters helped to put them into office. But the chances are that these Republican legislators at Albany or Columbus will fight every move the Democratic governors make.

What does this mean? For one thing, it shows that people are smart enough to split a ballot.

But it raises the question all over the land as to whether, after voters have edited a ballot, the officials who benefit will be as wise. How much blind loyalty does an official owe to his own party when he knows he has been elected by men and women of another party?

We voters have shown that we've sense enough and gumption enough to get the action we want at the polls. Indeed, yes! So here's a weather forecast for politicians: Look out for squalls if you play party politics instead of giving good government to the folks who put you in office.

Take a Tip from the Filipino

A TRAVELER in the Philippines was awakened one morning by a boy standing near and speaking in a low voice. "Why didn't you call louder so as to awaken me promptly?" he asked.

"Your soul leave your body when you sleep," was the answer. "Maybe I call too loud, you wake too quick, your soul no come back before you wake."

We must confess that we have never heard of a case where an errant soul "no come back" on schedule time, but we like the way the idea is applied by our brown brothers. And we know others who will like it too. How about the young hopefuls who have to be routed out of bed for school these cold, gray mornings?

Heredity or Training

PARENT, to what extent does the future of your child depend on you? To what extent does it depend on how he uses his leisure time, on his learning to work, on his being taught to believe in himself?

Here is a true story:

Verona, Miss., has about five hundred inhabitants. It has not increased appreciably in population since the Civil War. But just after that war there came to Verona a great teacher whose name was Leavell. He knew the value of books and work. He knew how to get to the heart of a boy.

His students have not remained in Verona. They have gone all over America. From their number came presidents for three universities and colleges; three university professors; a president and a general attorney for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad; a traffic manager for the Southern Railroad; a banker for Florida; a lieutenant governor for Texas; a penitentiary commissioner and a railroad commissioner for Mississippi; two congressmen for Arkansas; and a score of preachers, professional men and business men.

What is the answer? Was it heredity or training?

These Nights for Far Journeys

WORKING weather—a keen edge in the air. And it's reading weather too. Books now come into their happiest season, when the days are ever shorter and the lamps are lighted early and the nights are dark and deep. A long evening, a snug corner, a big chair and books—new books, old books, all books that are true books—maps and books spread open all around the wide armchair.

A time to be glad of, this season of long nights. The day's work is done, the afterglow has faded, the frosty stars are out. Now for books, lighted lamps and far journeys in good company.

Minus Romance

Continued from page 16

Priscilla plumped herself excitedly into her father's lap.

"Oh, Dad," she whispered, "you old peach! Would you really go to all that trouble, just for me? Isn't he just a peach, Charlie? Didn't I tell you?"

The older man gradually extricated himself from this sudden smother of affection.

Said he, "I don't see why you should both seem so tickled. For all you know, and for all I know, I'm only paving the way to make you only too willing never to lay eyes on each other again."

The boy and the girl exchanged looks.

"Don't be silly, Dad," she laughed. She held out her hand to Charlie Hale, who hovered possessively by her side. "Come on," she said, "before Dad changes his funny, dear old mind. I wouldn't miss our house party for a million dollars. Why, it'll be a lark.

"We'll be ready the minute you are, Dad. All we have to do is to find a house."

"Oh, indeed!" muttered the girl's father. "And that's all, is it?"

PRISCILLA and Charlie bought a budget book. They brought it home with them and pored over it, first excitedly and then more soberly, until dinner time, when at length Priscilla announced the results of their findings to the bearded man who sat at the head of the table regarding them tolerantly.

"The book says, Dad, that you mustn't spend more than a quarter of your monthly income for the item of rent. If you stay under that, it says, you'll be safe. Well, since there are four weeks in a month, a quarter of our monthly income—"

"You mean of Charlie's monthly income," her father corrected mildly.

"A quarter of our income," she swept on, "is just about sixty dollars. Have you any idea, Dad, where we can get a house for sixty dollars a month? I mean a nice one, that we'd really like to live in? Charlie thinks we'll have to try over in the Edgemont section."

Mr. Chalders chuckled. "There's only one way to find out," he said, "and that's to go around and look. I have only one suggestion, Prilla. When you make your inquiries, say that the house is for your father. That will sound better, for after all you are rather well known in town, and it will also have the advantage of being strictly true. When you have found a place you like let me know and I'll arrange about the rent for our triangular house-party month."

The boy spoke up. "There's only one difficulty," he said, "about furniture. If Prilla and I were really getting a house for ourselves we'd get an unfurnished house. I've got enough saved up to furnish a place, as long as we stick to simple things. What I'd sort of like to do is to go ahead and get the stuff—"

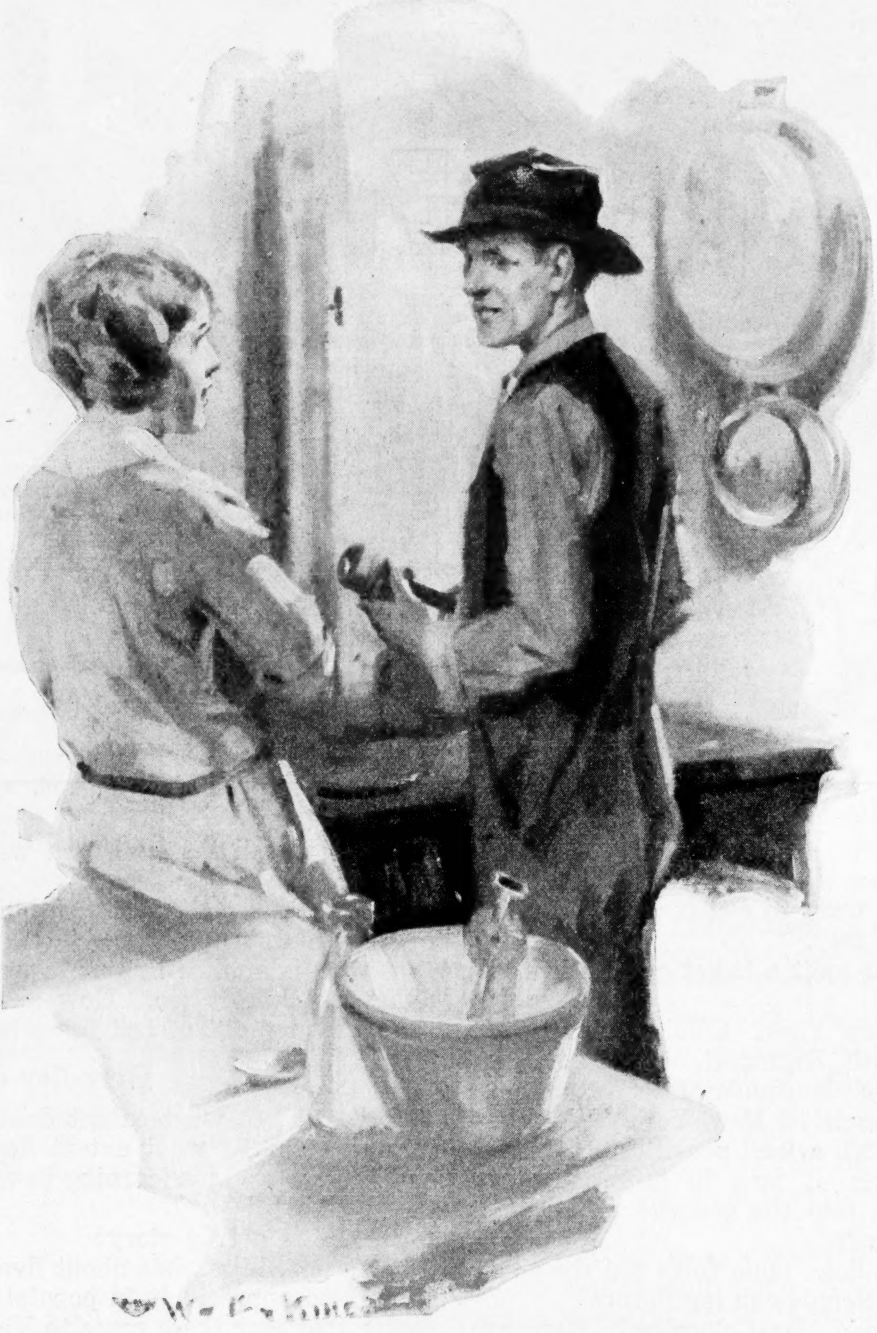
The older man lifted his head. "Not a bit of it, my boy. This is my experiment, not yours. I'll see that the house is furnished and adequately equipped. Then, if the experiment should prove what you and Prilla might term a success, I'll arrange to turn the equipment over to you.

"My plan is this: You go ahead and choose and equip your house. When that's done—if you can find a house and if you still want to proceed—I'll advance to you, in cash, the sum of Charlie's monthly earnings. At sixty a week this comes to about two hundred and seventy dollars. From this I shall deduct the amount paid for rent—and to the remainder I shall add a reasonable sum to cover the actual cost of my own board while I am living with you. Five dollars a week, I think, should carry me. You will therefore be given, say, two hundred and thirty-five dollars—and on that money you will undertake to run your house, save out a reasonable amount to cover clothing for both of you, to cover entertainment and amusement, doctors' bills, incidentals and the hundred and one other expenses of a going household. Do you accept that as a fair proposition, Priscilla?"

"It sounds fair to me," said the girl.

"I'd accept anything to get Priscilla," stated Charlie Hale. "That may sound like melodrama, but it's the truest thing I ever said." Suddenly he smiled. "The idea seems mighty good," he added, "but for some reason I have a feeling that there's a catch in it somewhere."

"There is," Silas Chalders assured him blandly. "There's exactly the same catch that you'd find in marriage. The catch is that one dollar won't buy five dollars' worth of anything on earth."



"Don't ask no questions," said the plumber. "Just use your bean"

IT TOOK Priscilla almost a week to find the house. There seemed to be nothing for sixty or less; nothing, that is, with a workable kitchen and two bedrooms and a halfway modern bath. So at last, almost in desperation, Priscilla decided upon one place that could be got for seventy-five. It was not an attractive house to look at, for it was painted brown; and it was square and high and close to the street. But inside it was, as she told herself, rather cute. It had a living-room with a tiny fireplace. It had a kitchen painted white. Upstairs it had two bedrooms, a sort of sewing or storage room and a diminutive bathroom; all of them fairly presentable.

She took Charlie there first. "Could we live here?" she asked, almost breathlessly.

"You bet we can."

Silas Chalders had only one comment to make.

"At any event," he observed, "you're starting out just as if you were a real married couple."

"How's that?" asked Charlie.

"By paying more than you planned to, and more than you ought to, for rent. Do you want this place, you two?"

"Oh, yes!"

"All right, then. Get some furniture in here and all the equipment you need. Don't forget coal, Charlie, and a coal shovel. It's spring now, but it's still early spring. You'll need a furnace for a month yet. I for one don't intend to live in a chilly house."

"But, Dad," asked Priscilla, "will the coal have to come out of my money too?"

Her father looked at her. "Naturally," he said. "Did you think the angels brought coal to people? Who is it that I have to see about the rent?"

Priscilla told him, adding, "Fix it so we can really keep the place if your predictions don't work out true, Dad."

"I'll fix it," the older man promised.

HE DID, exactly that. At first the landlord was inclined to be stiffish and hostile, as landlords so frequently seem to feel they must be. But at the end of five minutes Mr. Cohen was laughing, emitting loud guffaws and slapping his knee. He rehearsed the several items which Mr. Chalders had enumerated.

"First," said Mr. Cohen, "you want the roof to leak. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Silas Chalders. "Into the north bedroom and into the kitchen. Mr. Hale and I, you see, will occupy the south bedroom together. Will you tell the man to fix it, please, so the leak comes directly over my daughter's bed?"

"Oi, what an idea!" chuckled Mr. Cohen. "Sure I will. Trust me, Mr. Chalmers. And next—let me see—you want the plumbing put on the bum. Is that it?"

"No, not entirely, Mr. Cohen. Just so the bathroom won't work very well and so there'll be a leak in the cellar. Your man can arrange the cellar leak when he comes in to fix the bathroom. In addition, perhaps," Priscilla's father was holding his finger tips one to another, as he did when he was making plans, "in addition, I think the hot water should be out of order. Hot water seems to get out of order quite readily. Would that be a difficult procedure?"

"Gracious, no," said the landlord. "Easiest thing on earth. Say—I wish all my tenants had your ideas, Mr. Chalmers."

"Chalders," the other corrected.

"Excuse me. I ain't good on names. What else was it you wanted jammed up? Oh, yes—the furnace! Can't do much with that except stuff up the smoke pipe. But that'll help. How about the stove, Mr. Chalmers? Want that fixed up, too?"

"Not on your life, man. Leave the kitchen range alone. Remember, I may be able to stand freezing to death, but there's one thing I insist on. I intend to eat."

BY THE end of the week a half-dozen vans and delivery wagons had backed up to the square brown house. One by one Priscilla had welcomed them. But when the last man had clumped his way over the threshold Priscilla was no longer in a welcoming mood. Her house, the tiny, neat little house which she had thought so cute, seemed suddenly the most hopeless place she had ever been in in all her life.

From floor to ceiling every room was stacked with an ungainly assortment of crated and burlapped furniture. A great fat roll of a monstrosity, wrapped in heavy paper and bound with cord, suddenly uncoiled itself all over the room into a mattress. To Priscilla mattresses had always seemed obedient and peaceful things; one lay upon them and they complained not. But this mattress, apparently, nervous because of its recent treatment, tried to do everything but bite her. It flopped, it curled and uncurled, it wrenched itself out of her arms, it glued itself to the floor, to a crate of cooking utensils, to the side wall, to the living-room doorway. Finally Priscilla stamped upon it. After that she sat down and cried.

She was mopping her eyes hastily when Charlie Hale rang the doorbell. He said: "Well, dear, how's the old place getting along?" Then he gave one look about him and said, "Oh, my Lord!" Then he whipped off his coat, seized hold of the largest crate and asked where it went.

"I need a hammer," he observed presently and raced out to the corner store to get it. After that he needed, in turn, a screw driver, a chisel, a broom, a dustpan and a monkey-wrench. He went out, one trip for each, and got them. Upon his return from his fifth excursion he stopped suddenly just inside the doorway, looked about him and whistled in sudden appreciation. Then he strode into the kitchen, where he heard noises.

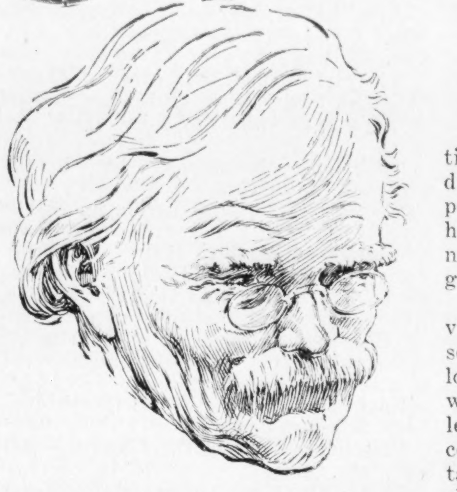
"You little peach!" he commented. "Why, you've got the front room all straightened up. It looks half-way human. How on earth did you ever do it?"

Priscilla faced him, laughing. "I'm darned if I know," she said. "I've just —hustled, that's all. I'm trying to get this blooming old kitchen straightened out now. I ordered a lot of food this morning, and I intend to cook dinner here to-night—some sort of a dinner —if it's my last living act. Look upstairs, Charlie—the bedrooms are half-way fixed, too. There's only one satis-

(*Continued on page 30*)

Turning over a LOOSE LEAF

What would become of marriage, asks Uncle Henry, if we kept our New Year's resolutions



"WELL, I've got my New Year's resolution all picked out," briskly exclaimed Mr. Stubbs. "I'm goin' to quit smokin'. Yessir! No more tobacco in any form. Better swear off with me."

"I'd love to," said Uncle Henry wistfully. "But a married man isn't exactly a free agent, 'Lonzo, an' it would only mean trouble with my wife. She claims that matrimony is hard enough as it is without havin' the strain added to by a husband's moral spasms.

"It was all of twenty years ago that I swore off smokin', an' we came closer to assault an' battery than any time since I stopped bringin' friends home to dinner without telephonin'. Ever since then she watches me like a hawk, an' if a New Year's eve finds me showin' signs of wantin' to lead a nobler an' better life, she puts me to bed an' sends mounted couriers for castor oil.

"It wasn't so bad the first day. I was warm an' comfortable with the glow that comes from conscious virtue, an' attemptin' to convert my friends also kept me occupied an' happy. What could anyone possibly see in such a dirty, stupid habit? Didn't they know that if you put three drops of nicotine on the tongue of a dog that it would kill the dog? Look at what it had done for *me* already—keener appetite, doubled lung capacity, better color, thicker an' more lustrous hair, improved knee action, steadied nerves, keener vision, an' a noticeable gain in weight.

"There's nothin' like the first day after a New Year's resolution, so rich in joy, excitement an' self-approval. The next day isn't so good. For one thing, you don't have any friends to brag to—that is, unless you stalk 'em with the cunnin' of an Indian. For another thing, you'll be surprised to notice a sudden an' amazin' increase in the vigor of your critical faculties.

"The second mornin' after givin' up tobacco—puttin' the noxious weed out of my life for all time—I was sittin' there at the breakfast table, wonderin' what gave everything such a mean taste, when, without warnin', the awfulness of my children's manners burst upon me with all the force of a blow. Naturally an' logically, I ventured the remark that if their mother would spend a little more time at home perhaps her offspring might be able to indulge in food less aggressively an' also less audibly.

"An' what did she mean by lettin' that dog stay in the dinin'-room? Was this a home of culture an' refinement or a mountain cabin? An' how many times did she have to be told that you didn't want anybody to touch your paper? Since it was the one wish that I had ever dared express, surely it was not too much to expect that it might be gratified.

"All day that cold, clear, critical vision stayed with me, enablin' me to see all sorts of faults I'd been overlookin', an' at home that night my eye was that of an eagle. Defects fairly leaped at me from every side. How could *any* woman with *any* pretense to taste pick out such a parlor rug or choose such a wall paper? An' with Grand Rapids doublin' its output every day, how was it possible for a wife to keep from gettin' *one* comfortable chair?

An Easy Way to Virtue

"ABOUT the third or fourth evenin' my wife came up to me, an', while her voice was low an' calm, there was a certain light in her eyes that made me aware of the existence of banked fires. She admitted quite frankly that smokin' was a dirty, stupid habit, an' said right out that she had no idea of denyin' that three drops of nicotine, put on the tongue of a dog, would kill the dog. Nor did she want me to understand that she was questionin' the many splendid benefits that had accrued to me in three short days.

"'But none of it matters,' she cried, growin' kind of hysterical, 'I don't care if it kills a million dogs! You're goin' to smoke right *now!* Take *that*,' she said, jammin' a cigar, a pipe, an' a cigarette in my mouth all at the same time. 'An' *light* 'em, or I'll *murder* you.'

"That was my last experience with New Year's resolutions, 'Lonzo. Of course, I could quit smokin' if I wanted to, for I guess I'm the boss in my home, but as long as I know it, what's the use of provin' it? Anyway, it's jes' as well for a man to keep a few bad habits, for how else can he expect to keep tab on his moral stamina? Take me an' my cigars, for instance. Every time I light up I say to myself, 'This is a silly thing for a grown man to be doin'. Expensive, filthy, an' bad for the health. I'm goin' to cut it out one of these days.'

"Right away I get a feelin' of strength an' rectitude. It shows that the old moral fiber hasn't been sapped—that I'm still able to distinguish between right an' wrong, an' make lightnin'-like decisions between the good an' bad. An' mark you, 'Lonzo, all the time I'm still havin' my cigars.

"Honest, I don't know what would become of us if these here New Year's resolutions ever took effect. Think of the changes it would work in our social life, for instance, if the people that made 'em really kept 'em. Tongues would molder from sheer disuse, our ears would atrophy, an' we'd have to go back to the silent, solitary existence of cave days, for bad habits furnish men and women with fully ninety per cent of their small talk.

"Go to any modern merrymakin', an' if conversation does manage to raise itself above the graphophone, mechanical piano, an' radio, what is it that you always hear? After such conventional leads as 'I certainly don't see how she can dress like that on her husband's salary,' an' 'I wonder what her mother's thinkin' of to let her run around that way,' loud-voiced wits take control of the talk, an' there's a steady stream of anecdotes connected with Wild Nights on the Moors, Buns, Stews, Lamp Posts, an' Policemen.

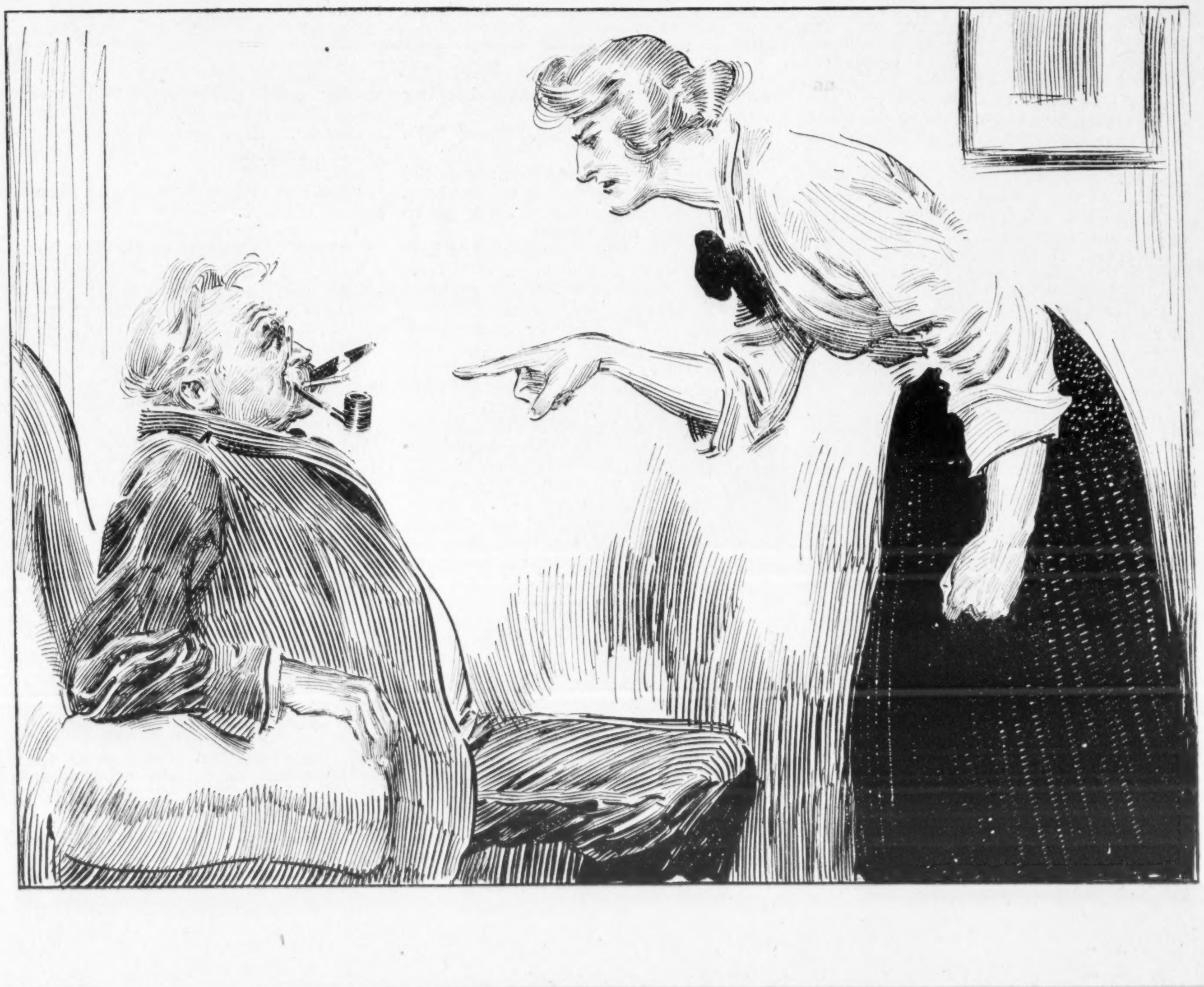
The Last Word in Humor

"I'VE been goin' to parties a good many years now, 'Lonzo, an' I don't remember anybody ever holdin' the center of the floor with a story of his adventures at a candy pull or Epworth League meetin'. It's a queer thing, but people still insist in regardin' drunkenness as the last word in exquisite humor.

"An' what would become of marriage if bad habits were done away with? How can a girl be expected to work up any emotional excitement over a man who's never been near the gutter, much less in it? What impression can a man expect to make on a girl if he can't give an effect of bein' in the grip of dissipations that will drag him to ruin unless a pure woman's love reaches out an' rescues him?"

"I don't care," said Mr. Stubbs. "I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf."

"If you want to keep your social standin'," said Uncle Henry, "make sure it's a loose leaf."



"I don't care if it kills a million dogs," she cried. "Light 'em, or I'll murder you"

Minus Romance

Continued from page 28

faction I can get to-day—and that's to spoil the laugh I know Dad's counting on. Well, he can't laugh now. Listen—there's his key in the door."

Silas Chalders came in genially, asking if there might be any way in which he could help.

"Take off your coat," said Charlie Hale, smiling broadly, "and then unpack this barrel of kitchen stuff. I've got to chase upstairs to put up some hooks. My! You ought to have seen this place two hours ago."

"I could picture it," muttered Mr. Chalders. "That's why I delayed my arrival."

Said Priscilla, wiping her hands upon a grimy apron: "Come across with your board money, Dad. You start eating here to-night."

NOW scrambled eggs and bacon, with toast and coffee, are fairly simple to prepare. And no better meal has yet been devised for the one who possesses the wholesome hunger that comes from working with one's hands. Priscilla, who had learned the trick at camp, scrambled eight eggs, fried a panful of bacon, made a batch of toast and a big pot of coffee. Silas Chalders said nothing, but he asked for a second helping.

"To-morrow I intend to begin digging into a cook book," the girl announced proudly. "Why, cooking is a cinch!" Presently she smiled and said, "Now, Dad, let's tackle your *bête noir*. Here's where I wash the dishes. Just watch me."

She ran into the kitchen and turned on the hot water. After a moment she put her hand under the tap. Then, her brows puckering, she held it there. Slowly her expression began to change.

"It ought to be hot," she said.

"Isn't it?" her father inquired blandly.

"No, it's not. It's as cold as ice." She turned on the other faucet hastily. "Oh, gosh," she said, "they're both cold. I thought I might have been mixed." She faced the two men helplessly. "Come here and see what's the matter with it, Charlie," she entreated.

He went, traced the pipes from the faucet to the boiler, from the boiler to the range, traced them back again. "Don't know," he said finally. "I guess we'll have to get a plumber."

"But we can't get a plumber till to-morrow. How on earth are we going to wash the dishes in ice-cold water?" Priscilla turned sharply at a muffled chuckle from her father. "We'll wash 'em just the same," she said determinedly. And for the better part of a clammy hour she and Charlie did.

"The landlord will send a plumber," said Mr. Chalders after they had hung up the last sopping dish-towel. "It's his business, you know, to keep the place in reasonable repair. Just telephone him in the morning."

"I certainly will," said Priscilla with dignity. They walked out to the living-room and she sat down. "I'm tired, all right," she confessed. "I'll admit that much, Dad. It sure is good to relax, isn't it?" She hesitated perceptibly, then added: "Only I think it's a little chilly, Charlie. Is the furnace going all right?"

"Surest thing you know."

She put out her hand. "But there's no heat coming up," she insisted.

Charlie Hale straightened to his feet, and without a word stalked to the cellar door. There he lit a match and went down into the darkness. But he did not stay there. They heard him cough, heard him make one loud remark that was not flattering to the furnace. Then he came stumbling and spluttering up the wooden stairs.

"It's out," he informed them, rubbing his eyes. "Or I guess it's out. I couldn't see on account of the smoke. Say—we're getting our share of troubles, all right. What's the matter with this house, anyway?"

Said Silas Chalders, smiling: "It's no different from any other house, Charlie. Housekeeping, as I think I told you, is no bed of roses."

Said the boy darkly: "You told us right enough. You don't need to fret about that. By the way, Prilla—is there any firewood? We can warm up that way."

"I—I guess we forgot about firewood," she acknowledged.

"Well," he said curtly, "there's coal and kindling anyway." He brought in a load of each, knelt before the hearth, built a neat pile of small sticks, put coal on top, and lighted it. The paper blazed; so momentarily did the kindling. Then the fire died. Charlie brought more wood, tried again, only to have the process repeat itself.

"Isn't coal supposed to burn?" he demanded.

"Are you asking me?" Mr. Chalders inquired.

"Yes—you or Prilla or anybody who can tell me. Why won't the darned coal burn?"

"Because it's anthracite," the older man informed him. "The only place you can burn that is in a grate, with a draft."

"Why didn't you say so then?"

"Because I thought you and Prilla wanted to work out this housekeeping business for yourselves."

The boy stared at him. Then, "We do," he said.

"Let's all turn in," the girl suggested at this point. "I'm going to, anyhow. I don't mind saying that I could go to sleep standing up to-night."

"An amiable idea," said her father. "I'm tired too, and I have no doubt Charlie is. You run up first, daughter, and we'll follow after a little."

Priscilla ran up. They could hear her bustling about, setting the bedrooms in order, tidying something here, rearranging something there. Then, abruptly, they heard her call out—a cry of fright and sudden alarm. The two men bolted up the stairs, found the girl at the bathroom washbasin vainly stuffing a towel into what looked like the mouth of a small geyser. A squirt of water was spattering the mirror. Another outlaw jet was spraying the wall.

"It came off," she shouted over her shoulder. "The whole faucet came off. Oh, look out!" The towel slipped. A spout shot up and shattered itself against the ceiling.

"Here!" commanded Charlie Hale in a businesslike voice. "You're getting all wet. Let me get at that. Oh, yes—here's the faucet." He stooped to the floor and rescued it. "Now let me see if I can't screw it back on."

He found, as many men have found before him, that the job could not be done. In a spray of water he pushed and twisted, fought with the faucet and tried to hold it in place against the pressure. He did not give up until he and Priscilla and the entire room were mutually drenched. Then he shook the water from his eyes, fumbled for the soggy towel, ordered Priscilla to hold it over the pipe by main strength, and rushed down into the cellar. After fifteen minutes he came slowly upstairs again, his face and clothing smeared with wet, black grime.

"All right now," he announced dispiritedly. "The water's turned off. I found the handle, at last. It's in the back of the coal bin. Nice convenient spot. Good gracious, this place looks like the Great Dismal Swamp."

Priscilla surveyed the dripping room. Then she looked down at her own sopping clothes. In her eyes shone anguish, but she did not let her features change expression.

"For the first twelve hours," she observed lightly, "this looks to me like a pretty good day's work. I wonder what other tricks this house is going to show us. Stop grinning, Dad—you, all dry there in the doorway. Stop it, I say."

"Let him grin if he gets any pleasure out of it," said Charlie Hale savagely.

ABOUT the middle of the next morning, in answer to Priscilla's telephone call, the plumber came. In the manner of plumbers he entered with a surgeon's air of abstraction, of detachment from things mundane.

"You just go on about your business, little lady," he said. "Don't you worry about me. I know this house. I'll fix everythin' up. Anyway, Mr. Cohen, the landlord, told me just what to do." This was strictly the truth. The plumber had been given his orders.

He adjusted the hot-water system so it would work. Since he had previously adjusted it so it would not work, he knew exactly how to proceed. Priscilla was astonished at the short time it took. He tightened the bathroom faucets so they would not twist off again. He descended into the cellar and secretly removed a large wad of metallic wool from the furnace smokepipe. But, then, though he should have been finished with his task, he did not seem to be. He investigated certain pipes in the cellar, and applied a wrench to them. He hammered a little. Then to Priscilla's puzzlement, he withdrew to the loftiness of the attic.

"What's wrong up there?" Priscilla called up after him.

"Nothing, lady. Only Mr. Cohen wanted me to look at one of the drains." Priscilla, unfortunately, was not aware that an attic normally contains no drains. Presently the plumber came down. He was a young man, ruddy of face and with competent eyes and hands. He stared at Priscilla quite frankly. Then he said:

"Maybe I don't get this quite straight. Cohen said somethin', but what's the idea? Your father-in-law livin' with you—is that it?"

The girl flushed. "Oh, no!" she said. "I—well, I wish he was. It's my father. It's just an idea of his. You see, Mr.—"

"O'Brien's the name," put in the plumber gallantly.

"Well, you see, Mr. O'Brien, my father didn't think I could economize very well, and when Mr. Hale—that's my fiancé—when he and I became engaged, my father said that if we could live for a month as we'd have to live on Charlie's salary—oh, gosh, I'm all mixed up! But what I mean is, this is a sort of test—that's all."

Said Mr. O'Brien: "How much does your feller make?"

Priscilla hesitated, then laughed and gave the figure.

"Well, ain't that enough?" demanded Mr. O'Brien with indignation. "Me—I drag down a shade better than that, but gee—sixty a week's enough for anybody."

"That's just what I've told Father," said Priscilla with triumph.

"Sure it is," avowed the plumber, and repeated that it was enough for anybody. Then he hesitated, scratched his head, started to say something, apparently thought better of it, mumbled hastily, "Well, good luck, little lady," picked up his tools and took his departure. As he went out of the door Priscilla saw him shaking his head.

THE girl met Charlie Hale that evening with the happy announcement that the hot water worked and that the furnace was fixed. "Thank goodness!" breathed the boy and went down into the cellar to shake the fire. At the foot of the stairs he stepped off into six inches of unexpected water. He jumped back, said a word that was expressive rather than polite.

"What's wrong?" asked Priscilla opening the door.

Charlie Hale looked up over his shoulder.

"Wrong?" he inquired. "Where did you get the idea, Prilla, that anything was wrong? Nothing's wrong at all. If you'll just come down here for a minute—only watch your step—I'll show you one of the prettiest inland seas I ever laid eyes on—I mean, waded in. Do you think the landlord furnishes rubber boots, Prilla, old thing? We need them—or else a raft. Look at it." He caught her hand. "Doesn't it glisten sweetly in the twilight?"

Said the girl: "Do you think it's another leak?"

"Do I think?" said Charlie Hale. "If it isn't a leak it's simply a miracle. Or perhaps it's better than that. Perhaps we've struck oil, or ice cream soda. The only trouble is, it feels a lot like water. Wet, you know." He shook his right foot gingerly. "Yes, very wet. Ah, listen, my partner in adversity! Do you hear it trickling?"

"I do," said Priscilla. She pointed into the darkness. "Over there."

"Over there is correct," stated the boy. "Fine title for a song, Prilla—one of those screamingly funny parodies: 'And we won't have heat till it's over Over There.' Just watch your father grin when he hears the news."

"Don't let him hear it," the girl suggested.

"Big idea," said he soberly. "That'll be the first point we've scored."

Next morning the plumber was sent for again. The cellar by this time was two feet deep in water. Mr. O'Brien was irritated.

"Fine trick to play on a young couple!" he muttered under his breath.

"What's that?" asked Priscilla.

"Nothin'. I was just talkin' to meself. Say, little lady," his eyes brightened, "I just thought of somethin'. You run upstairs a minute, will you? I

They're Glad to Be in Hot Water

EVER since the first man peeked fearfully down into the caldron of the first volcano and shuddered at its heat it has been a forward-looking dream to harness this power. Some do it.

There is a super-heated, 230-degree spring at Vale, Ore., that could steam locomotives for even crack trains like the Empire State Express. Boise, Ida., is largely heated by natural hot water; in snowy weather one may follow the buried hot-water pipes dry-shod all over town, into thousands of homes. The Idaho mountain town of Mackay has two water supplies: a cold spring for summer use, and a piping-hot, non-freezing spring to hitch on for winter.

At Klamath Falls, Ore., almost within gunshot of where Captain Jack and his Modocs did such terrible things to the American Army, hot springs heat the houses on one of the fine residential hills. The hot water is individual property, like soil fertility or trees; each householder has his own hot well, and he never needs a fire except for cooking. One man came within an ace of being scalded to death in his own natural stoke hole. Ash hoists are unknown on this hill.

The obliging owner of a hot spring near Corral, Ida., has built a scalding stage over the spring, where he invites his neighbors to scald their hogs for winter butchering. They come for miles. Another hot spring on a farm near Bliss, Ida., uses the water for incubator and greenhouse heat. With hot-water-grown lettuce for green feed and thousands of free jackrabbits for protein diet—one great side-hunt in their county a few years ago brought in 97,000 rabbit scalps—they have the makings for a banner poultry farm when eggs are at their highest.

Even more ambitious plans are proposed. At Healdsburg, Cal., wells are being drilled in the geyser formation with the idea of using geyser steam to generate electric power. And one great scientist proposes a $200,000,000 twelve-mile shaft toward the center of the earth, which will tap heat and power to run a continent. CHARLES J. LISLE.

want to look at this here kitchen stove."

"But why must I go upstairs?"

"Please don't ask me no questions, miss. You just leave it to me. I says to the missus this very morning, I says —Eddie O'Brien can be pushed just so far. That's what I says."

Priscilla peered uncomprehendingly into his smiling face.

He said: "Don't ask no questions. Only, you just think it over. Use your bean. Is there anything at all in this here house that hasn't gone on the bum in the last couple of days?"

"Yes," said Priscilla. "The kitchen stove."

"Well, little lady—you just use your dome for a minute—does that mean anythin' to you at all? Everything but the kitchen stove?"

She shook her head.

"Your old man likes his meals regular, don't he?" Mr. O'Brien suggested with patience. "If something had to get out of order, would he like it to be the range, which delivers him his swell hot chow?"

A light flickered into Priscilla's eyes. "Can you do something to the stove?" she demanded quickly. "Something so it won't work?"

"Don't ask me," said Mr. O'Brien, too solemnly. "You just slide along upstairs."

"Why, you old peach!" she said and went. Presently she heard him plodding up after her. He gave her a significant look.

"Now don't you dast follow me up into the garret," he warned. "Except there's nothin' to prevent you. Got me, little lady?"

"I get you," said Priscilla and followed him.

Mr. O'Brien climbed to the attic and proceeded to a point in the floor that was directly over Priscilla's bedroom. Here upon the boards lay a scattering of sawdust. He looked up at the roof over his head. Then he nodded sagely, turning to see whether or not the girl was observing him. She was.

"My job's done now," he informed her guardedly. "All I got to say is, if you ever want to plug anything up, miss, a good-sized cork will do the trick, for a little while anyways. You get it at the drug store. Smear it, maybe, with some shellac. And if you should want to make any alterations—I mean, you know—if there was a hole in the roof, which looked as if it had been put there a-purpose, and if you didn't like it where it was, but wanted it somewhere else—over somebody's bed, maybe—a brace and bit will do the job neat."

"What's a brace and bit?" she asked.

"An auger. It bores holes. Big holes that'll let rain in. Say, come to think of it, I got a brace and bit. Maybe I could leave it downstairs, careless like."

Said Priscilla, her eyes narrowing, "At last I think I'm beginning to get the hang of this."

"More power to you," quoth Mr. O'Brien. "You'll excuse me now, won't you, little lady? And remember, I never said a thing."

CHARLIE HALE and Silas Chalders entered the house together that evening. They found it a murk of choking smoke. The boy scowled; this experiment in housekeeping was not, so it seemed, an unqualified success. But the older man smiled knowingly. Mr. Cohen, the landlord, he reflected, was doing his part with sublime perfection. It would only be a few days, now, before these children had had enough.

Priscilla came out to them gasping, her cheeks smudged with soot. "It's the stove," she announced, "the kitchen range. It's a perfect mess. The darned thing won't burn."

"The stove?" Her father drew back in complete and genuine astonishment. "I don't see how anything can be the matter with the stove. It worked this morning."

"Maybe there can't be," the girl admitted dryly, "but just the same there is. It keeps going out. I can't cook a thing."

Silas Chalders gulped. Each evening, these many years past, he had had his dinner—a well-served dinner too—and had it on the dot. He disliked cold things to eat. He disliked them intensely. But he forced a slow smile. He suggested that perhaps Charlie could fix the thing.

Charlie could not, and so reported.

"Let's dine out," the older man suggested. "I'll blow you."

"No," said Priscilla. "We've agreed to try this for a month, and we're going to—all of us. Otherwise it wouldn't be a fair test. The only trouble is, we'll have to have a cold breakfast, too, Dad. Can you stand it?"

They dined upon cold cereal and milk, with bread and butter as a side dish. Priscilla and the boy ate avidly. The girl's father shuddered, but finished his portion. Then said Priscilla: "Charlie and I think we'll go to the movies, Dad. Want to come?"

"No. If I have to stay in this place, I might as well improve my time by reading. By the way, children," the first smile of the evening crossing his face, "when I came in it looked very much like rain. Better take an umbrella, Prilla."

"Oh, no! I love the rain, Dad."

Her father laughed quietly. If it only would rain, that would be the final straw. Never in her life had Priscilla had the experience of being under a leaky roof. He went to the window and smiled widely. It was raining already.

It was eleven o'clock when they returned. They came in noisily, boisterously. Again Silas Chalders smiled. When at length Priscilla suggested going to bed he beamed. He had listened at the foot of the stairs, and to his ears had come the sound of a welcome drip-drip-drip.

The two men went upstairs together. As they entered their bedroom Mr. Chalders paused. He did not want to miss Priscilla's first gasp of dismay.

"It must be raining hard out," he observed maliciously. "That's good. We need rain." Then casually he turned on the electric light in his room. Then he stared.

From a damp and soggy spot in the ceiling directly above his bed a thin stream of water was trickling gently. It was trickling and splashing in the very center of his neat white coverlet.

Charlie Hale said, "Oh, isn't that a shame, Mr. Chalders?" But the older man said not a word. Instead he looked at the ceiling, at the bed, at the thin trickle of water which united the two. He set his lips together; that was all.

"Oh, Prilla!" called out the boy, and she came to the door.

"It doesn't seem to be leaking anywhere else," she reported after a moment's investigation of the other rooms. "It's too bad, Dad, but we can move your bed."

"You can do no such thing," snapped her father. "I wouldn't sleep on top of that soaking mattress for anything on earth. Priscilla, pack your bag, and you and I will go to a hotel."

"No," said the girl.

"Yes," said her father.

"How about it Charlie?" she asked. "Isn't Dad quitting on his agreement." Her eyes flickered suddenly. "Suppose it was my bed?" she asked mischievously. "Just suppose, for the fun of it, that the leak was in my room instead of in yours. You'd tell me it was good for me, wouldn't you? You'd tell me it was life. You'd tell me to make the best of it. Well, I'm telling you the same thing."

Her father's jaw sagged slightly as he peered into her eyes.

"Oh, come on, Prilla," he wheedled. "We don't have to stick to the letter, do we? After all, doesn't this prove to you how impossible it is to live in a cheap house, in a cheap way? You don't really like it."

"But I do, Dad—with the leaks and the smoke and the cooking and the dishwashing and everything. And I'm going to keep on liking it. And I'll tell you why, Dad—because it's real."

Her father set his lips. "Prilla," he said, "you've got to leave this house to-night. You can come back to-morrow if you like." He looked at his bed helplessly. "I insist, Priscilla. I will not and shall not sleep in that swamp."

Suddenly her eyes twinkled. "You don't have to, Dad," she said.

"You mean you'll call this off and go to a hotel with me?"

She nodded brightly. "I'm willing to let you off from your agreement, Dad, on one simple condition. That is, that you'll admit you're licked."

He drew himself up. "I refuse to admit that, Priscilla."

"Then take your own medicine and sleep in that bed."

THE ghost of a smile crept into the older man's eyes and spread slowly across his face. "Did you make that leak, Prilla?" he sternly demanded.

"After I'd plugged up the other leak," she admitted demurely.

He stared at her. Then, "What are your terms?" he asked.

"You know our terms, Dad—you old dear. Our terms are that Charlie and I get married with your consent to-morrow noon."

"Not to-morrow noon, daughter! Don't you think a few weeks—?"

"Dad, this rent is costing us two dollars and a half a day." She said it in deadly seriousness.

"But, honey, do you really mean you want to keep on living in this old rattletrap of a house?"

"Until Charlie and I can afford a better one. Besides, you've shown us all its worst tricks. I'll give you that much credit, Dad. After this, anything that happens will be—why, just a joke."

"That was one of my ideas," said Silas Chalders gruffly. He began to chuckle softly. "I guess I've started you two up the grade, all right. Very well, Prilla. Go pack your bag. Come here, Charlie, you scamp, and shake my hand."

Said the girl impishly: "There's just one thing, Dad. I wouldn't feel right if I wasn't honest with you now, before it's too late. Frankly, I don't like to wash dishes." She held his eyes evenly.

"Well, then—"

Priscilla danced over to her father and threw her arms about his neck. "Oh, you dear old goose!" she caroled. "What do you think I care as long as Charlie comes home every night to help me dry them?"

The No Girl

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chief seems to have left us in charge of the office, and we'd better begin by going into conference. That seems to be the way it's done."

"I suppose Mr. Tremaine and Mr. Harris feel as if they're being left in charge too," she suggested as they waited for the elevator.

"They may think so," Stanley conceded, "but you know, Janet, as well as I do, that they're only glorified department heads. Harris takes care of the enterprises that make Callender's money, as the lesser light rules the night, and Tremaine runs the institutions that spend it, as the greater light rules the day." (Unfortunately this was a quotation from Miss Evans, the acid cashier, and Janet knew it.) "But you and I are the only ones that are right inside where the big decisions are made."

"He talks things over with Harris and Tremaine."

"He talks things over at them," Stanley corrected, "and they're wise enough to listen and nod the head. I must say they play their hands pretty well, both of them. Harris is nothing but a good conservative estate manager by nature, but he keeps his ears open when Callender talks. Result, Harris is getting rich. Tremaine manages to see that a good deal of the money that's passed out goes to his friends. Result, two grateful universities are going to give him the honorary LL. D. this spring. But you and I really see the wheels go round. And do we like it? I'll say so."

"I suppose we like it," Miss Wick agreed after some hesitation. "But it hasn't been quite like you thought it would be, has it?"

"It's been better. When I first came I was afraid I couldn't hold down a fifteen-thousand-dollar job. But now I know it's only a five-thousand-dollar job that pays fifteen thousand. Anybody could hold it down who had a front, and a manner, and knew how to handle Callender. Luckily I got to it first and I know how to handle Callender."

"Yes," she admitted dully, "you seem to. You've learned a lot from Harris and Tremaine, haven't you?"

"I try to be practical," he protested, "and live in the world as it is. I've learned that methods of production and merchandising are about the same in all businesses—the idealism business too. All offices are alike—you have to play politics if you want to keep your head above water. And it isn't as if Callender wasn't doing some good. Most of his money's merely thrown away, of course. But I've no doubt some of it helps—especially the part that he pays out in salaries. If this is what he wants, we might as well let him have it."

"It's pathetic," said Miss Wick. "He's pathetic."

"Pathetic?" Stanley snorted. "He's cuckoo." Then the business of getting a taxi, in the rush hour on lower Broadway, suspended conversation.

"JANET!" he said suddenly, when they were halfway uptown. "What's the dope on the Rollin concession? Is Callender going to back it?"

"You know as much as I do."

"Then you don't know anything. For all I know, he's still thinking it over."

"I guess he is," said Janet. "Not that I'd tell you, being a good secretary, if I did know anything. But since I don't know anything there's no harm in admitting it."

"Well, if he does," said Stanley with rising excitement, "we're fixed. Rollin hasn't sold me on his idea. It's a great idea—I'll grant him that; a railroad from Constantinople straight through to India with all sorts of concessions along the route. But they'd never put it through even if England and France and Russia let them start. Still it's exactly the sort of thing that would appeal to Callender's megalomania. As he'd say, it takes vision to see it.

"If he does decide to back it, Callender will go out to look over the ground, of course; and then he'll have to come back and leave somebody at Constantinople as resident manager. Nice job, that. Rollin could have it, of course, but if I know Mr. Rollin he'll take his money and clear out—let somebody else find out his great concession won't work. Constant's a great town, Janet. And with Rollin out of the way that job is mine."

"Yours?" There was more surprise than disappointment in her startled cry; but New York would certainly be different without Bob Stanley.

"Ours," he corrected. "Oh, Janet, if I had to go away for two years you'd go with me, wouldn't you?"

"Two years? It would be longer than that."

"No longer," he promised. "Because you can't start real work on the Rollin concession for about two years, and by that time the whole thing would have blown up. But a peach of a job for two years—plenty of money and nothing much to do, and we'd meet all sorts of

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The No Girl

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people so that I could walk out into something just as good whenever Callender woke up.

"That's why I'm for the Rollin concession," he explained. "Rollin has been trying to sell Harris and Tremaine, but there's nothing in it for them so they're waiting to see which way the cat will jump. But I'm on the inside and I make her jump. You'd love Constantinople."

The taxi let them out in front of the restaurant. While he was paying the driver his back was toward her, so he was startled into dropping his change all over the pavement when he turned and saw the look in her eyes.

"Bob Stanley, you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"Why not?"

" If you don't know," Janet sighed, "I couldn't tell you."

"Well," he complained, "what was it you said when you went down to ask Callender for your job? If it's being passed around like that it's a shame not to get some of it. And it is certainly being passed around. Come on, I'm hungry."

"Go on," she said coldly. "I'm going home to cook dinner in the kitchenette—for myself and by myself."

"Don't be a fool," he growled.

"Did you ever hear of a Scotch fool?" asked Miss Wick.

IT WAS a peaceful office with Callender in Washington. The electric tension, the atmosphere as of a revival meeting or a college rally the night before a football game, went away with him. Executives who were used to producing an idea, or the semblance of one, every hour now spent most of the day in going out to lunch and coming back from lunch. The affable and mountainous Mr. Rollin made genial calls, in Callender's absence, on Harris and Stanley and Tremaine, and even took some time to advertise the merits of the Rollin concession to Miss Wick. He was the most persuasive salesman she had ever met; he could have sold real estate or oil stock even to her. But the Rollin concession was just a little too much like a fairy story. It must be, she surmised gloomily, that she had no vision.

Callender came back as happy as a child at the Christmas tree, despite the fact that Mr. Hughes remained unconstructive and Mr. Mellon unconvinced. In Washington, Miss Wick gathered from his jerky allusions to his visit, he had met a certain Mr. Onslow, founder and proprietor of the Own-Your-Own-Government League. It seemed almost as if that might supplant the Rollin concession as the cure for all human ills, until Rollin came in at eleven on Thursday and undertook to direct the lava flow of enthusiasm back into the proper channel.

Fifteen minutes after Rollin had entered Callender's office the buzzer summoned Miss Wick into an atmosphere so tense and highly surcharged that it reminded her of a spiritualistic seance. Rollin was sitting back in the armchair beside Callender's desk, his fat hands resting on his fat knees, his warm, glittering black eyes following Callender as he strode up and down the room with hands clasped behind his back. It seemed to Miss Wick, as she sat down with pen and notebook ready, that each of Callender's swings about the room was shorter than the one before, that he was slowly being drawn back to Rollin by an irresistible magnetism.

"Why did you bring this to me?" he demanded at last, whirling about to face his motionless visitor. "It will need heavy financing. It's a job for Morgan or Kuhn-Loeb."

Rollin lifted his hand; he took on a religious solemnity.

"I came to you, Mr. Callender, because you have the vision. This is no job for bankers who would worry about their percentage. It isn't business—it's statesmanship. The Rollin concession means the linking up of Europe and Asia—the realization of the dream of the ages. Alexander dreamed it and died too soon. Napoleon dreamed it and failed. Now it can be done—by the right man.

"Not by me," the oily voice flowed on with a note of renunciation. "I'm only an engineer. I had the connections with the Turks and Persians and Afghans—I and I alone could get the concession. But to develop it—to open up the country from the Golden Horn to the Ganges—to reawaken a whole continent—that's a job for a man who can do big things in a big way."

Even Miss Wick felt that his voice was enmeshing her, weaving about her a clinging, unbreakable net.

"Mr. Callender, you know I could have sold this to the British Government—or the French—for ten million dollars in cash. It would be cheap at the price. But I'm an American. I want to give this opportunity to America."

Callender seemed to shake himself partly free from the spell.

"That's trivial, Rollin. We must go beyond nationalism."

"I want to give this concession to America," said Rollin in grave reproof, "because only America would develop it in the interest of humanity. I don't want it bought and buried, as the French or British would do. I want it developed—but not for selfish interest. In the spirit of service. Only you, Mr. Callender, have the vision to build for the ages."

Callender looked at the statuette of Napoleon. He whirled about, cold-blue sparks flaming in his eyes.

"Rollin!" Even Miss Wick jumped at his tone. "Rollin, I believe you're right. But—" He faltered, passed a hand over his eyes. "But perhaps I'm too impulsive. I'm going to call a council of war, Rollin—bring in Harris and Stanley and Tremaine and get their opinions. No, no—don't go. They're familiar with the case—they'll give me their answer, yes or no. You can just dictate the outline of the contract to Miss Wick and we can initial it right here—if they see it as I see it."

THEY filed in, the stately Mr. Harris, the evangelical Mr. Tremaine, and Bob Stanley, trying to ape them both and blend the eagerness of the reformer with the poise of a man of great affairs. Callender's eyes swept round the circle, like Napoleon surveying his marshals.

"Well, gentlemen, you all know all about the Rollin concession. I want your frank opinions on it—remembering that we approach this not for profit but in the spirit of service. It isn't business; it's statesmanship. Harris?"

Rollin stopped dictating and fixed his eyes on Callender; Harris' eyes were on Rollin. In the sudden stillness Miss Wick felt the increase of tension, the building up of almost unbearable suspense. All their eyes turned toward Callender.

"Statesmanship," Harris rumbled, "but good business too. Chance for lots of profit. A great venture, Mr. Callender. I'm for it."

"Tremaine?" Tremaine's eyes were searching Callender's face.

"It's the greatest opportunity ever offered a private citizen," he began cautiously. "If it works—you could dictate to every government in Asia."

"I suppose I could," Callender muttered rapidly.

Tremaine's musing frown faded out.

"You could link up Europe and Asia commercially—perhaps, later, culturally—realize the dream of the ages—"

"Alexander's dream," Rollin put in, his smooth voice giving the keynote, like the bell in a religious rite.

"I suppose I might," Callender muttered. "You think so too, Stanley?"

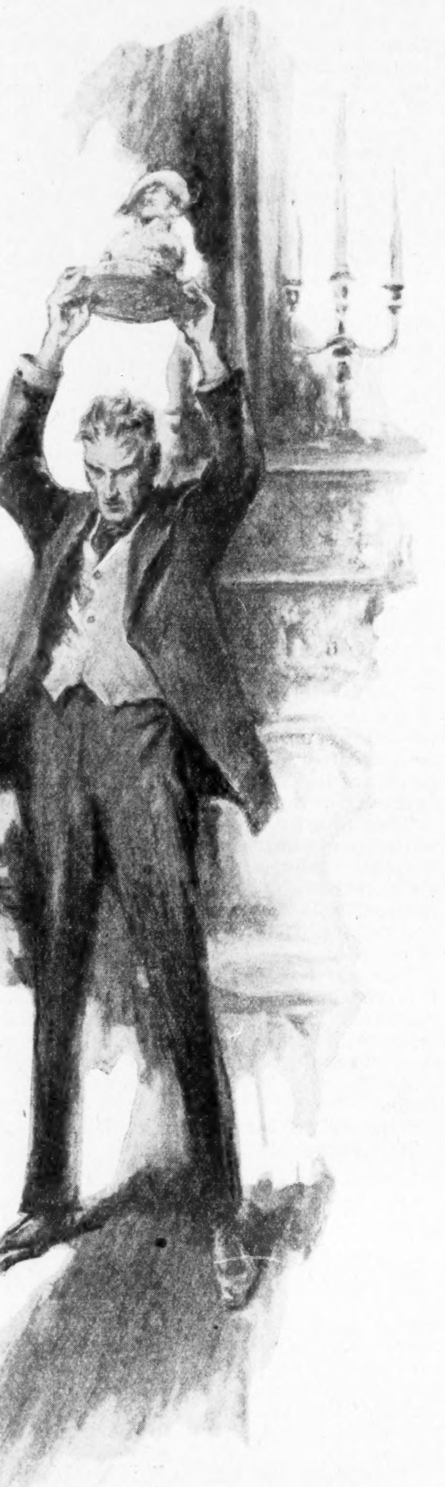
"Not a doubt of it, Mr. Callender. The biggest opportunity you ever had. Only a man with vision could see it, but it means remaking the world!"

Callender's eyes went round the circle. Every face was tense, every eye far-seeing, ecstatic, with the light of religious vision—all but Miss Wick's. Callender shook his head suddenly like a diver coming up out of water. Miss Wick looked more Scotch than ever; he almost laughed.

"What do you think, Miss Wick?" he asked sharply.

"Me?" Her startled amazement yielded to his nod, gave way to a Scotch firmness. "I think it's nonsense."

The tense, expectant gentlemen suddenly fell out of position, like a group breaking up after a photograph. Harris laughed, in jovial deprecation. Tremaine emitted a consecrated groan. Stanley's jaw dropped, in silence; but Rollin hastily got out of his chair and leveled arm and finger at Callender.



Callender snatched off the mantel the statuette of Napoleon and flung it on the floor

"This young lady is hardly an authority on economics, or international politics. Just because she hasn't the vision—"

But the mystic spell had been broken. Callender was again pacing the room.

"Nonsense," he muttered. "Nonsense. Perhaps— After all, a war or a massacre— And any of the governments could revoke the concession—I'll think it over, Rollin, and let you know to-morrow. That's all, gentlemen."

"Callender," Rollin began, "only a man who can do big things in a big way—"

"To-morrow," Callender repeated, in a tone that had never been heard in those offices before. "Oh, Miss Wick, will you wait just a moment?"

"MISS WICK!" The blue sparks from his eyes shot clear through her. Probably she was going to be fired. But she could get fifty a week anywhere. . . .

"Miss Wick, why did you say that?"

"Because it's so." And Callender, curiously, could keep his mind on nothing but the way the wind, coming in through the southward windows, fluttered her coppery hair. "You pay my wages, and when you ask me a question I try to tell you the truth."

"Why did you think that it was nonsense?"

"Why," said Miss Wick impatiently, "the whole thing's an opium dream. Look it over again, yourself. The agreement provided that you and humanity were to wait to cash in on this, but Rollin was to get his two million right now."

"But Harris and Tremaine and Stanley all approved it."

"Because they saw Rollin had sold you," said Miss Wick scornfully. "They're only yes men, all three of them. They find out what you want and let you have it. Bob had a mind of his own before he came here, but he trims like the others now."

"Yes men?" Callender barked at her, then turned away to stride up and down the room.

"Exactly that. That's one reason why this organization of yours has practically pegged gold bricks. We take all that are offered."

"Don't you think we're accomplishing anything?" he demanded fiercely.

"Not much," said Miss Wick.

"Hm!" he muttered. "New point of view, that. I wonder. . . . If I backed the Own-Your-Own-Government League, now—made it really nationwide—organized it in every precinct. . . . Yes men, eh? I suppose they are, in a sense. All right, Miss Wick. You've got a new job. You're the no girl."

"The no girl?" Janet protested.

"Just that. These fellows see what I want and let me have it, eh? Then you're to find out what I want and say no. Don't expect me to take no for an answer—often. But you're to be the devil's advocate. Object to everything. Make me stop and think things over."

"I'm to say no, whether I think no or not?"

"Just that," said Callender. "Because I imagine you think no most of the time."

"I'm afraid I do," Janet admitted. "But somebody has to."

IT WAS hard to believe he meant it, but he did. Harder still to resist his insistence that a double job ought to carry a double salary, but she did. The argument that got him was that he couldn't possibly pay her what the job was worth, since if he ever took her advice she'd save him millions, so he might as well not try. He accepted that, and Janet went back to work with a suspicion that her dismissal had only been postponed. She had lived long enough to learn that nobody likes no girls.

But she was cheerful enough when she came in to take down the day's letters that afternoon. He began with affairs of state:

"His Excellency, the Minister of Finance, Schwalbenstein, Podolia. Dear Doctor Styriatz: I have studied the program for the ensuing fiscal year which you have been kind enough to send me, and am sorry to say that it seems to me far less drastic than it should be. To attain financial stability you must reduce the expense of government, cut down the public payroll, increase your taxes—"

"No," said Miss Wick.

"What's that?" he rasped.

"You told me to say no," she reminded him.

"I didn't tell you to veto my letters," he protested. "Besides, what's the matter with this excellent advice? The people of Podolia are prosperous; the government is bankrupt. I'm telling Styriatz what he ought to do."

"But he won't do it," said Miss Wick. "He can't. If he could, he would have done it years ago. I've handled enough of your European correspondence to know that a government that raises taxes and cuts the payroll will lose its job. Nobody wants to lose his job; so why tell him to?"

"What would you have me tell him?" he asked, rather amused by now.

"Don't tell him anything. Let him find out for himself—then maybe he'll get something done."

His eyes were flashing blue sparks again.

"People won't find out for themselves," he said furiously. "They won't and don't. That's why I've gone in for public service—to do for humanity what it's too stupid to do for itself. Why, if I followed out this idea of yours I might as well shut up this office and go—climb Mount Everest, or something."

"It would be good for you," said Miss Wick. But he was off on another line of thought.

"Everest," he said softly, a distant vision in his eyes. "Above everything. Beyond everything. . . . But my job is here, taking care of people who don't know, who won't see, who have to be guided—"

"They got along before you started," said Miss Wick. "Oh, I know the human race is nothing to be proud of, but still in its awkward way it gets along. It would get along, even if you did close up the office. Nobody would be really out of luck except us people who work here for higher salaries than we could get anywhere else. . . . I know you don't like to hear that, but you hire me to tell you and I'm going to earn my pay."

A long, angry stare that found her gray eyes meeting it, steady and undismayed; then he suddenly laughed.

"Miss Wick, you're an extremely competent secretary and business woman. But you have no vision."

"Not a bit," said Miss Wick cheerfully.

The letter to the finance minister was not sent.

THEN began a period in which many letters were not sent and considerable sums of money were not given away. Janet hadn't realized how wholly Callender and his staff had been committed to vision, idealism and the Everlasting Yea till she found how she upset the office by an occasional no, even though she was generally overruled. Her negatives usually started arguments in which she stood alone against them all, and as struggle followed struggle, day after day, Janet Wick began to be unhappy.

It did her no good to know that many other people were unhappy too, especially the numerous merchandisers of welfare and enlightenment who would have sold their goods to Julian Callender but for the protesting interjection of the no girl. Tremaine and Harris took care that these disappointed persons should know where to put the blame; before the month was out she knew that Tremaine was trying to pry her out of her job and supplant her with a lady who was his cousin, or passed as such. That was an ordinary incident of office politics. She was hurt more deeply by the growing hostility of Bob Stanley.

Two or three times they tried to argue it out, but never managed to speak the same language. She couldn't show him how much he had changed since he began to learn from Harris and Tremaine, nor make him understand that she was only doing the work of checking and delaying Callender's headstrong impulses that he ought to have done. Nor did he find himself able to tell her that he felt that she had maneuvered him out of his place, that she was the real executive assistant and counselor. They could only argue vainly and then part in cold dislike.

Callender was unhappy too. He didn't like to be checked, least of all when reflection told him that he ought to have been checked. Janet presently discovered with alarm that whenever she discouraged him about some new venture she was only turning his thoughts back toward the Own-Your-Own-Government League. Its proprietor, the astute Mr. Onslow, was much about the office and talked of a good citizens' bloc that would control the election, that would be stronger than any party and certainly seemed to need a bigger campaign fund than any party. Tremaine and Stanley said yes, Janet dutifully said no—and while Callender balanced their views an April cold wave brought Miss Wick down with pneumonia.

She recovered slowly, dimly realizing that too much of her nervous strength had been exhausted in those struggles in the office. Both Stanley and Callender had been solicitous. Their worried interest warmed Janet amazingly; but she was chilled again by the discovery that Tremaine's cousin was filling her place. Moreover, the doctor told her that a rest in Bermuda was absolutely imperative. Stanley agreed with him, as she had expected; but when Callender agreed with him too, and packed her off on the next boat, she cried halfway over.

HER hotel room, when she arrived, was filled with flowers. Callender had done that. Miss Wick cabled ungratefully, "Flowers are lovely but prefer news of the office." Instead of news he sent her every morning a fresh armload of roses; and every morning she cabled, "Remember, I say No." But negatives by cable seemed to lose their power; presently she read, in a New York paper three days old, that Callender had taken over the Own-Your-Own-Government League.

Then she would have taken the next boat, but her Bermuda doctor was immovable. So she stayed through the dreariest fortnight of her life, while the stale newspapers were full of Callender's new crusade. He was organizing political clubs in every precinct, indorsing this candidate and condemning that one, spending money with a lavishness that provoked outraged inquiries in Congress if a single private citizen were to be allowed to buy the election. He bestrode America like a Colossus; he was the dominant figure in the whole nation.

To tell the truth, this sudden eminence rather appalled Miss Wick. She wondered if there were after all some special virtue in vision, in doing big things in a big way. But as she read more details of his spacious plans, and visualized exactly how Tremaine and Stanley would feed his ravenous megalomania, her heart sank. She wrote him a long and desperate and rather incoherent letter. He didn't reply.

Then, one morning, when she opened the papers—the stale New York papers, three days old—she got well instantly. Industrious journalists had investigated the workings of the Own-Your-Own-Government League and the history of Mr. Onslow. His record ran from Los Angeles to Moscow, from fake oil stocks to the Third International, and it was bad all the way. There was no longer any danger that Callender and the Own-Your-Own-Government League would control the election. But there was balm in Gilead for Onslow. Callender had put five million dollars into the league and only Onslow could get it out.

Miss Wick took the next boat.

THE steamer docked in the late afternoon; hurry as she might, she didn't reach the office till almost everyone had gone home. But Callender hadn't gone home. She found him at his desk, head in his hands, the red rays of sunset falling on hair that was almost white. He looked up without interest, listless, haggard, slack.

"Why did you come back?"

"Because I'm all well now," said Miss Wick with Scotch practicality, "and I thought it was time to get back on the job."

"Too late," he laughed, weary rather than bitter.

"Why? Have you—have you been indicted, or anything like that?"

"Indicted? No, they won't indict me. I was the victim—the sucker—the fall guy. That's what the papers call me. I'm holding the sack. The joke of the town. Rogers had a whole scene about me in the Follies last night. . . . I'm afraid my career as an organizer of public service is over. I can still give away money—anonymously; but it would kill anything now to have my name connected with it."

"Nonsense," said Janet cheerfully. "Ford lived down the Peace Ship. People forget."

"I won't forget," said Julian Callender, and she began to be afraid that he was really broken. She moved restlessly about the room, aimless, silent.

"I suppose you thought I was crazy," she said presently. "That letter I wrote you."

The slackness went out of his voice as he demanded, "What letter?"

"A long letter—about everything. Ten days ago. Didn't you get it."

His old, hard eagerness had come back.

"No, I didn't get it. I suppose Tremaine's cousin saw to that. . . . Oh, yes, she was in it. She was Tremaine's stool pigeon, just as Tremaine was Onslow's. I've fired them both—not that it helps much."

"No," Janet agreed, "it doesn't help much."

"They played me for a fool, all of them," he went on with rising vehemence. "And they were right. Everybody's laughing at me. I see it, wherever I go. They all laugh, the people I was trying to save—trying to do their work for them, because they couldn't see and wouldn't learn—"

"You can't do people's work for them," said Janet. "You can't save the world single-handed. You've got to let it save itself—help a little, maybe; but if you try to do it for them you do more harm than good—"

"You think I've done harm here?"

"Yes," said Janet. "You put all this money out on the counter where anybody could walk off with it, and it was too much of a temptation. Bob Stanley was honest before he came here—weak and foolish, maybe, but honest. Even Harris wasn't so bad when he started, as he is now. You've pauperized people—financially and morally—who might have stood on their own feet, if they'd had to. And you can't save people against their will, no matter how many millions you put into it. You just can't.

"You've fired Tremaine—that's a good start. Fire all the rest of us. We've got to save ourselves anyway. It's about time you started to save yourself. Fire us all and go away—"

"Where could I go?" he interrupted harshly. "What could I do?"

"Go—" As she searched, a chance phrase of his came back to her. "Go climb Mount Everest."

"Everest!" The old fire was coming back, the old eager interest that novelty always woke in him. As he looked at her the blue sparks flashed again; she couldn't know that they were struck by the red sunset light playing in her copper hair.

"Everest!" he mused. "But what would I do, after I'd climbed it? (Oh, I know I couldn't climb it; but suppose I did.) What next?"

He began to pace up and down; and as he passed the mantel he snatched off the statuette of Napoleon and flung it on the floor.

"What next?" he repeated. "That's been my curse. Everything broke well for me—too well. Everything lost its thrill. I no sooner had anything than I began to look ahead. What next. I never could stop and enjoy what I had. . . . My—my wife and I didn't get along very well. It wasn't her fault—nor mine. But things would have been different if I'd married a woman like you."

"Well," said Miss Wick modestly, "there are thousands of women like me."

His listlessness was all gone now.

"Janet! Stop talking nonsense!"

"Well, there are," she insisted, but weakly.

"If you married me," he told her fiercely, "we wouldn't need to climb Mount Everest. I don't know what we'd do, but I do know that nothing is any good if I try to do it alone. I found that out while you were in Bermuda, and I was letting Onslow hypnotize me because I couldn't think about anything but you. . . . I suppose you think if I felt that way I might have taken your advice, but I was too worried to— But maybe it was just as well. If you'll marry me we'll let the rest of the world find its own salvation— You will marry me, won't you, Janet?"

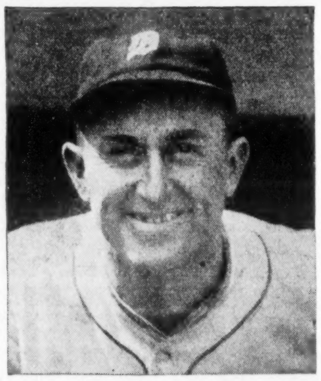
"No," said Miss Wick.

The fire died out of his eyes. "I might have known it," he said wearily. "Because you know better than anybody else how big a fool I am—"

"You said," Miss Wick reminded him severely, "that whatever you wanted I was to say no. But you promised me you wouldn't take no for an answer—"

He didn't.

So They Fired Ty Cobb



LEWIS WOOD, a Washington newspaper correspondent, was secretary twenty years ago of a bush league baseball team down South.

One of his duties was to cast the deciding vote when the manager and the owner of the team could not agree on whether they would retain a rookie for the team.

One year there came up for try-out a young outfielder who, Wood says, was just plain crazy when it came to hitting and running bases.

He was always trying to make a home run! Once he hit a ball he never would stop running until someone put him out or he scored.

The recruit made a great hit with the owner of the club. Like many amateur fans, the owner liked young fellows who took lively slashes at the ball and then ran fit to kill. But the manager, who was an ex-major leaguer, was not favorably impressed.

The player after his own heart was one who played for the good of the entire team rather than for his individual batting average. Hence, he turned thumbs down on the recruit.

A deadlock over retaining or discharging the recruit ensuing, Wood was called in to cast the deciding vote. He did not hesitate a moment.

"Let him go, by all means," Wood shouted. "He's the worst I've ever seen. He won't make a ball player in a thousand years."

So Ty Cobb, destined to be the greatest of players, got the gate.

LABERT ST. CLAIR.

The Indian Sign

Continued from page 23

"Leggo me," growled the lighter one, now struggling to rise.

"It's Nolan! Let him up, boys!" rang Muckle's command. And Nolan it was; the little lightweight who, since Muckle had recruited him a year before, had become one of the stars of that hard-bitten water-front terrier pack—Nolan, raging with wrath; sputtering with it!

"'Twas behind that pile of junk he was hidin', Cap," husked the little battler, pointing to a pile of duffle at the foot of the mast. "Just as I comes along from searching the aft deck house, I sees him risin' up. He was stretchin' his hand back t' throw that knife at you, Cap." Nolan's foot contemptuously indicated the heavy blade that lay on the deck. "I jumps him from behind, and I get the strangle hold on him. The dirty—"

But in midsentence Nolan's speech broke off in a hoarse and joyous whoop.

"Will ye be lookin', Cap!" Nolan became articulate. "The louse! Look at him! *Snake Gonzales! Let me at him!*"

It might be lightweight against a man pounds heavier than he. But Nolan's blazing anger left no room for thought of that. The little terrier tore in to lay hands on the bigger man—strove with the guards who held him.

They pried the pair loose once more, at their leader's roaring command. In that brief moment a light, clear and bright, had flooded the mind of Muckle Murphy.

"Frisk him for weapons," he ordered. Pistol was dragged from waistband—empty knife sheath from the thong that held it between shoulder blades.

MUCKLE MURPHY turned to his wife and the priest that stood beside her.

"Will ye be takin' Kitty to th' patrol boat alongside, Father?" he asked softly of the Padre of the Pugs. "This deck is goin' t' be no place for anny woman."

He turned to Jerry McAuliffe, his lieutenant, second in command.

"It's resignin' I am from th' patrol, Jerry, here and now," he said, "with ye all as witnesses. I've quit me job. D'ye understand? Ye're in command. Now I'm askin' ye as an old friend, Jerry, will you an' th' squad stand by and let me at that dirty dog barehanded, before ye take th' prisoners off? He's free, ye understand, till I've finished wit' him. Then handle him gently. The Dock Board Patrol mistreats no prisoners."

Lightly he advanced upon the figure that stood there in the converging glare of the electric torches. The guards who held Snake Gonzales had fallen back.

"Put 'em up, you rrat," growled Muckle Murphy far down in his throat. "Put 'em up. Ye're goin' t' th' hospital, annyway, when I've finished wit' ye. Not a man here to-night touches ye until we're through. Put 'em up!"

In the mind of Muckle Murphy there was only one purpose—to crush beneath driving fists this man who had sent his crew knives in hand against the priest whose life work had made him a beloved figure on that water front it was Muckle's task to guard.

But a conflict of purposes was seething through the brain of Snake Gonzales. In the eyes of the man, folk far to the southward knew as El Bruto—El General de las Cantinas—the fighting leader of fighting men in the Republic of San Tiburcio—pictures were flashing faster than words can paint them.

A rope-squared, canvas-floored arena in the Coliseum—the harsh glare of the arc lights above—the plaudits of his own gang—the howling faces of the Shot Tower Gang rooting for Muckle Murphy—the puffed and bleeding face of a white-bodied, red-haired man in front of him, the man who grinned and advanced and took all Snake had to give, the man he couldn't knock out, who always in the end chopped out with a crashing blow that brought oblivion—the man who had the Indian Sign on him.

And here that face was advancing on him again, the masklike grin of battle deep carven on it.

Behind that advancing figure Gonzales caught a swift glimpse of torchlighted faces that lined the rail—the picked men he himself had led so many times, prisoners now—the men who believed in him as invincible. They would go back to San Tiburcio. The story of this night's battle would carry far, in tropical town, in far camp amid jungle and mountain.

The capture of this munitions cargo—that could be alibied. So many other men might be blamed for that mischance. But this fight that fronted him—there could be no alibi on that. Did the ancient jinx hold? Had this man really "got the Indian Sign on him"?

Here might be the chance to conquer Muckle Murphy at last, with Kitty Rafferty close at hand, even though his full revenge had failed.

"Put 'em up, you rrat! Do I have t' make you fight?"

THE old challenge of the Channel. He'd fight! But just as his clenched fists started to rise to the old, familiar posture of the ring, the right hand of Muckle Murphy whipped out like a flying steel hawser that has been taut under strain and suddenly has parted. The smack of that open-handed slap in the face—the fighting man's insignia of open contempt the wide world over—sounded across the deck like a snapping spar.

And something snapped inside of Snake Gonzales.

With a scream of fear—it was no less—he plunged for the rail. A split second he stood poised, and then he leaped.

There was a thudding sound, a thrashing splash, and out of the dark alongside came another scream, this time of pain as well as fear. The deck of the Hidalgo quivered slightly, and then became steady once more.

Pocket torches and the swift swinging of the sharp searchlight that was suddenly snapped on from the bow of the patrol launch told the story.

Drifting downriver since she had cast off from the Filabrou's side, the Hidalgo and the patrol launch had been carried by the current over toward the west bank and had grounded on the shallows there.

But the lights revealed more than that. They showed the figure of the man who in terror had leaped from the Hidalgo's rail. He was striving desperately to keep from sinking in the fathoms of sticky clay mud beneath the shallow water in which he thrashed.

Over the side into the launch leaped Muckle Murphy. Ignominiously as a floating garment is dragged back on board, he dragged with steel-hooked pole the limp figure of Snake Gonzales. Then he saw what had happened. One leg dragged crookedly at an impossible angle as the man was hauled over the thwart.

"Th' rat!" shouted Muckle. "Th' cowardly yellow louse! He hit the side of the Prickly Heat when he jumped and broke his leg. It pitched him into th' mud bank. Lucky f'r him it's his leg he broke. It's his neck I'd have broken if he'd stayed in front of me. Here, boys, help haul him in."

The little group of prisoners, the erstwhile fighting men of San Tiburcio, riot-gun guarded, saw it all from the rail, as they had seen what went before. Among them were those who understood. One of them, turning to the rest, raucously quoted an unprintable Spanish proverb. The others laughed, as raucously.

The broken man who lay there groaning in the bottom of the patrol launch might somewhere in the world attain to leadership again. But not in the Republic of San Tiburcio.

Lieutenant Jerry McAuliffe of the Dock Board Patrol was by way of being a humorist. There was no paper available. But from the fluttering fragments of his shirt, torn wide in the mêlée of the boarding of the Hidalgo, he tore a rough square. This, painstakingly, he tore yet again into many small fragments.

"D'ye think ye're makin' bandages f'r th' wounded, Jerry?" asked Father Sullivan.

"No, your reverence," said Lieutenant Jerry, "it's Muckle's resignation I'm after tearin' up."

And the laughter of the Dynamite Squad echoed close on the heels of the raucous laughter of the Hidalgo's prisoners.

IT WAS in Peter Shannon's private den in the mansion on the Avenue, some weeks later, that the president of the Bank of the Three Americas sat amid smoke wreaths with Father Michael Sullivan. The Padre of the Pugs had been doing the talking.

"So that was how it all happened," said Peter Shannon. "I knew you'd know. So there was a yellow streak clear through that Gonzales boy. I'd never have believed it."

Throughout the evening the burly priest had given no sign that he harbored even faint suspicion that his auditor had more interest in the topic than any one of the Channel's sons for a vibrant bit of the Channel inside stuff. A canny man was the Padre of the Pugs. The water front, those of it and those to the south of it, were an old, old tale to him. He knew something of the ways of business and government in the tropics. But now he spoke.

"We make our mistakes, Peter, all of us," he said. "But it's surprised I am at ye, man. I've a mind to spank ye a bit. Almost"—his twinkling blue eyes were shrouded a moment by drooping lids—"almost as I spanked that Gonzales lad when he lay on his bed in the hospital and answered me questions."

The padre waited a moment for *that* to sink in. He saw it sink.

"It's not like ye, Peter, to disregard sound advice and lean on a broken reed," he went on smoothly. "I may not know banking and international business as ye do. But I've been by way of specializing in knowing men for many a year. Ye may remember at that fight some three years ago, when ye were ready to bet on Snake Gonzales on forrm. Against my advice, recall. And I told ye that night, there's a surrface forrm and a forrm that it takes a keen, keen eye to spot because it goes deeper. And I told ye Muckle had that forrm in his heart. But I said then that there was a streak in that Gonzales lad—"

The voice of the Padre of the Pugs trailed to contemplative silence for a moment.

"The streak was there," he said at last. "It showed and it cracked wide open, that night on the Hidalgo. I'm of the belief, Peter, that no man has the Indian Sign on anny fellow man unless a yellow streak *is* there. It takes different things t' bring it out."

Puffs of smoke followed.

"By the way, Peter," rumbled the big priest again, "th' next boat up from San Tiburcio after it all happened, I had a letter from me old friend President Enrique Perez that Gonzales and his crowd were tryin' t' turf out, asking me what I knew of it all. I wrote and told him what I've been tellin' you."

"I didn't know you knew Perez," said the banker, surprised.

"Long and well," grinned the Padre of the Pugs. "His son was here studyin' sugar chemistry at th' state university, you'll be rememberin'. I helped the lad out of a youngster's scrape once. His father never forgot. A fine man. He wrote me pleasant thanks, Peter, and sent me his check for a thousand dollars for the parish settlement house club. He knew it was close to me hearrt."

PETER SHANNON'S eyes were veiled by drooping lids now.

"He did that, Father?" he said softly. "He sent you his check for a thousand dollars for the settlement house? A fine man, as you say, this Enrique Perez. Well, I've reason to be thankful for one or two things myself, Father. Will you object if I match his check with another for the same amount?"

"Ye have a good hearrt, Peter," chuckled the big priest. "Ye take your spankin's gracefully an' without a whimper."

His eyes twinkled. And then he laughed outright.

Peter Shannon too was wise in his day and generation.

"I'm not askin' ye why ye laugh," said he.

"I know it," said the Padre of the Pugs. "But I'll tell ye why. I was just thinkin' that th' Lord moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, as the old hymn has it. Else why should the presidency of Enrique Perez have hung on the difference in forrm between two lads of th' Channel? By th' way, Peter, we've got some likely lads at work down in the gymnasium under O'Rourke this blessed minute. With the improvements we'll put in with that two thousand dollars, it's a lot we'll be able to do for 'em. But there'll be no courrses in kidnapin' an' gun runnin' added to th' curriculum, Peter."

"I hope ye're not hintin' anything, Father?" said Peter Shannon, as from his breast pocket he drew his personal check book.

"Divil a hint," said the Padre of the Pugs, chuckling again as Peter opened fountain pen and started to write. "Divil a hint. I'm servin' notice open and aboveboard."

THE END

The Mayor Called Villa's Bluff

GEN. GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI'S dramatic gesture in challenging Mussolini, the Italian premier, to a duel, recalls an incident in his earlier career when he nearly lost his life at the hands of Pancho Villa.

Villa and Garibaldi were both officers in the army of Madero in the battle of Juarez. General Navvaro, the federal commander, had put a price on Villa's head during his bandit days, and Pancho had sworn to be revenged. Garibaldi had saved Navvaro's life by aiding him to escape after the surrender of Juarez.

Villa publicly announced that he would kill Garibaldi on sight. He encountered Garibaldi a few days later in the lobby of an El Paso hotel.

At sight of the Italian officer Villa clutched at his pistol and walked slowly toward him, a scowl on his face. Garibaldi, unarmed, stood coolly watching him.

At that moment Mayor Kelly of El Paso entered the door and took in the situation. He stepped in front of Villa and held up his hand.

"Pancho, you're not in Mexico now," he snapped. "You can't raid my town. Get back through that door."

Cursing in fury Villa backed away from the little American. Although he had won a reputation as a ruthless killer he was in a strange country away from his gang. Mayor Kelly backed him across the lobby through a door into a small store.

"Now give me that gun and get out of town," Kelly commanded.

"No man's hand ever touched that gun," Villa retorted. "No man will ever disarm me."

Two lanky Texas rangers lounged in the doorway, their hands on their guns.

"It would be too bad if you happened to fall out with anybody, Pancho," drawled Captain Sanders, an old-timer in the ranger service.

Villa saw that it was a poor time to start hostilities. The odds were against him. He handed his gun to the game little mayor and crossed the Rio Grande. It is said that this was the only time the bandit leader was disarmed.

E. S. O'REILLY.

Old Blood Runs Red

Continued from page 11

the rifle and cocked it. "Come out o' that!" he commanded sharply, repeating the order in Swahili. "Quick, or I'll put a bullet into you!"

Behind him, unseen, rose a lithe, slender shape that gleamed nakedly in the starlight. Something swishes in air; Bonn turned too late. The blow caught him across the head with terrific force. The rifle exploded at the stars, and Bonn fell forward, senseless.

WHEN Bonn came to his senses he was lying in the same spot where he had fallen. In that last instant he had caught a glimpse of his assailant—just a glimpse of the little naked figure. Now, as he sat up he could not repress a rueful grin.

"The little devil worked the old Malay trick on me, bless his heart!" thought Bonn, remembering that noise in front and the blow from behind. "By the Lord Harry, fighting blood in him! Played the mischief with things too, but it can't be helped."

He must have lain here for quite a bit, since he was damp and stiff. There was a flood of early golden moonlight in the sky, and from the thunderous reverberations that shivered the very sand under him he knew the tide was on the turn. He came to his feet with a grunt of pain, but chuckled admiringly when he found both rifle and pistol clean gone—that boy was a good one. He had no weapon left except the little shagreen-sheathed knife in his pocket.

"I'd better put for the lagoon, and no mistake," Bonn reflected. "From the shots, those Arabs will know something's up, and they'll lie low to hear from me, with a man on watch for any signal. Lucky I fetched some vestas along—"

He broke off, cocking his head to listen. A burst of raucous laughter came to him, and not from any great distance either. It was not the laughter that struck a cold finger to his very soul, however; it was a thin, birdlike voice that rose under the laughter and was drowned by it. Following on this, Bonn wrinkled up his nose, sniffing; down the salt breeze there came to him the queer steamy, colorless odor of rice a-cooking.

"Oh, my Lord," he groaned. "Somehow, they've got him. And I'll have to make sure before—"

Incontinently he turned and struck out on the back trail. Again came a burst of that merry, cruel laughter, as though to guide him aright.

Presently, with his accustomed silence, he gained the edge of the brush before that pool of fresh water, and came to a halt. Here was his quarry, about a tiny cooking fire, in the ragged moonlight that filtered down through the black palm fronds above. The tall Hovas were ranged in a circle, ten of them, capering and laughing, while the remaining Sakalava was crouched by the fire, possibly as a guard, since the rifles of the other men were stacked near by.

In the center of that circle by the pool was Dubois—tall, swaggering, laughing—and facing him the slender, blood-marked figure of the boy. Bonn caught his breath sharply, so that the Sakalava jerked up his head and glanced around, only to relax again. The boy was breaking from point to point of the circle, attacking the brown men with puny fists, so that they laughed and hurled him back repeatedly. He faced Dubois again, slim and white, the moonlight striking his golden hair into an aureole.

Dubois hushed the noise of the Hovas, and spoke to the lad in English.

"Well, leetle one! So you are ze afrit who have scare' my poor Sakalava, eh?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," snapped the boy angrily.

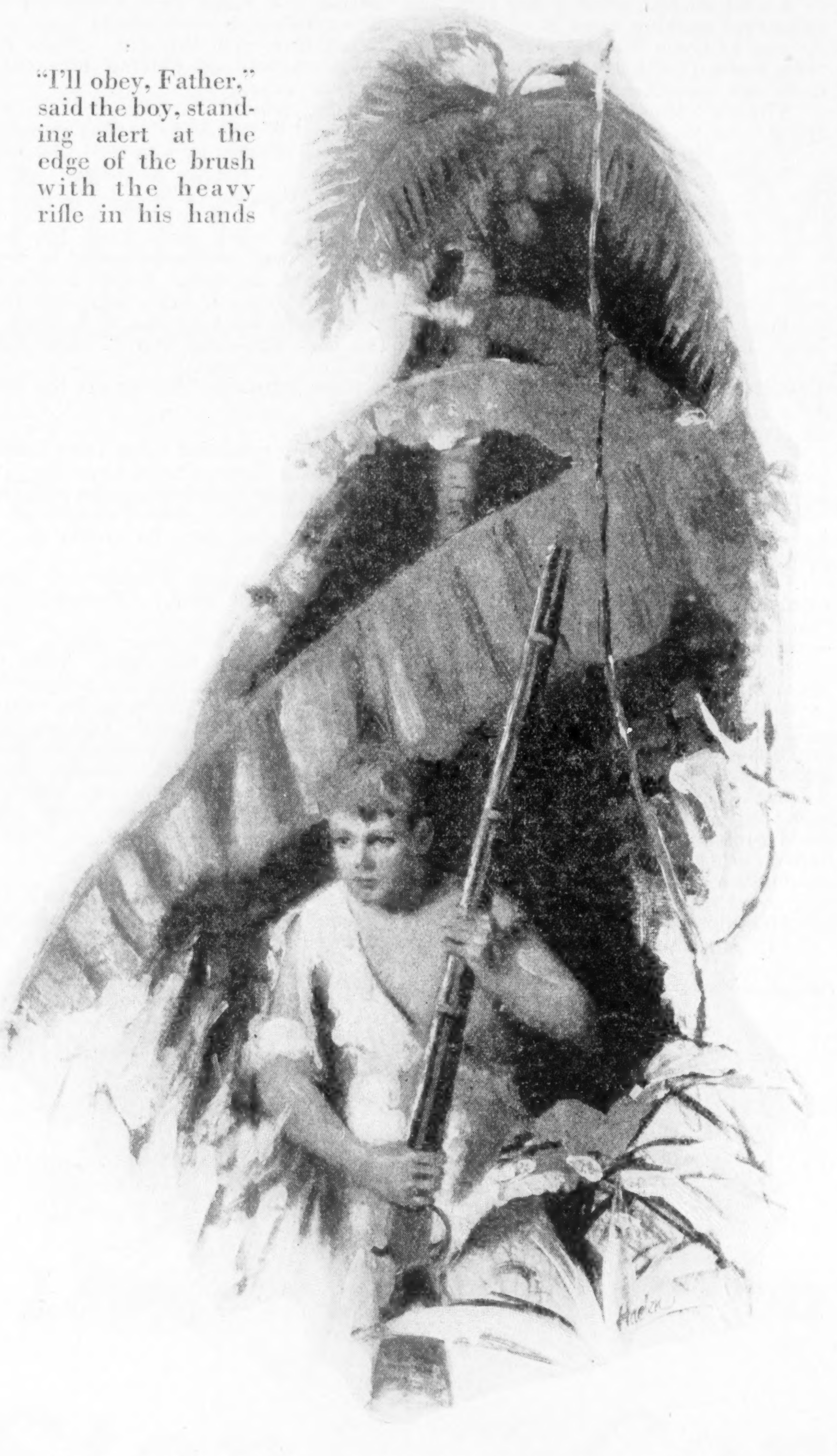
"Oh! And you don't know, maybe, who have shoot my mate, eh? And ze—"

"I'd shoot the lot of you if I had the chance, you half-breed devil!" cried the boy, and at that Dubois slapped him with a quick outflash of temper. He struck back, but Dubois slapped him away, and laughed.

Bonn caught his breath, gripped by an agony of spirit. He had no weapon, was helpless before this scene, and to steal off in search of his men was out of the question. With an effort he collected himself, forced himself to think swiftly. At any instant Dubois might burst into a flame of murder.

"So you are James Fairfax, eh?" went on Dubois. "I have ze pleasure your fazer to know! A very nice ol' man. Very good frien' of mine."

"You lie!" came the hot retort. "He'd be no friend to a half-breed like you."


"I'll obey, Father," said the boy, standing alert at the edge of the brush with the heavy rifle in his hands

"You have never see him, maybe?" said Dubois. "He—"

"Steady as you are, everybody!" crackled out Bonn's voice, driving at them in Swahili. "You Sakalava, put down that gun. Not a move, Dubois, or I'll put a bullet into you!"

Then, to the boy only, came a sharp call in Malay.

"Get away, Tuan Jim! Get away swiftly! My boats are waiting across the lagoon—"

The Sakalava guard flung down his rifle and came erect.

"It is the voice of the afrit who struck me down!" he cried out in terror.

Dubois stood full in a patch of white moonlight, gaping toward the voice, furious consternation written in face and bearing. Then he flashed out one arm and gripped fingers in the hair of the boy, and in his other hand glinted a knife.

"Man or devil, shoot and be cursed!" he roared out in French. "Shoot, and the boy dies! Come out of there and show yourself. Who are you?"

Bonn could scarce restrain a groan of sheer agony. His bluff had failed to work, and he had nothing with which to back it up. Nothing, that is, except himself. In the flash of an eye, before Dubois had even finished crying out his demand, Bonn perceived the only thing that he could do to give this boy a chance to get clear.

"When I give you the word, Tuan Jim, go! Reach my boats across the lagoon," he called out in soft Malay, that none but the boy would understand. Then, abruptly, he strode out into the moonlight.

There he paused, turned, made a gesture as though to hidden men.

"Shoot the first man who touches a rifle," he said in Swahili.

He strode on toward the circle of brown men, who fell away from his advance, and toward the staring Dubois. Then, suddenly, the Sakalava uttered a cry.

"That is the voice! That is the voice of the afrit!"

"Shut up, fool," snarled Dubois. He loosened his grip on the boy's hair, swung around full face to Bonn. "Who the devil are you?"

"Captain Fairfax," said Bonn.

The Hovas fell back. Bonn strode forward, straight up to Dubois—and drove his fist into the man's stomach.

"Run, Tuan Jim!"

Dubois went reeling, the Hovas were momentarily afraid to move. Bonn was caught in horrible suspense as the boy hesitated—then the little figure darted to one side. At the same instant Dubois recovered, plunged forward, hurled himself on Bonn; one of the brown men came in from behind, and Bonn, crying at the boy to hurry, went down under the attack.

"He's alone," screamed Dubois. "Quick, you fools—stop the boy!"

Bonn fought, desperately, frantically, but he had flung away his chance and was on the sand, his face ground into it, brown men piling atop of him; they literally smothered him into quiet, while around he heard pealing shouts and orders, and once the sharp crack of a rifle.

PRESENTLY he was dragged across the sand by his feet, only half conscious. Gasping, choking, blinded with sand in his eyes, he felt himself lifted. His arms were passed around a palm trunk and bound. Another lashing was put about his neck—he was held there, helpless to move. When his sight cleared he saw Dubois standing in front of him, and behind Dubois some of the brown men, and the moon-glinting pool.

"Well played, my captain," said Dubois, twirling his black beard, and regarding his captive in complacent triumph. "Well played—and well lost. You to one tree, the boy to another. Would you like to hear him sing? Ho, there! strike the boy—"

"No, no—stop!" gasped Bonn. "Let the boy go, Dubois—let him go! I'll buy his life from you—"

Dubois broke into laughter. "So? As you wish, my dear Captain Fairfax, as you wish. Suppose you tell me how you got here, alone and unarmed?"

"The schooner brought me—Ben Said's schooner."

"Oh! I shall pay the excellent Mustafa for that," said Dubois, and studied Bonn. "How you have changed since our last meeting—it is remarkable what a beard can do to a man!" He turned, and lifted his voice to the Hovas. "Regard! Here is the famous Captain Fairfax, the pirate and worse, the terror of the eastern ocean, the man whose name was feared by other men—and listen how he begs me for pity! Beg, you dog—beg!"

"Not for my own life, but for the boy," said Bonn. "Have mercy, Dubois! I'll pay you!"

"Yes, you'll pay," said Dubois, with a snarl. "It was you killed Noronha and the other man, eh? Two of you carry the boy into the brush, and put a knife into him."

Bonn screamed out frantically.

"No! Not that, Dubois. I'll pay you for him—don't hurt the boy—"

Dubois waved his hand at the men. "Carry him along, two of you. Wait for the word from me. If I say to loose him, then let him go. Otherwise, have a knife ready." With this Dubois took out his knife and came to Bonn. Unexpectedly the Frenchman cut at Bonn's lashings, so that he staggered and held on to the tree to support himself. He was free.

"Now, you dog, buy the boy's life!" snarled Dubois. "Where's your schooner?"

"Waiting with yours at the anchorage."

"Get down and beg for your life, if you don't want to hear the boy's yell! Get down on your knees to me, you dog! Where are your men?"

"They landed me—heard the shots—were afraid—"

"Beg, you dog!" snarled Dubois. "Come on your knees to me, kiss this foot of mine, play a pretty scene! You old fool, to think you could fight against me! Beg, or the boy dies!"

Bonn swayed, closed his eyes an instant, came slowly to his knees. The

(*Continued on page 36*)

Old Blood Runs Red

Continued from page 35

Hovas looked on, impassive and yet curious, fascinated by the spectacle. Dubois laughed mockingly.

"Beg, beg! Put your lips to my foot, dog!"

Bonn uttered incoherent words, bowed his head forward. Dubois kicked him in the mouth and laughed as he lost his balance and fell sideways. Bonn slowly drew himself to his feet, glancing around. There were only five Hovas in sight. Where were the others? Was the boy with them?

"Back to your tree, dog," cried Dubois. "Put your arms around it—reach, reach for it!"

Bonn staggered to the tree and obeyed. Dubois came with a bit of line and bound his wrists firmly. He gazed into the bearded, relentless mask of cruelty that was Dubois' face.

"You're satisfied? You'll let the boy go?"

Dubois chuckled at this. "What about the treasure, old dog?"

"Take the stuff—it wasn't for that I came."

"You lie!" Dubois struck him across the bleeding lips, then turned to the five Hovas. "Take your rifles. Get out one of the boats. Go now, at once, to the anchorage and if that schooner of Mustafa Ben Said's is there, shoot the reis in charge of her and send her away with that message."

"And the things in the boats, Reis?" questioned a man.

"Leave them here, fool! Go quickly, and be back by dawn."

The men snatched food from the kettle over the dead fire, picked up their rifles, and presently were gone. Dubois stood staring at the brush.

"Dubois," exclaimed Bonn, agonized beyond bearing, "let the boy go—"

"Oh, *ta geule!* Shut up!" snapped the other impatiently.

A dark figure broke from the darker brush and came forward, running. It was the one remaining Sakalava, and he flung panting words at Dubois.

"There is no sign of him, Reis. The others do not like to remain searching in the darkness—"

"Call them in, then," said Dubois. "See that one man remains on guard. We'll run the cursed boy down in the morning."

With this Dubois turned to a pile of blankets at one side, and wrapped himself up for the night. But Bonn stood against the tree, paralyzed by what he now comprehended. Dubois had tricked him, humiliated him for nothing—the boy had escaped after all!

Bonn looked up to the white stars, and tears glinted on his cheeks.

HOUR after hour Bonn stood against that palm trunk, until further standing was impossible, and he slipped his hands down, sank to his knees, remained thus. He was caught and held beyond escape; he felt suddenly very old and weak and beyond further fight. The humiliation he had endured was nothing, in the knowledge that the boy was free and by this time across the lagoon in safety. He knew that with daylight and the return of those Hovas, with the news that one schooner was gone and the other armed against them, Dubois would kill him. This did not matter either, if only the boy got away. So, after a time, Bonn drooped wearily and slept in his bonds.

After a long time, he wakened, very cold, very stiff, hunger eating at him gnawingly. Tide was going out, then, morning was at hand!

"Come away, Captain Fairfax," said a voice.

Bonn thought he was dreaming, until something queer happened. His swollen, numbed, blue hands unclasped from the tree bole and fell like leaden lumps to the sand. The lashings had been cut. The voice came again, this time in the old Malay he had known so well.

"Come away, Tuan! The guard is asleep. Follow me."

Bonn lurched sideways, recovered his balance, and carefully rose to his feet. Beside the tree he made out a slender object—the nearly-naked boy, standing there, watching, knife in hand. The boy gestured, and Bonn followed him into the darkness of the brush. There was no alarm.

Bonn was uproariously happy. His heart felt nigh to bursting with pride and admiration for this boy of his, this slim lad of his own flesh and blood! He cared nothing about himself any more, and never would. Everything that mattered was the little naked shape ahead of him, leading him now to right, now to left, with sure cunning even in the dawn-darkness. By the Lord Harry, the lad was a better man than his sire!

Then he found himself crouching in a little covert that was like the nest of a wild animal, with a few rent and splintered packing cases at either hand. At one of these the boy tore wolfishly, then worked with his knife, and presently put something into Bonn's hand.

"There's tinned beef—eat something," he said, and Bonn obeyed.

"You're hurt?" asked Bonn presently.

"Nothing to speak of. Tell me!" The boy, squatting opposite Bonn, leaned forward. "Are you really Captain Fairfax—are you my father?"

"Aye," said Bonn, and put out his hand. The boy gripped it, with a swift, sure clasp, and stared up at Bonn.

"You look like the picture Mother had," he said. "Kiss me, Father."

BONN kissed him, held him close for a moment, felt a lump in his throat, an impulse to swear—repressed it.

"By the Lord Harry!" he said huskily. "Look here, where are those men of mine? Didn't you cross the lagoon?"

"With you in their hands?" said the boy indignantly. "What made them shoot at me, Father?"

"Pure deviltry," said Bonn, and came to his feet, drawing the boy after him. "Come! We'll have to reach my boats—we can swim—"

"No!" exclaimed the boy sharply. "It's impossible!"

"Why?"

"There's a gray nurse in the lagoon, nearly thirty feet long, a big one! You know what a gray nurse is, Father?"

Did he know, indeed! There had been a day when, knife in hand, he could plunge overboard and carry the fight to any shark living. The dawn was gradually growing over everything, and no signal of vestas would be caught by Abdullah and the waiting men.

"Any shouting would give us away to Dubois, who'll be hunting us soon enough," said Bonn musingly. "By the Lord Harry, it's tough luck to have all those Arabs waiting over there, spoiling to get into the fight—and not to be able to get 'em in!"

"But why not?" queried the boy. "We can shout. I can blow a conch to them—"

"You little rascal!" said Bonn, and laughed. "Come here, let me see that wound."

The wound proved to be nothing important—a bullet slash across the ribs. For nothing on earth would Bonn again tempt fate with this lad. There must be some way of getting him out of Dubois' reach.

"The boat!" exclaimed Bonn suddenly. "We could take that remaining boat of theirs and round the island in it—"

"It is too heavy," said the boy. "I thought of that myself, but the currents are very swift, and his boats have no sails. I was going to try it last night, anyway. I took a rifle and a pistol from a man, and hid them, then crept back to see if I could get the boat out—and one of them found me."

Bonn grunted. "Where are the weapons?"

"Here."

The boy produced them from beneath the brush. Bonn shoved away the pistol and examined the magazine rifle with a decidedly more cheerful feeling. If it had to be, then he would do it—one against all.

"Do you speak Swahili—of course you don't," he said. "French?"

"No."

"Hm! Two of those Arabs speak Malay, so that's all right. Take this rifle," and Bonn thrust the weapon into the boy's hands. "We're at the western tip of the island, eh? You get over to the lagoon, as far east as the tip of that other island, just outside—that's where my men are waiting. Fire the rifle and call Abdullah—he's my mate. He is to send you back to his camp in one boat—"

"I'll not leave you!"

"Look here, my lad, you're all that I have," said Bonn quietly, yet with impressive earnestness. "Will you obey orders, or make it harder for me?"

"I'll obey, Father," said the boy, standing alert at the edge of the brush, with the heavy rifle in his hands.

"Good. Those men don't know me as Captain Fairfax, but as Reis Bonn—Bonn, understand? Abdullah is to send you back to camp, then come along the shore of the lagoon and find me. I'll be covering the road against Dubois. Go, now, and don't waste a minute!"

The boy darted into the brush and was gone.

BONN explored his pockets. He had not been searched; the little knife was there, and the spare pistol clips, the vestas, the packet of cigarettes. He drew out the last, found a cigarette that was unbroken, and lighted it. If only he could come to grips with that devil Dubois!

Stamping on the butt of his cigarette, Bonn turned and followed a little trail that ran from the place—in the direction of the fresh-water pool, he thought. The sun was not yet up, though the sky was all ablaze.

A burst of shouting from somewhere ahead sent the pistol into his grip, kept his gray eyes fastened on the brush. He advanced cautiously, yet swiftly, every sense bent toward piercing the green ahead of him. Then, abruptly, it opened out, and he caught the blended sheen of sand and water and sky, and an instant later came to a halt.

He was looking out upon the north shore of the island, where had lain the two boats of Dubois. Now there was but one, high up on the beach, while, converging upon the spot and still a quarter mile out to sea, was the other boat—returning from her errand. Five Hovas had gone with her. There were now but two at the oars, and one of them had a bloody bandage about his head. Bonn laughed at this. His guard had evidently stayed awake.

Along the shore from the left, coming from the direction of the fresh-water pool, ran Dubois, rifle in hand, followed by his five remaining Hovas. The Sakalava diver, who had summoned them with his shouts, stood on the shore by the other boat. The two Hovas labored heavily at their oars, trying to drive the boat in to shore, and slowly succeeded; Bonn could tell by their efforts how stiff was the set of the tide current. They gradually drew in to the land, the Sakalava plunged in and swam out to them, got aboard, relieved the wounded man, and in time the boat plowed into the sand.

Meantime Dubois, as well as the hidden Bonn, had been apprised of the story by panting shouts. Bonn chuckled to himself; three of the five men were dead, the fourth was wounded. The tale of the missing schooner was reported—she had caught on a reef, and her upper spars were out of the water. Dubois, already enraged by the escape of his captive, raved like a madman. He cursed his men, struck them, taunted them into a sullen fury, and then, seizing the right moment, terrified them with the fact that they were here, shipless, and their only means of getting away lay in killing Fairfax and capturing his schooner. From terror to swift action was only a step.

Bonn, who had located that other path which led across to the lagoon—the same path which had first brought him to this spot—now withdrew. He had caught the lifting report of a distant rifle shot and waited—not to see what happened here: he knew well enough what would happen. He cut through the brush, found the other trail, and struck into it. The sun was beginning to show now, and the day breeze was lifting into the steady sweep of the monsoon from the southeast, bringing faintly to the listening Bonn shrill and birdlike calls. Dubois and his brown men would hear those shouts soon enough—another rifle shot on the breeze! Bonn broke into a run, knowing exactly what Dubois must do.

"Too bad I had to give the boy the rifle!" he muttered. "But he may have need of it yet. He couldn't use the pistol—too heavy for him—"

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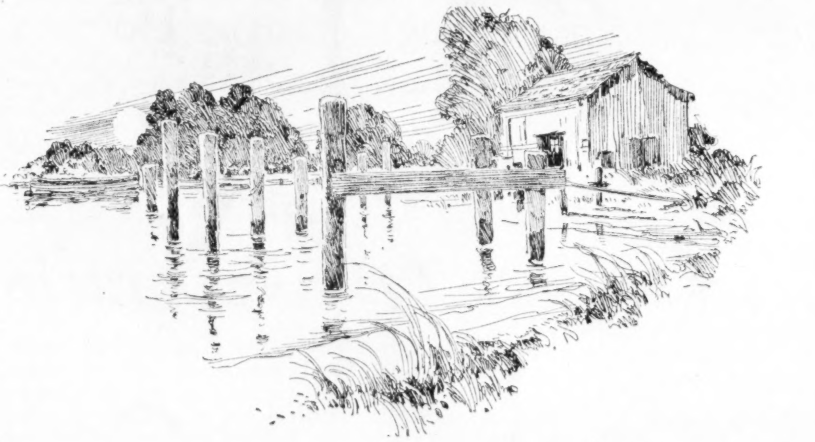

Like Broken, Soiled Fangs

By DR. ALLAN CRAIG

JUST four miles down the river from the old mill bridge is a sandy point where, in years gone by, numerous long, blue barges loaded molding sand for the foundries. That was many years ago, but the remains of the old pier are still standing. The planking has all been carried away, but the old piles stick up from the sandy bottom of the river in irregular, jagged rows. Their tops are worn and weatherbeaten. About the river line they are greenish and slimy. As one looks down the river, in the dusk of the evening, and views the old pier silhouetted against a background of shady woods and still water, those piles look like rows of jagged teeth from some monstrous animal without an upper jaw. They are like broken, irregular fangs, soiled and discolored at the base.

Not infrequently one sees a mouthful of teeth resembling that old piling. Teeth that are jagged, irregular, broken, and decayed, loose in the sockets, and disgusting in appearance. Such a mouth is a veritable cesspool, teeming with myriads of bacteria—a striking object lesson demonstrating the results of neglect and carelessness.

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Old Blood Runs Red

Continued from page 36

Bonn was panting when at length he broke into the glorious level sunlight of early morning, emerging from the brush on the beach above the lagoon, near those two half-ruined huts. He came to a halt, blinking into the sunrise. He heard another shot and caught a deep-voiced yell on the wind —a yell that came from the throat of Abdullah, he knew.

Just to his left there was a sharp sand spit, a little promontory of the beach that was doubtless due to some vagrant coral, for although these islands were of sand, there was coral everywhere in these seas. This promontory shut off Bonn's view of the other island, of the eastern tip of this island, of the boy and the farther reaches of the lagoon. If he went some thirty feet farther, he would have a view of these things, but he remained where he was. It was not to watch these happenings that he was here. Instead, he turned and surveyed the western shore, and nodded in a satisfied manner, then crouched and waited at the edge of the brush. Everything was as he had foreseen, remembering the shore line as he did from his sight of it the previous afternoon.

He was almost midway of the lagoon, the boy a quarter mile beyond this point. Dubois and his Hovas, already at the western tip of the island, would come by the shortest way to reach the sound of shots and yells—which meant that they would come around by the open sand beach, where they could get sight of what was passing. That they would come swiftly was certain. It was equally certain that they would reach the boy, or fire on him, before Abdullah could cross the lagoon, and they would also be able to fire on the boats; that is, unless they were checked at this exact place. It was to check them that Bonn was here. That some of them might cut straight across through the bush was of course a possibility.

The next five or ten minutes meant life or death to Louis Bonn, but he was not thinking of this. They meant safety or disaster to the boy on down the beach—and nothing else mattered.

The tide was out. Bonn had a clear view of the western portion of the lagoon and watched it narrowly. Presently he discerned the figure of a man, running fast and hard along the wet sand, and after him others. He recognized Dubois in the foremost figure, and grinned as he threw off the safety catch of his pistol.

FROM the curving western end of the beach, after they rounded the tip of the island, Dubois and his men must have seen the boy, far down the shore of the lagoon. Perhaps they had seen the boats also, seeking the passage through the sand bank. Dubois must have perceived that with a little speed he could shoot down or drive back the boy, and open a deadly fire on the boats.

At this running in the open, he distanced all his men except the Sakalava. They fell twenty feet behind him, thirty feet, but the powerful brown man held almost level, then spurted ahead with a sudden effort, laughing as he did so. Still gaining, he held on until he was just opposite Bonn's hiding place, then came to a halt and flung up his rifle, pausing an instant to get steady aim on the boy, who was within his line of vision.

That action sealed his fate, changed the whole course of Bonn's intent. Until this instant, Bonn had meant to drop Dubois first, but now he swiftly altered his scheme, seeing how he might accomplish yet more than he had hoped.

The heavy pistol smashed out on the morning air, and the Sakalava, without pressing his trigger, toppled over at the water's edge.

"Hands up, Dubois! Drop the rifle!" called Bonn.

Dubois whirled, then obeyed the order, and threw up his hands. He looked around at his men and drove a yell at them.

"Get him, you fools!"

A rifle spoke, and another. One bullet nipped a twig a hand-breadth before Bonn's eyes. He changed position a little and fired twice; one of the Hovas uttered a long howl and went limping into the brush, while the others, conscious of their exposed position, followed suit. Dubois stood alone on the shore, beside his dead follower.

"Take out your pistol and throw it away," commanded Bonn. "Try a shot if you like—I'm not bluffing this time."

Dubois hurled an oath at him, then put hand to jacket pocket and produced an automatic, which he tossed into the sand.

"Walk on to the point, and stay in the open," snapped Bonn.

He watched Dubois obey, slowly, and immediately rose, slipping along the edge of the brush toward the promontory. He was desperately conscious of his insecurity, with those brown men undoubtedly converging on him; yet, if he could only hang on for a little while, he began to hope that he could not only win life, but something else that he wanted very much indeed. And if the Hovas found him, he would drop Dubois despite all.

Dubois, knowing full well his helplessness, spat oaths and commands at his invisible men until Bonn wasted a precious bullet that whistled past his ear, and commanded silence. Then he kept quiet, and halted again at another order. Bonn swiftly wriggled into a clump of cassava bushes and waited for the slow minutes to drag. Those shots would bring the Arabs.

They were coming indeed. There was a savage burst of yells, followed by a rifle crack and Dubois ducked hastily. At the same instant Bonn, peering forth to one side, saw two of the Hovas come into view, and shifted his pistol—but he did not fire. At the yells, at the rifle crack, they stiffened; then, realizing that the game was up, dropped their rifles and vanished into the brush.

Abdullah, with half a dozen men, came over the lip of the promontory. A yell burst from them at sight of Bonn and Dubois.

"Back!" cried Bonn. "Bind this man, and back to the boats quickly!"

Dubois, not knowing that his men had fled, yelled at them to open fire. Abdullah gagged him with great joy, and in another moment he was being led along the shore, with the knives of the Arabs pricking him along.

"The boy is safe, Reis," said Abdullah to Bonn's swift question. "Look there, where the sand bank is exposed by the tide!"

Between the eastern shore of the lagoon and the other islet on which Abdullah had made camp, there was a fifty-foot stretch of the reef that was bared by the low tide. On this glistening strip of sand the boy was dancing, waving his arm, shouting exultantly at the party. The boat which had taken him there, rowed by two men, was about to return.

"Join them there—it is a good place," said Bonn. Abdullah gestured to the captive.

"And this dog, Reis?"

"Is in the hand of Allah," said Bonn cryptically, but at his smile, at the look in his icy gray eyes, the Arab grinned and asked no further.

Presently they came to the boat, which was shoved out, the other boat by this time coming in with its two rowers. Bonn issued swift directions.

"Abdullah, come with me and bring Dubois; the three of us will land yonder where the boy awaits us. You have that rifle? Good. The boats can then find the passage, come around outside the reef, and take us off—if we're ready. Then put the diving suits aboard and go back to the schooner."

"But, Reis—the treasure?"

Bonn smiled a little and pointed to the boy's figure. "There is the treasure. Obey!"

"In the Ineffable Name, Reis."

One boat filled and started out. Into the bow of the other went Abdullah with his rifle; into the stern Bonn and the wrist-bound Dubois, who was now staring at Bonn and at the Arabs with fear-distended eyes. They saw the fear there, and taunted him, flinging their petty hatreds at him, while once Abdullah addressed him gravely, reminding him of that other Arab whom he had left to drown on the Glorioso reefs.

Bonn looked around at him, read the terror in those eyes, heard the inarticulate sounds that Dubois uttered and smiled thinly. The scar on Bonn's cheek stood out the more deeply because of the stubble of white hairs that now surrounded it.

They rowed out to the strip of bared sand, where the boy stood eagerly awaiting them; one of the Arabs had given him a shirt for covering, and above the soiled linen his hair flamed like spun gold in the morning sunlight, and his eyes were the same light gray as those of his father. When the boat touched, Bonn leaped out and waded ashore, but made fast work of it, for the lagoon deepened rapidly.

"Where is your rifle—gone? No matter," said Bonn to the lad. "Now I shall settle accounts with this man. You heard me begging him last night for your life—perhaps you will now hear him begging me for his own, perhaps not. Stand aside with Abdullah." And, to the Arab: "To one side, there, with the boy. What follows is my affair."

FROM his pocket, Bonn now took that little knife of silver and shagreen, and a cry of recognition broke from the boy at sight of it, but Bonn paid no heed. He went to Dubois, and cut loose the man's gag, then loosed his bound wrists, and stepped back.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed Dubois, fear in his eyes, as he rubbed his wrists. "You would not murder me?"

"No," said Bonn coldly. "I am not of your breed, by the Lord Harry! I'll not murder you. But you're going to die."

At the terrible earnestness of these words, Dubois started slightly.

"Why?" he cried out. "You've won —you've killed my men, sunk my ship, made me a beggar! Be satisfied with that, Captain Fairfax! I'll not tell anybody who you are—"

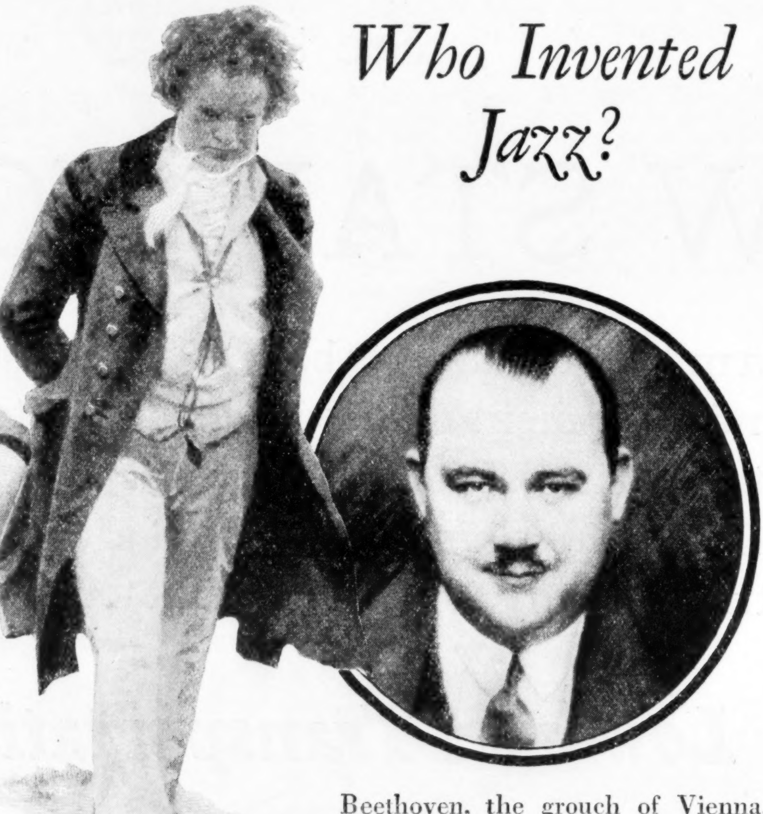
Bonn laughed slightly, and that laugh terrified Dubois.

"I swear to you—only go away, leave me marooned here, but—"

"But leave you your life, eh? You precious scoundrel!" Bonn laughed again, a flame rising in his eyes. "Now, my man, you think I'm an old wreck, do you? Well, start in and fight. I promise you nothing. If you win, you may go back to Anjouan with me, and tell what tales you like; I'm free of the law, no matter what you think. If you don't win, you may also go back, if you're alive. You're going to fight Captain Fairfax, understand? You had him in your power last night; now fight for your life, my fine rascal!

(*Continued on page 40*)

Who Invented Jazz?



Beethoven, the grouch of Vienna, wasn't so far from Paul Whiteman, in some ways

THERE is a great deal of discussion going on about the origin of jazz. The lowbrow usually lays it to the Southern negro. The highbrow is inclined to consider it the twentieth-century reaction of the highstrung, exuberant American temperament to African folk-music. But the truth is that jazz, like most of the delightful things in the arts, is old, and was invented by a genius.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago, it occurred to a deaf, ugly, pock-marked grouch in Vienna to write the first piece of jazz as a scherzo for his sixth string quartet. Hear it played sometime by four able fiddlers like the Flonzaley, or the London, or the Letz quartets. Hear them do it in person; or if not, perhaps they will oblige with a phonograph record. Ask for the Scherzo of Opus 18, number 6, by a chap named Ludwig van Beethoven.

You will find this piece full of the subtle, catchy syncopations, the bizarre wit, and the perversely independent part-writing of the music we know today under the name of jazz.

You need only substitute for the first violin a saxophone with an effective caterwaul; add a myriad-minded drummer equipped with one half the items listed in the catalogue of a mail-order house; daub the classical beauty of Beethoven with a vermilion splotch or two of cave-man stuff; stop abruptly in the middle of the third measure from the end—and you will have music worthy of the loftiest and latest traditions of Paul Whiteman.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

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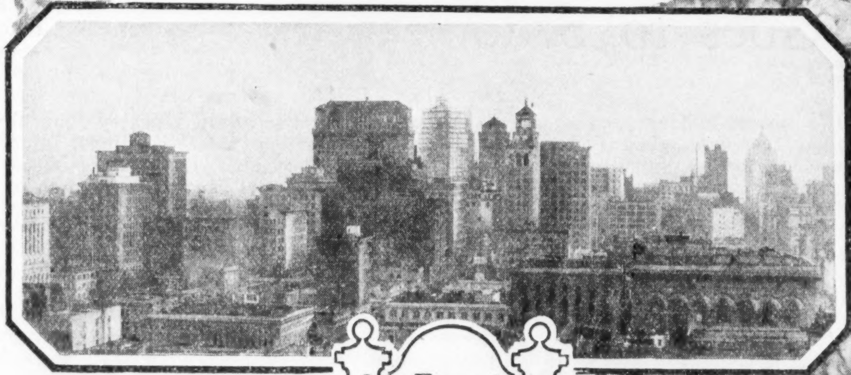
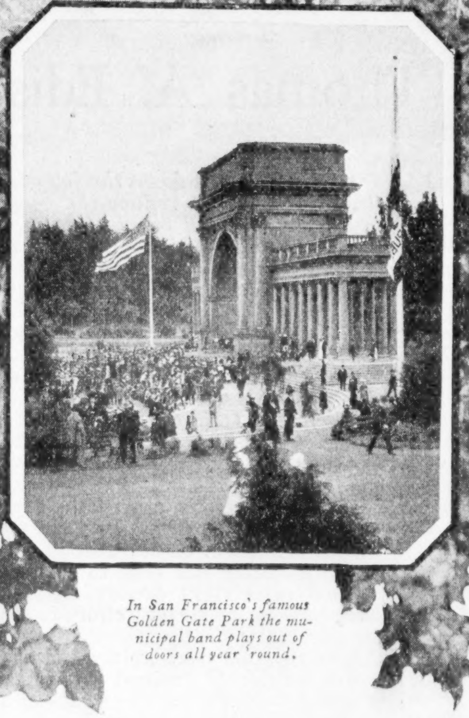


A bit of downtown San Francisco's constantly changing skyline.

San Francisco
–the Golden
Gateway
to California



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They came, they saw, they stayed

—How thousands of newcomers feel about life in California is indicated by these typical excerpts from letters to Californians Inc. We can put you in touch with the writers if you desire.

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W. F. D., *Petaluma*

I have roses on my Christmas table from my garden, such as they pay a dollar apiece for in the East.

We can have all the beautiful scenery we want by just driving in the mountains on a Sunday. In every locality the scenery is different, and the rapid development here makes a continual change, so a person does not get tired of California.

Mrs. I. E. M., *Orland*

We came to California, bought 140 acres of land and started with fruit farming. We have invested all our money in California soil. All of us have worked hard. My husband, who was sick before, has become well. Our children have grown strong and healthy. All of us have the fortune to enjoy this sunny, health-giving climate and beautiful Nature. Mrs. A. F., *Loomis*

We farm eighty acres here, consisting of raisin and table grapes, peaches, and a few acres of alfalfa; besides having chickens and turkeys. There are three in family besides wife and self.

We have no cold weather and no idle winters. We have good roads and A-1 highways, beautiful parks, and auto parks, every few miles. We can travel any time of the year in comfort. Outdoor bathing we never heard of before. There are flowers in California the year 'round.

We have school busses to get our children and bring them home from school. There is no end of pleasure and there are plenty of opportunities for making money.

J. M. C., *Pixley*

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Old Blood Runs Red

Continued from page 38

Captain Fairfax isn't dead yet, by the Lord Harry—but you'll be dead if you don't mind your step!"

Bonn crouched slightly, and a deadly light came into his eyes.

"Fight—when you have a knife, a pistol," cried Dubois, taking a backward step, "and I have nothing!"

Bonn flung away the little knife which he still held. He took the pistol from his pocket and tossed it away. It fell on the wet sand, close to the water's edge. Then, with not a word more, he leaped at Dubois.

The Frenchman met him with a blow in the face that knocked him sprawling, leaped after him and aimed a savage kick that should have ended the fight then and there. Bonn avoided the kick and scrambled up, took another blow in the face, and upon that, began to fight. He, knowing what he was about, did not try to strike Dubois in the face, and for a long moment it began to look as though he were merely to receive punishment and give none. Then the steady, quiet, powerful blows of those fists told; grunts of pain broke from Dubois and he stepped backward, sweat rolling on his face and bedewing his black beard.

Suddenly an appreciative grin and word came from Abdullah, who now perceived the sort of fighting that had felled him so swiftly. Bonn, with perfect nicety of balance, caught one hand in the beard of Dubois, slashed out with the other hand, drove up his knee. Dubois reeled, gasped chokingly, put a hand to his throat.

"Only a sample," said Bonn, and hurled himself forward. Dubois rallied, aimed a wide swing that missed completely, and then went staggering under blow after blow in the face. He fell back, tried to guard, took a terrific kick in the stomach that doubled him up, and met a fist that smashed into his bearded chin and sent him flying backward to the sand. He fell at the water's edge.

"Get up, get up," said Bonn impatiently, scarcely breathing hard for all his effort. "I'm not half done with you yet! Get up and take your beating like a man!"

Dubois came to one elbow, glaring up at Bonn with eyes of hatred and despair. His glance went to the Arab and the boy, to the boats outside the sand bank and approaching the spot. He looked around, at the sand, at the water, at the island shore beyond. Bonn laughed grimly at him.

"No help for it, and no escape! Get up, or must I kick you up, you dog?"

He took a step forward. Dubois, with a harsh oath, scrambled up to his feet and lurched toward Bonn. Again the powerful fists smote him; but this time, almost at the first blow, he darted backward, made a leap that took him ankle-deep into the water, and then swooped for something on the sand.

A cry of warning broke from the Arab. Bonn jumped forward—too late! The pistol that Dubois had caught up uttered its loud, reverberant report; and, in the same fraction of a second that he fired, Dubois turned and flung himself into the water of the lagoon.

Bonn stood motionless in astonishment. The man had fired pointblank, yet he realized that he was unhurt, untouched! Suddenly, at a little sound from behind him, he turned. A frightful cry broke from him, and he knew at whom Dubois had fired that shot.

The boy lay face downward in the sand, motionless.

AN ANGRY oath on his lips, Abdullah threw up his rifle and fired. Too late! Dubois had already gone under, and swam beneath the surface for ten seconds before emerging. Then, as the Arab took fresh aim, the hand of Bonn seized the rifle and wrested it clear.

Abdullah turned with a snarl, but when he looked into Bonn's eyes, gray fright overspread his swarthy face, and he shrank back.

"As you will, Effendi," he stammered. "The dog belongs to you."

"He belongs to Allah," said Bonn, and threw the rifle into the water. Then he turned, folded his arms, and stared gloomily, oblivious of the Arab, of the boats coming in with oars driving deep, oblivious of everything except what he knew was about to happen. No sound left his lips. If the impulse to shout a warning rose in him, he quelled it at once.

This strange immobility of his, his strange words and action, the terrible look in his eyes, caused the Arab to lean forward and stare in fascinated curiosity at the swimmer. After an instant the men in the approaching boats also stood up, one by one, until they could look across that low strip of exposed sand, expecting—they knew not what.

Dubois swam on. He cast back continual glances, as though ready to dive when weapons came up, and the eastern sun smote full on his face, showing the glitter of his white teeth, the gleam of his eyeballs. He was a magnificent swimmer, and made fast headway. When he was half across the lagoon, he flung back an exultant yell.

"Got the boy—and next time—it's your turn! Au revoir—Captain Fairfax—"

He flung up one arm, waving it mockingly. At this instant occurred a frightful and incredible thing.

The arm of Dubois rose higher, followed by head and torso, and that exultant grin was frozen in awful horror. Higher it rose, until arm and shoulders and breast were exposed—then one realized a tremendous swirl of the water immediately in front of Dubois, the flash of a grayish-white shape, monstrous and glistening in the sunlight—and that was all. The man had vanished, and there was only a pink froth on the water to tell of his going.

Bonn remained staring at the spot, unmoving, features as inflexible as though carven in stone. Then, abruptly, a change came over him. His tensed figure relaxed. The hard, icy glitter died out of his eyes. His lips quivered, and he bit at them in restraint; his cheeks fell in, all the taut alertness of the man was gone. One felt suddenly as though gazing upon an old man smitten with years. The men from the boats had landed, were calling to him, and the voice of Abdullah was roaring at him, yet he remained quite oblivious. Perhaps the horror of that sight in the lagoon remained still before his eyes, though the gray nurse had disappeared.

After a little, Bonn was conscious of Abdullah at his arm, pulling his torn sleeve. He turned and looked vacantly at the Arab.

"What do you want?" he muttered.

"Bismillah!" said Abdallah, in wonder at the man's face. "Give orders, Reis; what are we to do?"

"Go to the devil, for all I care," said Bonn. "Leave me alone."

"And take him with us, Reis? The boy?"

A spasm of pain swept across Bonn's face.

"Leave him here with me."

ABDULLAH stared at him, open-mouthed. "By the ninety and nine excellent names of God, the Compassionate! Are we to be murderers of children?"

Bonn blinked at him. "What mean you? Go away. The boy is dead, and I am an old man."

"Dead? Who said he was dead? Look there, Reis—look!"

Bonn looked, and saw the boy being helped to his feet, a red wale across his scalp, but life in the gray eyes that met his. He stared, speechless; until the boy came forward and spoke to him, wondering:

"Father! Where is that man? Why do you look so strangely different—"

Bonn put out his arms and caught the boy against his breast. He held him, thus, for a long moment, until a sudden half-muffled question came from the lad.

"Is everything all right? Do these men know you are Captain Fairfax?"

"Yes, yes, everything's all right," said Bonn huskily, and a smile crept into his face. "But Captain Fairfax is dead, my lad—dead! Come, let's go home."

So Louis Bonn headed home again, and Captain Fairfax was no more known of men.

THE END

Thomas A. Edison Goes to School

Continued from page 14

with the life work of our chemists and engineers.

Passing to other phases of the world's work, we could show the opportunities for our doctors, surgeons, lawyers, and editors. We could show, too, the various new careers constantly being opened up by industrial discovery and invention—the enlarged horizons created by the modern specialists in different fields—and for the benefit of our girls we could show the changing opportunities for woman's work.

In short, the purpose would be to present to our schools a kind of post-graduate course in the choosing of a career—a course that should be as available to the struggling county-seat high school as to the wealthy private school—as practical as the best authorities in each line could make it—and as intimate as the friendly, experienced tips of fathers and older brothers, who have gone through the mill themselves and made good.

Is it a dream? If so it is a dream that could be easily realized without an elaborate expenditure of either time or money.

Our boys and girls need to know not only what they may do for a living—but what they may do *best*—and this must mean first of all what they really want to do.

Put the Decalogue to Work

THE greatest satisfaction in this world is the doing of worth-while work. A good many of us are not doing it because we have never found the kind of work that kindled any glow in us—because we have never been given a chance to match ourselves *right* to the demands and opportunities of life.

If we want to cut down the job of our jails, if we want to reduce the congestion of our criminal courts, one of the first places to begin is to find our boys and girls the right kind of work. It is more important even than finding the right kind of wives and husbands.

A man or woman who is happy in what he is doing, who has not outgrown the thrill of accomplishment by his own hands or brains, doesn't give the police much cause for worry.

We hear a good deal these days about the number of young men and women who are going wrong. And we ought to hear a whole lot more. This brings us to the most important—and the most neglected—mission of our schools.

We are failing not only to start our boys and girls right economically, but we are making no serious effort to start them straight morally.

Above the fact that we are not turning out efficiently trained young men and women—above the fact that we are giving them little or no real preparation for life—is the biggest fact of all. We are making no definite endeavor even to turn out good men and women.

We are startled by our growing crime statistics. But in our search for the cause we always stop short of the chief reason.

We shan't find it in our jails. We shan't find it in our courts. Do you know where we shall find it? We shall find it in the more than one billion dollars' worth of new school buildings that we are erecting each year.

We are putting into them everything in the way of physical equipment that money will buy, and passing up the biggest dividend that this equipment could pay us—the teaching of plain, everyday *Honesty*.

It's not a matter of elaborate religious discussions. It's a matter of taking the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount out of the moth balls, and putting them to work. It's a matter of down-to-earth morals that we can get hold of, and live by. And good morals are hard-boiled, common-sense economics.

We are letting our boys and girls go to the devil because we are not providing in their youth a definite, practical guidance to clean thinking and right living.

Watch the Half-Crook

DO YOU know that a completely honest man is getting to be a mighty hard person to find nowadays? I don't mean according to the standards of the law. A morally dishonest man may be a more dangerous citizen than a legally dishonest man.

He doesn't have to be one hundred per cent crooked or fifty per cent crooked to make him dangerous. A *half-way honesty is a half-hearted honesty. The man who is honest only in spots will stand the most watching.*

The vocational films we have discussed could go a long step farther—if we want to get the most out of them. They could help us to teach the business of honesty. And remember there is a wide difference between teaching and preaching.

For example—we may try to disguise it as we will, but a large part of the world seems to believe that dishonesty is the only business policy with any money in it. All of the preaching we can do—considered as preaching—won't change this impression. If we are going to face the facts in the case we have got to admit a pretty generally accepted belief that it is almost impossible to succeed on an honest basis—that most of the successful men in our business and industrial life are successful because they have been able to get away with it.

This is the most dangerous theory in the youthful mind to-day, and there is only one way to explode it—by visualizing and proving the facts that have made our business and industrial leaders successful.

We have got to take our boys and girls behind the scenes of the world's work, and let them see for themselves the economic absurdity that any enduring success or happiness could be built on trickery or fraud or deceit.

To approach the teaching of honesty only from the angle of the terrible penalties for the wrongdoer is to get nowhere. It isn't the pictures of the men and women who have been shut away from life that will keep our boys and girls honest. It is the pictures of the men and women who are enjoying life.

It isn't the horrible examples that we want. It is the inspiring examples.

It isn't the picture of the man who goes to jail, or ought to go to jail, that will make our children straight. They need something besides the fear or disgust to keep them out of jail. They need the stimulation of honest achievement.

The facts are at hand to supply it—but we haven't made use of them. Visual education offers us the opportunity and an audience of millions.

(In another article to appear in an early issue Mr. Edison will tell how visual education may be practically accomplished.)

What Difference Does It Make?

Continued from page 7

necessities could wait. *They must have the news.* Our laws and customs have recognized the need. Newspaper men are excused from jury service; they are admitted free to lectures and hangings, moving pictures and fires. As dealers in the great essential they are pampered, and properly so. I do not mean in this little piece to reflect in any way upon them or the place of daily papers in our modern life.

Isn't it possible that most of us overdo the newspaper habit?

The newspapers grow larger and more prosperous. A friend of mine, a country publisher, set his assistant to read through one of the biggest metropolitan dailies. The reader would go as fast as he could but skip nothing—news stories, editorials, advertisements, births, deaths, marriages, stock reports, want ads. The task occupied a little more than fourteen hours. I spend about seven minutes with that same morning paper. I get the gist of the front page, the leading editorial, the deaths and marriages, and the principal news headlines.

I admit my one-sidedness. I am quite behind on the winter baseball dope. I couldn't tell offhand where Steel closed last night. I am neglectful of the current murders and love-nest dramas unless some of those involved happen to live in our neighborhood. These things seemed very significant to me once; doubtless it is a sign of age that the loss of them seems so small a hardship now. Meanwhile I buy two books a week. My children are healthy. I work; hope springs eternal in me in regard to my golf. I light my cigar after dinner, and open my book. My son, who is just beginning to read, looks up from the floor where he is stretched out over the morning paper and tells me that a whale has floated ashore on Coney Island.

I encourage him. It is fine, I say, that he is reading the papers. Not for anything would I dampen his enthusiasm. I turn back to my book on the campaigns of the Civil War. Gettysburg is being fought; I am very eager to know how it is coming out, for this is news that profoundly affects our destinies. But a whale on Coney Island! What difference does it make?

It Makes a Lot of Difference

By HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE

Executive Editor of the New York "World"

Herbert Bayard Swope

PERHAPS if my friend Bruce Barton were a more consistent reader of newspapers he would not have committed himself to so many fallacies as he does in this article on page 7. Because one item in his paper was unimportant he argues that all items are unimportant. Yet, to pronounce final judgment upon even a single item is to possess a vision that few of us have.

Not so long ago some shots were fired at royalty in an insignificant village near the Serbian border. The Bartonized man would have asked, "What difference does it make?" He had—and has—his answer. It began July 19, 1914, written in blood and fire—and the end is not yet.

Mr. Barton makes the mistake of assuming that everything in a newspaper is read by everybody. It is not—unfortunately—but everybody reads something in a newspaper and somebody reads everything in the newspaper. Make a mistake some day and see what happens.

Mr. Barton apparently does not like the newspapers. His opinion is not shared by the seventy-five to eighty million men, women, and children who form the newspaper readers of America. As he is gradually abandoning the—to him—useless practice of newspaper reading, it may be well to inform him that on January 24th, at eleven minutes to nine, many persons living in and near New York City will witness a total eclipse of the sun. Newspaper readers will have this information.

Few realize what an extraordinarily large part in the distribution and assimilation of knowledge the newspaper plays. Knowledge is fed from four main springs:

1. What we are told—the traditional.
2. What we are taught in school and what we read in books—the academic.
3. What we do—the empiric.
4. What we read in the press—the journalistic.

It is the far-flung news coverage of the world that gives many their only mental life. Through it the people learn of the big and little things that make life better or worse. It would be ideal to say that the papers are always important in all things; that everything they print has the bigness of Mr. Barton's desires. Life itself is not a constant succession of great climaxes. The newspaper is a mirror of life and in the reflection the little is found mixed with the big.

The newspaper seeks to be interesting, informative and timely. It cannot be all these things all the time, but, all things considered, it does well. The newspaper prints two general types of news. The first is the kind people ought to read, and the second is the kind the people want to read. Newspaper reading might not tell Mr. Barton who won the Battle of Gettysburg—most of our people know that—but it would tell him things more important than the mere repetition of known facts. It would inform him of the outbreak in Egypt which many fear is another symptom of the break-up of the British Empire. It would tell him of the shift on the part of the Russian Soviets from communism to modified capitalism. It would tell him of the check which the radical forces in England and America have recently received. It would tell him of the fight against the invasion of liberty which many hold the prohibition amendment to be. It would tell him of the tendency to make an intelligent public opinion take the place of force.

True, these things may not be set forth by the press in the scientific phraseology of a historical treatise. They may be dramatized and personified. But they are none the less history in the making. Perhaps Mr. Barton will be interested in knowing that an eminent historian, John Bach McMaster, wrote his history of the people of the United States very largely from newspaper sources.

McMaster properly regarded the newspapers as being the true reflectors of the minds of the people of whom he was writing, and as a result he produced a standard work.

Thomas Jefferson said: "The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right. Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I would not hesitate for a moment to prefer the latter."

The most important
New Year's Resolution
you can make

A CREED OF HEALTH FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN

I want to be well---By "well" I mean positively, buoyantly well. I am not satisfied merely to be "not sick"---I believe that being completely well is the condition most fundamental to happiness and success---I realize that I cannot get something for nothing. I realize that to achieve buoyant health, I must regulate my life in accordance with certain natural laws---But I am convinced that nothing which I must deny myself is worth a fraction of that which I will gain---Therefore during this coming year I shall as far as possible live the natural life which makes for health.

¶ THIS is the personal platform of those who would make 1925 an outstanding year. It will mean new energy, new optimism, a firmer grip on life for every one who adopts it and practices it. And it is not a difficult program.

Health is natural. Sickness is man-made. In the midst of all our achievements we would do well to remember with shame that we have so largely disregarded the laws of nature as they apply to our own bodies.

We neglect exercise. We try to see how little sleep will suffice us. We deny ourselves fresh air. We eat the wrong things. And worst of all, we unthinkingly load our systems with drug stimulants which contribute nothing of real value, but which slowly and surely rob the body of its reserve strength.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among these artificial stimulants is caffein. It has absolutely no food value. It seems to give new energy, but actually it lashes the tired nerves to action when they really need rest and nourishment.

For the last twenty-six years, the Postum Cereal Company has been preaching right living. This is not a campaign to sell merely a product. It is a campaign to sell health! Postum is not a cure-all. Of course, it is not a substitute for exercise, fresh air, or sleep. It is simply a delicious drink, made of roasted whole wheat and bran, intended to take its place on the tables of those who wish to be wholly well. By drinking Postum, and leaving off caffein, millions of people have eliminated one of the causes of nervousness, headaches, indigestion and sleeplessness. They have taken one big step toward enriching their lives with health.

¶ YOU ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO A NEW YEAR, with new opportunities—and, we hope, a new record of physical fitness. As one easy step in the right direction, we want you to try Postum for thirty days. This is only a step—but it is a part of the most important New Year's resolution you can make! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer! "I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

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Free-mail coupon now

Walter Camp's All-America Team

Continued from page 13

apply the usual tests to the All-America Team and note the results we get.

Attack—First as to the running game. We have in Grange probably the best all-round ground gainer we have had for a long time. He has that switching movement of the hips which throws off tacklers, a good straight-arm cut, and a most baffling change of pace. We need hardly fear that there would be any man opposed to us who could gain anything like the same amount of distance.

In Koppisch we have just the right man to relieve Grange of too much pounding.

In Hazel we have the heavy type of line plunger but unusually fast for a big man. He has real speed. Both Hazel and Koppisch are high-class interferers, so that we can give Grange any start he needs.

In Stuhldreher we have a real running quarterback who can trick openings for himself and dance through an opening in center, can make an end run with the cleverest deception and speed and who can quite take care of himself in meeting tacklers.

The running attack of our backfield is greater than that of any quartet we have seen in a long time. There is no slow interferer in the lot and there is any variety of ground-gaining ability.

Now as to the line work of this running attack.

Garbisch is past master in the art of passing to his runners. What holes that center trio of ours would open with Garbisch flanked by Horrell and Slaughter! Imagine being struck and torn apart by these three and having two hundred and ten pounds of Hazel coming behind them at the rate of a hundred yards in eleven seconds! To meet them would take a lot of help from the secondary defense. Then, as tacklers, we have McGinley and Weir, two slashing, powerful, clever men who have the strength and the knowledge necessary to clean up the pathway for the runner at the right moment.

And finally, on the ends, we have a pair of men adept at rushing or blinding an opposing tackle at exactly the right moment.

As to the kicking game, Hazel can, with proper protection, and our team can surely give him all he wants of it, outpunt—averaging with and against the wind—any man on the gridiron to-day. And our ends can cover those long kicks and drop the men in their tracks. And besides we have Garbisch.

Turning now to the defense. I would like to have the reader consider just what part of this line he would select on which to send his attack and what chance he would have of success.

He certainly would not pick the center, and both guards are so good that they could cover a wide space toward the tackles. Our two tackles are of the ideal smashing and slashing type that cannot only break through interference but—most important of all to-day—hurry the forward passer so that he will not have time to let his men get down the field. Then too both McGinley and Weir are very fast down the field as defense to runbacks. Neither of our ends has been successfully circled this season and that is the great first essential to-day. Both find their way comfortably through interference and reach the runner. And these two are quick as a flash to reach the forward passer and prevent his taking his time. All our backfield men are adept at batting down forward passes and clever in gauging direction and distance.

So on the whole this team has all the earmarks of a great defensive aggregation.

The following field of stars, deserving of special consideration, will give to the reader some idea of the development of great players the country over in modern football:

Ends—Allison, Texas A. & M.; Artelt, Penn State; Bedford, Southern Methodist; Bullman, W. Va. Wes.; Collins, Neb.; Craig, Penn.; Dilwig, Marquette; Fairchild, Penn.; Graham, W. Va.; Gwosden, Pitt.; Hubbard, Centenary; Luman, Yale; Linginfelter, Drake; Mefort, Carnegie Tech.; Munn, Kansas Aggies; Otte, Iowa; Pulaski, Wis.; Rokusek, Ill.; Seidel, N. W.; Supplee, Maryland; Stout, Princeton; Tihonen, Columbia; Tully, Dartmouth.

Tackles—Anderson, So. Cal.; Bach, Notre Dame; Cox, Minn.; Ford, Lafayette; Greenough, Harvard; Galloway, Ia.; Gayer, Creighton; Holt, Tennessee; Joss, Yale; Kearney, Cornell; Kozlowsky, Boston College; Lidberg, Minn.; Lunz, Marquette; O'Brien, Boston College; Parker, Dartmouth; Prevost, Penn State; Starobin, Syr.; Smith, Kansas; Shipkey, Stanford; Taylor, Ga.; Tilson, Wash. and Lee; Wahl, Okla. A. & M.; Waugh, Texas A. & M.

Guards—Budd, Lafayette; Bieberstein, Wis.; Crowther, Colgate; Diehl, Dartmouth; Donahue, Boston College; Ellinger, West Point; Farwick, West Point; Goldstein, Fla.; Hills, Princeton; Jenkins, Ohio State; McManus, Boston College; Michalske, Penn State; Nolan, Santa Clara; Papworth, Penn.; McGlone, Colorado.

Centers—Affeld, Cornell; Claypool, Purdue; Eckstein, Brown; Gray, Penn.; Johnson, Pitt.; Lawrence, Auburn; Propst, Ala.; Smith, Missouri; Walker, Baylor.

Quarters—Abbott, Chicago; Anderson, Oregon; Bunnell, Yale; Dinsmore, Princeton; Dooley, Dartmouth; Foster, Bucknell; Graham, Minn.; Kelly, Montana; Lorber, Ind.; Marts, Ohio State; Orebaugh, Drake; Pease, Columbia; Parkin, Iowa; Prior, Lehigh; Rockwell, Mich.; Stollenwerck, Southern Methodist; Stafford, Harvard; Ernst, Lafayette.

Backs—Blaisdell, Bucknell; Behm, Iowa State; Benkert, Rutgers; Baker, N. W.; Bond, Missouri; Bruber, W. Va.; Baker, Penn State; Brown, Ala.; Brown, Tulane; Carlin, Wash. & Jeff.; Clement, Williams; Covington, Centre; Cottle, Yale; Crowley, Holy Cross; Chicknoski, Lafayette; Caldwell, Annapolis; Cuddeback, Stanford; Darling, Boston College; Douglas, Penn.; Ekberg, W. Va.; Farley, W. Va.; Friedman, Mich.; Gherke, Harvard; Gebhard, Lafayette; Glennon, H. C.; Gustafson, Pitt.; Hall, Dartmouth; Harmon, Wis.; Hulbert, Ala.; Hey, Stanford; Hammond, Harvard; Jones, Ala.; Karow, Ohio State; Kruez, Penn.; Kirchmeyer, Columbia; Knowles, Utah Agric.; Locke, Neb.; Layden, Notre Dame; Marks, Ind.; Mauer, Oglethorp; McIlwain, Ill.; Miller, Notre Dame; McGraw, Penn.; McCarty, Chicago; McBride, Syracuse; Nevers, Stanford; Nardacci, W. Va.; Oberlander, Dartmouth; Randall, Ga.; Rhodes, Neb.; Scantlebury, Iowa; Schutte, Minnesota; Stockton, Gonzaga; Salmi, Ind.; Schmitt, Pittsburgh; Salter, Auburn; Shipley, Annapolis; Shidel, Wash.; Steger, Mich.; Tessreau, Wash.; H. Thomas, Chicago; Tryon, Colgate; Turner, Auburn; Wester, Cornell; Wilsbach, Bucknell; Wilson, Texas A. & M.; Wilson, West Point; Woods, Butler; Wycoffe, Ga. Tech.

Review of the Season

THE season of 1924 has been one of astounding upsets, more remarkable in this respect than any other year in football history. There has been hardly a Saturday that has not produced a rearrangement of the leading teams. This began at the commencement of the season, when Chicago was defeated by Missouri, and continued on down to the day when Harvard, the favorite, succumbed to Princeton, and Illinois went down before Minnesota. Pride seemed to go before a fall with greater certainty this season than ever before.

Last year I said that the sport of football was in the melting pot, and the season's games proved that statement true beyond doubt. And the fall of 1924 has shown that that process is still continuing. Every coach of prominence was, before the middle of the 1923 season, thrown out of his summer lethargy by the appearance of change in the character of his opponents' attack and also by the redistribution of material that was going on. He found that when a light backfield was swung out toward the opposing wing that the interference was crumpled up by the impact of heavy ends and tackles—that such a backfield had to be one of superlative performance and strategy, or it would be smashed and the heart taken out of it after a few such efforts. The veteran skill of Notre Dame's backfield plus the remarkable cleverness of Rockne's ends, made it possible for that team to accomplish by strategem what others failed in. But even that organization met defeat toward the end of the season, worn out with the effort, and their life and dash at last weakened.

So the season of 1924 has gone on with the drift toward heavy wing men and this condition has crept into the backfield when big tackles or ends were not available, and more weight has been added to the backs in order that as interference they may better cope with the big fellows they are expected to put out of the way. Britton of Illinois made excellent interference in starting Red Grange on his marvelous runs.

Teams have turned to a greater use of the forward pass as a real attacking weapon and not merely as a threat to force the secondary defense back. A backfield man who cannot forward pass is to-day handicapped, no matter how great his ability.

With improvement of the forward pass along the attacking line there has developed, as it always does, perforce, a far greater ability to defend against it. Coaching now begins methodically at the start of the season to instill into the players the most modern methods of practice against this new thrust. That coaching is based not only upon hurrying the passer but also upon definite plans of placing the backfield on certain downs and in certain sections of the field. Thus it happens that while there has been a tendency to weight up the wing men with more brawn, the skill required of the others has been greatly increased, both on attack and defense, by the far higher development of what has been sometimes termed "the aërial game."

Also it has been found advantageous under these circumstances to "loosen up the line," just as Yale demonstrated in her remarkable season of 1923, when, from a definite point of time marked by the intermission between halves in the West Point contest, with the score 10 to 7 against her, she split and loosened up her line, and not only won that game 31 to 10 by that hitherto undisclosed mode of attack but later used the same method to score an overwhelming victory over Princeton. But the lesson has stuck and all lines have been loosened up early in the season—Yale calling upon this method when in rather dire straits in the Dartmouth game. Princeton did the same thing out on the wings against Harvard. At the same time we find that line men of the squat, bulky type are being steadily replaced by those of a far more rangy and active build. They may have weight, but they must have great mobility or they are well-nigh useless in modern football.

Three Teams in One Game

IN THE review of last season the prediction was made that we should see a great further development toward the use of more men in a game, through frequent substitutions, not indeed for a single individual player but for groups of players. The truth of this prediction the season of 1924 has thoroughly verified.

Perhaps no better illustration of this use of many men in a contest can be given than that of Coach Stagg in his game against Indiana. In that game Chicago used no less than six guards, six halfbacks, three centers, three quarters, five tackles, five ends, and five fullbacks—just thirty-three men, or three complete elevens. It was notable, however, that Indiana in defeating Ohio played right through until the last few minutes of the game without a single substitution. Harvard, however, in her Princeton game made twenty-one substitutions.

This wholesale substitution, although probably not so intended by the coaches, has had a most salutary effect on the number of men engaged in the sport, because the prospect of a man making the team, which formerly meant that he had to be on a par with possibly a dozen or fifteen men, means now that he need be on a par with thirty or forty. Every movement of this kind always tends to increase the interest among those men who sometimes get discouraged because they think they will never make the first team. To tell the truth, there is almost no first team

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Joshua Knew About It

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

DeAlton Valentine

WAR-MAKERS in modern times are only a small minority in every nation, and the dominant motives have been mainly two: the love of military glory and the fear of the loss of power. "Causes for war" seldom exist in reality.

As Mr. Root has observed (in substance): "There is no dispute so trivial that nations will not fight over it, if one or both want to fight; but there is no grievance so profound that nations cannot adjust it, if they wish to keep the peace." As Treitschke has said: "Foreign war is the swift remedy for internal unrest or loss of patriotism." In Berlin, in 1910, the writer heard the project of attack on Russia seriously discussed as a method of suppressing the "Social Democrats" in Germany itself. The way to foreign war is through blowing the bubble of fear until it bursts in hate and slaughter.

The virtue of government decreases with the square of the distance from the people that support it. Whenever a nation crosses the frontier to operate by force on another, it does little beyond blind meddling. As a rule, a people must work out its own salvation if it ever has any.

The only final cure for war seems to be a world feeling against it. There is no single remedy that is more than palliation. But every effort helps. Let us have World Courts and Conferences and Joint High Commissions. The more we can talk things over the better, even if some of us are half-hearted and some dishonest. To sit around a green baize table for a time, dining together and going together to the opera in the evening tends to humanize the diplomat. Diplomacy, moreover, has been compared to the game of poker and in one respect with perfect accuracy. Both games change their nature when guns are laid away.

Finally, let us meet without suggestion of compulsion, either economic or military. Compulsion in official hands points straight toward the balance of power—a natural preliminary, as matters are, to international war.

The Joint High Commission is a form of a time-honored institution, in vogue in one shape or another since the days of Joshua. It has certain virtues in averting war. It tends to prick the bubble of fear, to substitute mutual respect for hate, and above all it gains time for humanity, as the postponement of an alleged grievence is the next thing to relieving it.

"It suits me, and I'm hard to please!"

Mr. Burrow says a pipeful, without the tongue of Demosthenes

Some smokers are apparently easy to please and easy to suit in their pipe tobacco. There are plenty of brands for them.

Edgeworth is made to suit the hard-to-please smoker—in fact, for those who might call themselves connoisseurs, if pipe-smokers ever did apply so high-sounding a term to themselves.

Mr. Burrow, while modestly regretting his avowed lack of equipment as a testimonial writer, speaks volumes in one trenchant sentence.

Here is his letter:

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Were I possessed of a gifted power of speech, a trenchant pen, and a Harvard vocabulary, I'd dash off to you a prosy sentiment extolling the virtues of Edgeworth. *However, it suits me—and I'm hard to please!*

This—after many unsatisfactory attempts to suit my sensitive palate. My records of purchase will bear me out that it satisfies me, and I'd go a long way for Edgeworth.

Very truly yours,
G. M. Burrow

Not everyone likes Edgeworth. But those that do, as Mr. Burrow, generally like it violently.

Edgeworth in a way is similar to the kind of men you form decided opinions of—perhaps favorable, perhaps unfavorable. But the point is, the very character of such men forces you to a definite opinion, one way or the other.

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now. Many years ago the writer gave this as one of his strong reasons for picking an All-America Team of 33 men of First Eleven, Second Eleven, and Third Eleven, and of late years these All-America Teams have predicated this movement on the part of coaches toward the use of an increased number of men. Many coaches who perhaps start with their first-string men are inclined to hold out one very fast man until the defense has become a little tired and slowed up in speed, and then put in this man, who, being fresh and fast, is likely to get in a long run against the tired opponents. This is the use Roper of Princeton made of his speed man, Williams.

Possible Rule Changes

THE game has become better rounded out. The teams which come to the top in the season's play are those which have a good offense and one of sufficient variety to make use of all kinds of running plays, shift plays, forward passes of a varied type, and a reasonable amount of deceptive and trick plays. And the team must have good punters able to get distance as well as height and place their kicks with reasonable accuracy. A team must also have goal kickers, either drop or placement, and some good men who can drive a kick-off high and to the goal line.

On the defense a team must be indeed well grounded to meet the attack to-day. Not only must it have sufficient power, notably out on the wings, to meet heavy interference, but it must be able to stop plays through the middle of the line, must have forwards who can shift readily to meet a transfer of power by the attack and a quick-seeing, quick-thinking backfield which can offer a protection against all kinds of forward passing.

This is preëminently the lesson of the 1924 season and verified by many instances.

It is too bad to be obliged to add that fumbling proved to be the great weakness of many otherwise excellent teams and had a great deal too much to do with the decision of contests even up into November.

The effect of the changes in rules was more notable in the early part of the season than after the first of November. The men performing the kick-off found some difficulty at first and this had continued with many teams well into October. But it was sufficient proof that the kick-off could be made satisfactorily from the ground when, in the case of many teams which the writer saw, the ball was easily driven over the goal line and sometimes clear over the goal bar by the kicker. In fact, so frequently does this happen with the man who has practiced sufficiently and is a good place kicker that very likely the question will come before the Rules Committee of putting the kick-off back to the 40-yard line instead of at midfield, thus giving an opportunity for that greatest of thrills on the gridiron, a long run back of a kick-off.

Is the "Huddle" Here to Stay?

ONE of the features of the season, which has provoked probably more discussion than almost any other, is that of the use of the "huddle system" in giving signals. Those Easterners who saw Iowa defeat Yale a couple of years ago were first given an illustration of this system which was becoming quite popular in the Middle West. But this year Coach Roper of Princeton, as well as several other Eastern coaches, adopted the "huddle system"—that is, the grouping of the team back of the line while the quarterback tells the men what the play is to be, the men then going to their places and making the play.

The writer has studied this system East and West and is convinced that it has certain advantages, but that it is by no means free from disadvantage. In the first place, no matter how much the onlookers may feel that it delays the play, when properly performed, there are just as great a number of plays brought off in a period as under the old system. In fact, timing has shown that it is somewhat quicker. It also has a very material advantage in a big game when the play is over near the side where the cheering and shouting crowd drowns the voice of the quarterback, so that some of his men cannot hear the signal. But following the operation of it closely, it certainly strikes one as taking in some way some of the life out of the team. They do not seem to strike into their plays with the same snap and abandon that characterized the older method. There is something exhilarating and driving in the voice of a good quarterback who brings out his signals with a snap, a vigor that seems to penetrate the team itself, and this silent method of giving signals seems to lack that driving quality.

Another point which is being discovered somewhat slowly is that the defensive team by making certain motions, changing from positions somewhat after the signal is given, can gather some inkling of where the play is likely to strike by the tendency of the opponents to move correspondingly. This may be far-fetched and it might be possible for the defense to acquire the same information even though the signal were given in the ordinary method, but in the old way a line did not dare do very much shifting around, and by experiment they have found that they can do a little of this against this silent system. Altogether, it is a good deal of a question whether this huddle method has come to stay or is only a passing phase of the game.

As to the points which the season of 1924 has developed relating to the football rules themselves, the possibility already mentioned in this article of putting the kick-off back to the 40-yard line has come up and the old question which has been with us almost since the introduction of the game into this country, namely the kick for goal after a touchdown, seems to have excited the usual amount of criticism. Probably in the long run the consensus of opinion will bring the elimination of this extra point, counting the touchdown as 7 points.

A Tribute to Haughton

THIS subject has always been a bone of contention, but a glance at the historical features of the case may be worth our while. In the first game played between Yale and Harvard under Rugby Rules in this country, in the fall of 1876, the then Rugby Union Rules provided that only goals counted. A touchdown was called a try and gave the side making it the privilege of a free kick at goal. But the match was decided by the number of goals kicked, and a touchdown or try which failed scored nothing. This gives one some idea of how far we have progressed. The experiment of the Rules Committee in allowing the ball to be placed on the 3-yard line in the hope that some other play than a kick might be tried has not been particularly productive, and the kick has been during the season, as before, the general rule for attempting to score the extra point. For the most part, the other rules seem to have stood the test, and the balance of attack and defense in the game has been preserved, while the general spread of knowledge of the rules has been greatly aided during the last decade by the absence of vital changes.

I cannot conclude the Review of the Season without a word regarding the loss which all football players, coaches, and lovers of the sport have suffered in the death of Percy D. Haughton, the coach of the Columbia team. He was a commanding figure in the football world. He was a sportsman of the highest type. He was a valued friend to all of us who loved the game. In the old days he played his part in the moleskins and played it to perfection. In his later days as a coach he developed the modern methods by which the game advanced. He took life as he took sport, full of intense enthusiasm, which he communicated to all about him. And the remembrance of him will remain as an inspiration, not only to us who knew, admired and loved him, but to a succeeding generation of the university world.

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"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

SEALED
TIGHT
KEPT
RIGHT

F24

The Flavor Lasts!

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

By JACK BINNS

"Daily Dozen, U. S. A."

WALTER CAMP recently received the following letter from the operator at Station G6ZX in Leicestershire, England:

> *Dear Walt:*
>
> I heard someone on your side of the big drink by Radio giving physical exercises (I think from WJZ) on or about Oct. 3d. Was it you?

The letter came in an envelope addressed "Mr. Walter Camp, Physical Culture Expert, 'Daily Dozen,' U. S. A.," and it was delivered to Mr. Camp by Uncle Sam's knowing mailmen without the slightest delay.

Batteries Get Tired

HERE is what John J. Wittig of Pittsburgh learned: "After testing the theory that one may learn while asleep I found that one really does learn, first, that it requires buying batteries oftener, and, second, that one has a pair of sore ears in the morning."

The Air of a Gentleman

"THE other evening I tuned my set in on a well-known opera company. As I listened an amateur began calling. I caught his call letters, and found he lived in my neighborhood. His set 'drowned' out the opera. I went to the telephone and called the amateur, then asked him politely to stop. When I resumed my seat at the radio I caught the amateur's call letters as he signed off. The opera went on uninterrupted for the rest of the evening."

Reported by L. A. Shassere of Terre Haute, Ind., and published with much satisfaction.

I Was Always Shy

MISS ETHEL JONES of Providence wants to know why the broadcast stations do not give more time to things of interest to women. She thinks men's affairs monopolize the radio, citing prize fights, baseball and football games, and such. Couldn't they spare a little more time each day describing the fashions and other lines of interest to women, she asks.

Hands Off, Pa

BEWARE of the woman slighted. She will not remain content. She has become a radio fan out of sheer necessity. Now she remains one through conviction and interest. She has a real set which looks nice and works better. Pa and his junk have the cellar. Woe betide him if he touches the set which adorns the parlor, or puts his dirty hands on the scarf which lies across it.

Plug Away, John

JOHN MONTGOMERY of Oshkosh, Wis., asks me whether there is any easy way of learning the code. Well, the best method I know is to set aside two hours every day for a period of nine months, and plug steadily away at it without let-up. It's one of those things which have to be learned by steady plugging. It doesn't take long to memorize the code; but, ye gods, to send and receive at commercial speed requires the devil of a time. There's one consolation, however: once you have acquired speed you'll never lose it.

Red-Hot Mamma

THE broadcast station KGO at Oakland, Cal., has been connected to a studio in San Francisco by means of a cable running under San Francisco Bay. We will now get water-cooled programs from the coast. This ought to be good for some of the modern songs.

A Wordy War

A CHICAGO newspaper has declared war upon the Associated Press over the question of broadcasting news. This newspaper operates a broadcast station, and pertinently asks why it should be prohibited from sending through the ether news that its own employes have gathered. The attitude of the A. P. is quite definite. It simply states that its members may not broadcast news, and that ends it. The Chicago newspaper proposes to engage lawyers and then see what the courts have to say about it. Radio fans can sit back and smile while the wordy battle is being fought. Maybe we will discover that the voice is mightier than the pen.

World-Wide Programs

THE use of super-power for relaying programs on short waves, below the broadcast band, will be permitted under the new regulations. The experiments conducted at KDKA show that with increased power it will be possible to cover the entire continent of America, Europe, and parts of Asia, provided sufficient power is used. There is, I understand, no practical limitation to the use of power up to 100 kilowatts on these waves. Any station may pick up and re-broadcast such programs. This is one method by which national broadcasting can be achieved, exclusive of wire connections. There is no doubt about the value of having competition in the matter of national broadcasting.

Give Yourself a Test

DR. LEE DE FOREST remembers seeing at the age of three an Edison tinfoil phonograph. He is reported to have been intensely interested. How far back can you remember? Test yourself. Don't cheat.

Fixing the Map

A CORRESPONDENT in Fall River, Mass., who signs himself "Radio Fan," asks what I meant by the North Arrow on a map, when I suggested that fans with loop sets use a map to help them point their loop toward the station they wished to hear. He says that he cannot find such an arrow. Well, "Radio Fan," there must be some means of signifying north on the map you have. If there is no arrow, you may take it for granted that the top of the map is north. Therefore if you arrange the map so that the top of it is in the same direction as the needle of your compass, you can then get the necessary direction for any station on the map.

Nation-Wide Broadcasting

TWENTY-THREE stations, the greatest number ever linked together at one time, broadcast the address of President Coolidge before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The difficulties of this gigantic undertaking were emphasized in the early portions of the speech, when intermittent cut-outs were quite frequent. Despite this, however, it was a remarkable demonstration of the possibilities of the future. The event, moreover, was a striking tribute to the steady and persistent development work accomplished by the engineers of the Bell System.

Help Wanted

SCIENCE has improved on the naked eye and makes instruments more sensitive to sound than the human ear. Now we need a better odor detector. Some insects which unerringly deposit eggs with a hair-like ovipositor in grubs are suspected of having a sense of smell as keen and selective as the best of radio sets.

Just in Time

IT IS not on the scientific side that the wonder of radio lies. This story from Mrs. Joseph N. Watters of Bellevue, Pa., describes its human phase: "In an isolated farmhouse lives a little old bent woman of eighty. She never saw a railway train. She cannot read or write. The pleasures of life for her have been but few. For years she has just sat and brooded. Now a neighbor's son has installed a radio in her room and taught her how to use it. That boy has wrought a miracle. The world is now in that once lonely room. It came late—but not too late."

Not Ready Yet

MARCONI'S achievements with short waves are the result of eight years' constant and steady effort. While his work has been brilliant indeed, and the result important, still the apparatus evolved is far from being in the shape necessary for commercial purposes.

Was It a Lightning Bug?

H. T. GALLAHER of East Moline, Ill., describes a sorrowful evening recently when all was static. The night was clear, so he disconnected his aërial—still there was static. Disgruntled he pulled the loud speaker plug out and shut off the set. Static foiled him however. It still continued to issue triumphantly from out the speaker. Surprised, he began to dissect the complaining instrument, and, to continue the story in his own words: "a black bug, about half an inch long, (my static engineer) fell out, and started away calmly as though he knew exactly where he was going. I spent the next half hour connecting up again and my static was gone."

Have a Heart

IF YOUR favorite DX receiver refuses to tune in anything but squawks, groans and growls, don't get sore and turn out the family cat. Call it a day and wait for another DX night.

Hundreds Are Making Good

like Mr. Arment of Ohio, by looking after the subscription interests of *Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, The Mentor,* and *Farm & Fireside* in their towns. Liberal commissions, cash bonuses, extra rebates and cash prizes make your subscription profits mount up quickly.

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Innocents at Home

Continued from page 6

he intended to go on until he had dictated a library, some of which would not be published for at least a thousand years. I think he had seldom been happier in his literary work than when we arrived and he lit a cigar and began to talk.

I usually remained for a time when the stenographer had gone, and in the talks we had I gathered much that was of special value to my own undertaking. He had then no thought of literary effect, but only of the idea, or the incident, of the moment.

A Billiard Superman

IN MAY we moved our "plant" to New Hampshire, for the summer, to the Upton House, near Dublin, on the Monadnock slope. Work was begun in his bedroom, but the call of the outside was too compelling, and a day later he was pacing up and down a long veranda, clad all in white, against a far-lying background of unbelievable beauty, a combination of forest and lake and purple hills. He wore loose slippers, and their shuffling sound made a low accompaniment to his easy, drawling speech. Sometimes he sat in one of the big porch rockers. As the days grew warmer he did this more and more.

Perhaps the glory of the summer distracted him, for he was not always in the mood for work and we had frequent holidays. To Howells he wrote:

> *The dictating goes lazily and pleasantly on. With intervals. I find I've been at it, off and on, nearly two hours a day for 155 days, since Jan. 9. . . . I've added 60,000 words in the month I've been here; which indicates I've dictated during twenty days of that time —40 hours, at the rate of 1,500 words an hour. It's a plenty, and I'm satisfied.*

It was not until well into September that we returned to New York, and to a new régime. Soon after his arrival at 21 Fifth Avenue, Mrs. H. H. Rogers, wife of his closest business adviser and friend, presented him with a handsome billiard and pool table. Billiards had been Mark Twain's earlier passion, and it now returned with renewed force. On the day that the gift had been installed, at the end of the dictation, he said:

"Have you any special place to lunch to-day?"

I replied that I had not.

"Lunch here," he said, "and we'll try the new billiard table."

I protested that I was a poor player.

"No matter," he answered. "The poorer you play the better I shall like it."

He had been planning a trip to Egypt, but at the end of our first billiard session he said:

"I'm not going to Egypt. There was a man here yesterday who said it was bad for bronchitis, and besides it's too far away from this billiard table."

After dinner we played again—until midnight. The game was "Cowboy," in which both pockets and caroms count. I had "nigger" luck, as he called it, and at one point made a carom, followed by most of the balls falling into the pockets.

"Well," he said, "when you pick up that cue this dam' table drips at every pore."

The dictations became secondary. Like a boy he looked forward to his afternoon of play, which never came quick enough. He seldom ate luncheon, but he would get up and dress, snatch a game or two beforehand, then walk up and down the dining-room, talking that marvelous talk of his which later I did my best to record. To him it was only a method of killing time. Once, when he had been discussing the Japanese question, he suddenly noticed that the meal was ending.

"Now," he said, "we'll proceed to more serious matters. It's your shot."

He was not an even-tempered player. When his game was going badly his language sometimes became violent, and he was likely to be critical of his opponent. Then reaction would set in, and remorse. He would become gentle and kindly, hurrying the length of the table to set up the balls as I knocked them into the pockets, as if to show in every way except by actual confession in words that he was sorry for what no doubt seemed to him an unworthy display of temper.

Once, when luck seemed to have quite deserted him and he was unable to make any of his favorite shots, the air became fairly charged, the lightning fierce and picturesque. Finally with a regular thunderblast he seized the cue with both hands and literally mowed the balls across the table, landing some of them on the floor. I do not recall his remarks during that performance —I was chiefly concerned in getting out of the way. Then I gathered up the balls and we went on playing as if nothing had happened, only he was very gentle and sweet, like a sunny meadow after a storm has passed by. After a little he said:

"This is a most—amusing game. When you play—badly, it—amuses *me*. And when I play badly, and lose my temper, it certainly *must*—amuse—*you*."

How we played! All of every afternoon and far into the night! His endurance was superhuman. I was comparatively a young man, and by no means an invalid, but when I was ready to drop from exhaustion he was still as fresh and buoyant as at the moment of beginning. He smoked continuously and followed the endless track around the table with the light step of youth. Dressed always in white, his cheeks aglow, his hair like spun silver, he made a beautiful picture. At three in the morning he would urge just one more game and taunt me with my weariness.

"You don't sleep enough," he would say. "You should sleep—more."

Often as I looked at him I tried to realize that he was in fact the half-mythical hero of my boyhood. To me he was still heroic, still half a myth, and such he remains to this day.

After Oxford—the Cue

HIS seventieth birthday had been marked by great celebration, but on his seventy-first it happened that we were entirely alone, and played billiards from morning until far into the night. Flowers and telegrams came and a string of callers. Only one or two intimate friends were admitted. We dined quite alone and played that night a new game which he had invented for the occasion.

He was in his loveliest mood throughout, and when at last we set up our cues he said:

"I have never had a pleasanter day at this game."

I answered: "I hope ten years from now we shall still be playing it."

"Yes," he said, "still playing the best game on earth."

In June of the following year he was summoned to Oxford to receive the literary doctor's degree.

"I don't know why they give me that," he said quaintly. "I never doctored any literature; I wouldn't know how."

His month in England was such a splendid personal triumph as the world has seldom seen. Echoes of it all came across the Atlantic, and I confess that when on the evening of his arrival I was summoned to 21 Fifth Avenue I went with a certain degree of awe, prepared to sit a good way off and listen to the tale of this returning conqueror. But when I arrived he was already in the billiard-room knocking the balls about—his coat off, for it was a hot night. As I entered he said:

"Get your cue—I've been inventing—a *new game*."

And there were scarcely ten words exchanged before we were at it. The pageant was over; the curtain was rung down; business was renewed at the old stand.

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

"SOFT, I calls it," John T. Papineau of Seattle, Wash., calls it, "letting your letter-writing readers do the work—and turn out the best non-fiction page of the country's best weekly magazine! Maybe *I'll* write you a letter some day when something's on my mind." This was on a picture postcard showing a majestic mountain.

While we're waiting for Mr. Papineau, what's on *your* mind?

"Americans Just Chase Dollars"

That headline certainly has no very logical connection with the clipping from the Grand Junction, Col., "Daily Sentinel" that Miss Emma C. Page has mailed us. This is the clipping, a letter to the "Sentinel:"

On the morning of May 6th our home was totally destroyed by fire. Neighbors for miles around assembled, drawn there by the event which, to us at least, was a tragedy. While the flames were yet hot, the men said to me, "We believe you would be better satisfied if you had a house to live in right here, rather than stay in someone else's home temporarily, and, if you will say what you want and where, we will build it today." Plans were hastily made, lumber was ordered, and at 6 o'clock the same evening a building 16 by 32, with a small porch, was under roof and some of the saved furniture was moved in. . . .

The women in their own way were just as great as the men in theirs, and soon sewing bees and showers were arranged and accomplished, and gifts from individuals of things needful to our comfort poured in from every hand. . . . D. S. BENNETT.

There was more of Mr. Bennett's letter, a good deal more. For some quaint reason, he and his family seem to have felt grateful!

Roadbeds Might Be Rammed

To the Editor of Collier's:

Rammed earth, alias pisé à terre, pisé for short, has for centuries been used as a material for building house walls. Some of the houses that Hannibal built with it are still in good shape, and it is coming to the front again after all these years of wasting money on costly brick and perishable frame. Tamped into walls with hand-operated hammers weighing fifteen pounds, with a reduction in the original volume of the shoveled earth of only about half, it nevertheless rings like stone when struck with a hammer, and with the simplest protection against the elements stands up for no one yet knows how many centuries.

Now use your imagination and then get some of your engineering research friends on the job for an actual trial. Get Henry or somebody to fix you up a tractor with some kind of pile-driving dingus sticking out front. Then run out to my place and down through the gate into the pasture. Begin right inside the gate. Start your pile-driver going on the ground. It will make a hole, which my hired man will fill up with his shovel from what is going to be the ditch. Keep hammering and shoveling in until all soft spots are compacted, and the road will begin to rise above the surface and keep on to any height desired. For a real job of course you want to study up what is known about pisé, selecting and screening the earth and such matters. For a high-grade road the pisé would be merely the foundation, but *some* foundation! It's bound to lead to something big—see if it isn't.

"S(CRIPSIT) C(IVITATIS) MEDICUS,"
Washington, D. C.

One Father's Moral Code

To the Editor of Collier's:

Let parents teach their children to respect them, and apply the lash between the ages of six and fourteen if any disobedience and disrespect is shown. I raised six children that way, and if there are any six children that love their parents more than ours do I envy the parents of those children. As a worker among all classes of people for forty years I have seen the discipline gradually slip out of the homes I have visited.

HONOR
THY
FATHER

Hang this code in the homes that need it, in plain view of the lash: "Do not be rude to Mother; obey and respect her; as for me, I will take care of myself. (Signed) *Dad.*" OTTO FUNK,
Irving, Ill.

Speaking as father to father, Mr. Funk, we too require *obedience*, but somehow we don't put much faith in *respect* exacted with a lash.

"Get Out or Get Under"

Mr. Lewis E. Kingman got off his mind and into a recent issue the view that all foreigners three years in this country should be made to take out naturalization papers or else leave.

To the Editor of Collier's:

Carry the idea to its logical conclusion (let it work both ways) and within a few years a certain number of heretofore respectable American business men will perforce become Mexican, Brazillian, Argentine, Spanish, Czechoslovakian or other what-not citizens. Of course American foreign investments will be followed by American business men—and whenever one of them sojourned in a foreign country on duty bound, he would have to kiss our flag good-by. WILLIAM J. SNEDEKER,
Lincoln, Neb.

To the Editor of Collier's:

A man, before being made a citizen of the United States, should know something about its laws and statutes; and it stands to reason that a foreigner in a period of a year or so cannot become a good citizen of the United States. I am a foreigner, came when I was two and a half and am now twenty—I believe I know more about this grand old U. S.'s laws than does Mr. Kingman.

G. STROMSEN, San Francisco, Cal.

To the Editor of Collier's:

I feel that you would never lead any movement to naturalize foreigners within three years after arrival. The recent national election seems to prove that the nation has decided to first teach the foreigners now here our American ideals before they outvote the native-born. CHARLES L. NORTON,
Denver, Col.

To the Editor of Collier's:

It is true that foreigners enjoy all kinds of protection in this country, but surely they pay for it the same as any citizen. Besides, true patriotism cannot be bought by protection. It is a question of conviction. The law can make citizens, but not patriots.

"PERPLEXED," South Norwalk, Conn.

To the Editor of Collier's:

I say, ship back all who could not show citizenship papers after having been six months in this country and then shut the door tight forevermore on the rabble, riffraff and scum of Europe! I say the most worthless American is entitled to better chances than the best foreigner who ever stepped on these shores! J. KENNEDY, Cleveland, O.

As we recollect it, Mr. Kennedy, that's exactly what an Indian said, with a hard and pointed look at John Alden, Priscilla, and Captain Miles Standish.

Teaching 'Em How to Suck Eggs

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am a high school student and I flatter myself that I am able to understand not only the views of those my own age but also those of the older people. First and foremost, their criticism and antagonism toward us is bound to make us worse. They pretend to be shocked and that makes us want to shock them. There is one thing they *must* learn—this is 1924, not 1886.

Because we are more frank, because we know more things at 13 than our grandmothers knew at 30, they condemn us. That knowledge is our protection! It seems to me that older people are hypocrites to criticize us for the things they do themselves. Let them set a good example!

Here let me suggest something I have always wished we had in our grade schools: the teaching of good manners. It is astounding how rude people are. They underrate the importance of etiquette. It makes my blood boil to see men and boys sullenly retain their seats while old men and women totter in the street cars. I am a girl and I always give my seat to an elderly person.

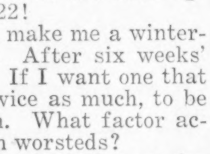
ANNALEE YATES, Omaha, Neb.

A boy we know would sympathize with Miss Annalee's first paragraph. He is even younger, being four. He says, "Daddy, I *don't want* to go to bed *yet*—and you gettin' vewwy cantankewous!"

Let's All Go Garden in Eden

To the Editor of Collier's:

The cost of living, after a halt of two years, is again climbing—fast. This will not be news to my fellow What's-on-Your-Minders. As far as I can tell, it is apparent everywhere.



But the reason isn't, not to a poor dumb-bell like myself. Here we are with "world conditions" improving, "business confidence" strengthening, the farmers feeling easier in mind, the financiers here and in England "reacting" to favorable national elections—and try and budget yourself and family, for the necessaries of life, within the same figures you could in 1922!

My tailor will still make me a winter-weight suit for $60. After six weeks' wear it looks seedy. If I want one that won't, I must pay twice as much, to be sure of reliable cloth. What factor accounts for this rise in worsteds?

The shoes I bought two years ago for $8.50 are two to three dollars more now. Labor cost is the usual scapegoat, but on shoes we have labor cost figures. Bulletin 360, U. S. Bureau of Labor, shows that, with all salaries figured in, the labor cost (average) per pair is thirty-six cents eight mills—or rather, to be fair, that it was last year. What's the joker in shoes?

Why don't you shake up the mystery of the cost-of-living fever chart?

A. K. BLANTEN, Buffalo, N. Y.

"More Enduring Than Brass"

To the Editor of Collier's:

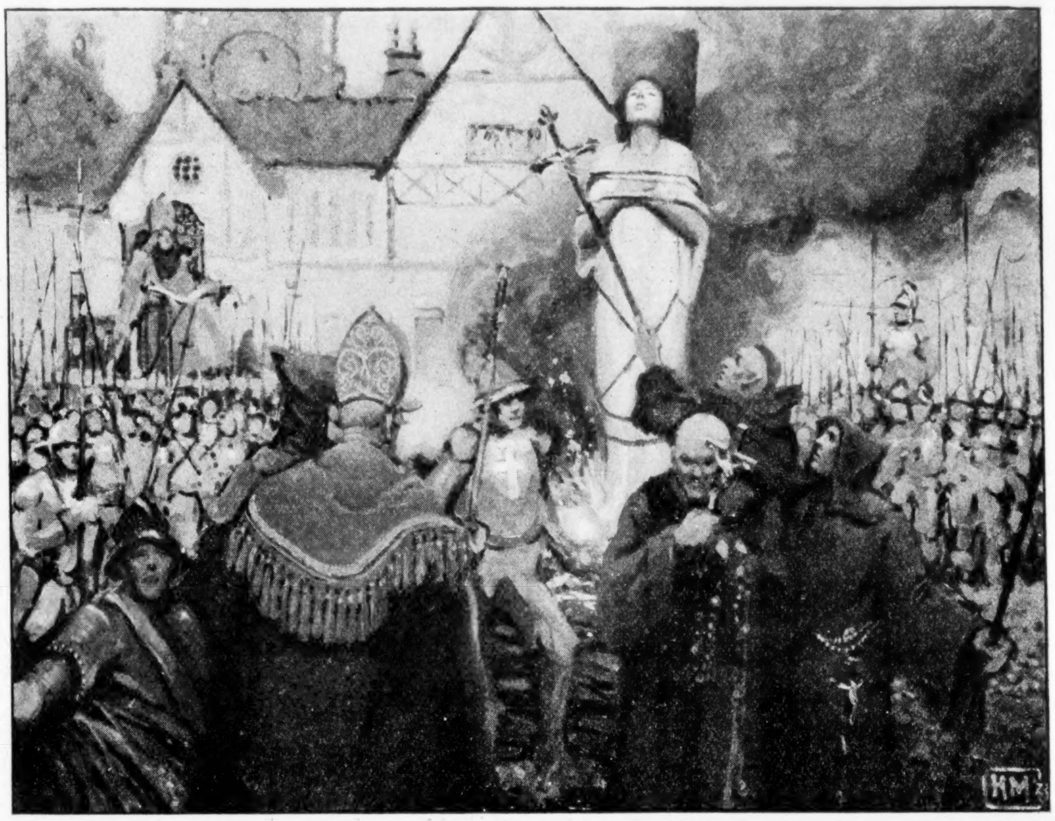
I live in a New England city of upward of 60,000 population. We are going to build a World War monument. Most of the $20,000 it will cost has been subscribed. It will commemorate the local boys who went overseas, and especially, by name, those who fell. I am a subscriber. As between a monument and nothing at all, I am for the monument. It may keep us from forgetting one thing and another the next time the nation has to go to war.

But in this town to my knowledge there are seven disabled veterans who, after all the government and the authorities would do for them has been done, are burdens on their struggling families. I know of nearly twice as many families that lost the breadwinner through the war. Two are drifting toward the poor farm. Others are just about making ends meet.

No, our twenty thousand would not go far among so many. But we might as well have raised five times as much, the town would not have felt it. And —the Pharisees said, "Lord, we are square with our war debt; look at this marble monument;" and the Publicans didn't say anything—they were dead, or at home in wheel chairs.

"ONE OF THE PHARISEES,"
Down East.

They burned her
because she talked with the Saints!



Do you know her thrilling story?

DO YOU know how Joan of Arc, the savior of France, was led through the praying multitudes to burn for her faith? Have you read how, with a rude cross to her lips, she climbed the cruel steps to the stake?

A whiff of smoke sweeps upward past her youthful face. For one moment terror seized her and she cries "Water! Give me Holy Water!" But now the red flames roll up and hide her from sight. Only her voice is heard, still strong and eloquent in prayer.

You know about Joan of Arc, but do you know that her story has never been told so beautifully and thrillingly as by Mark Twain, America's best loved writer?

You think of Mark Twain as a humorist. But his greatest book is this masterpiece, Joan of Arc!

Amazing, isn't it, that the homely Mississippi River pilot, the boisterous comedian who tickled the ribs of the world with his "Tom Sawyer" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson"—could ascend at will into the regions of pure pathos, of sublime tragedy.

There is nobody like Mark Twain any more—no humorist who can "walk with kings" as he did, and change in a moment from side-splitting humor to glorious inspiration.

Why not let Mark Twain be your companion, as he wished to be? To his publishers he said, "Let's make an inexpensive edition of my books so that everybody can have them." This wish has now been fulfilled by the publication of the splendid Author's National Edition, in 25 volumes.

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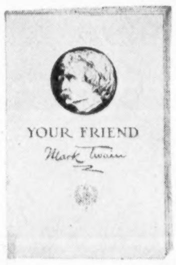

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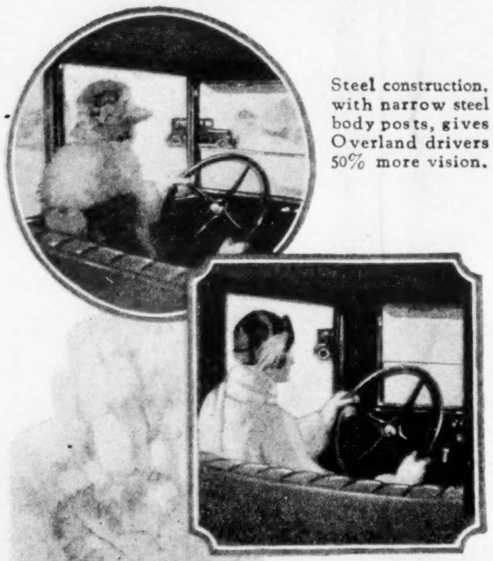

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Danger lurks behind bulky, blinding wooden body posts.

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Knowing the new Overland models, both closed and open, have *all-steel* bodies, I *know* Overland is sturdier, and therefore *safer*. For I know that steel will withstand shocks that would destroy wooden coachwork.

The other day when I first sat in the driver's seat of the new Overland Sedan, I noticed immediately the vastly clearer vision a driver has. Steel eliminates the bulky wooden body posts that completely hide another car two or three seconds away. You have no idea how much safer you feel—and actually are—at the wheel of a new all-steel Overland.

I have sat at many wheels and looked a good many cars over carefully—but give me an Overland. In my eyes, there isn't a car anywhere near it in price that can begin to equal Overland in the comforts, conveniences and satisfaction it offers the owner.

I like the lustrous beauty of its finish. I like the ease with which I can steer it and park it. I like the thrill of its big power. I like the yielding depth and softness of its cushions. I like its smoothness over bumpy roads. And I naturally like its economy and its low upkeep—it certainly is remarkably easy on gasoline, oil and tires.

Yes, I am buying an Overland—and I know I am going to enjoy every mile and every minute I spend in it. As I said before, I have looked them all over—but give me an Overland.”

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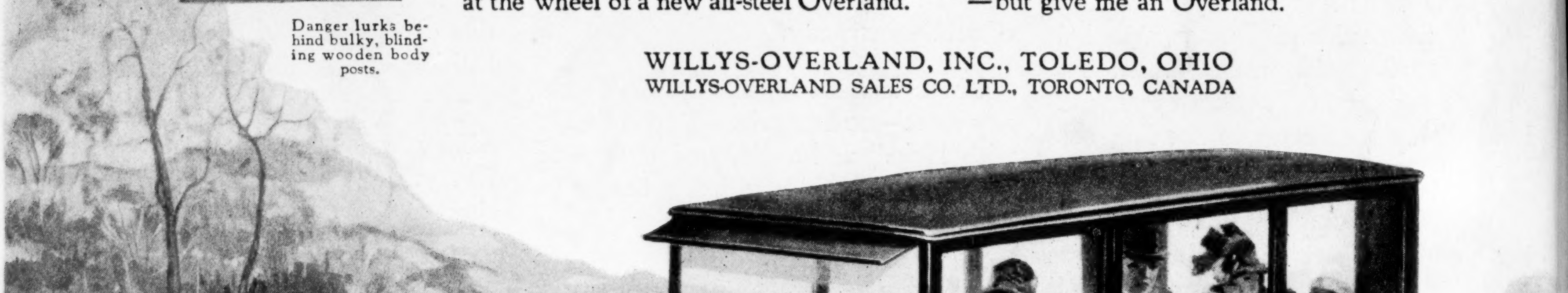

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